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WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., EDITOR

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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1913

Art. I.—THE TRADITIONS OF BALAK AND BALAAM[1]

Outside the book of Numbers Balaam is mentioned five times in the Old Testament (Deut. 23. 4; Josh. 13. 22; 24. 9; Neh. 13. 2; Mic. 6. 4), and in every instance without a word of disparagement. In Josh. 13. 22 he is called "the soothsayer," or diviner, but in the times of Moses, and long after, the diviner was regarded as a veritable man of God, divinely gifted to know and to make known secret things. The soothsayer, as the English word strictly means, was a truth-teller. Laban divined that he had been blessed for Jacob's sake (Gen. 30. 27). Joseph was remarkably gifted in the interpretation of dreams, and he had his divining cup and claimed ability to divine. Samuel, the seer, was a diviner, and was able to tell the whereabouts of animals that had strayed. In like manner Balaam was a far-famed diviner and also a true prophet of God. His great reputation had gone beyond the borders of his own country. The oldest records or reports of him which we now possess are found in Num. 22 to 24, and not a sentence in them can be legitimately construed to impeach his character as a faithful prophet. So far from showing any inordinate desire for rewards, he persistently declared that Balak's house full of silver and gold

[1] Subscript. The writer of this article made his first contribution to biblical exegesis in the Methodist Quarterly Review for October, 1868. The present article, on the same subject, will serve to show what noteworthy changes have taken place in the methods of biblical exposition during the intervening five and forty years. These critical methods of historical research have long been employed in the study of other ancient literatures. They have passed their period of trial and we believe they are now beyond successful refutation. They present by far the most effective answer to many former assaults of skeptics, and at the same time clear up many of the obvious incongruities of the old Hebrew Scriptures. The real questions at issue are matters of literary and historical research, not affecting any essential truth of religion or of revelation.

could not bribe him to go beyond the word of his God. In this he appears in the same lofty character as that of the prophet Micaiah in 1 Kings 22. 14. And yet some writers presume to say that these solemn assertions of Balaam were hypocritical, and intended only for effect. One of our large dictionaries of the Bible affirms that Balaam was a selfish, grasping man. "He covets the rewards of Balak, and is restrained from taking them only by a sordid fear of God, who could make the consequences of so doing worse than losing them. He is not content to know God's will, but tries by every means in his power to cajole God into changing his mind, or, in other words, making wrong right. Five times he attempts to obtain God's consent, but always fails. . . . Balaam's persistence is evidently due to selfishness and greed." All these asseverations, we submit, are without justification in the record of Num. 22 to 24. It is Balak who is the persistent one, not Balaam. The fact that the king's messengers went to Balaam "with the rewards of divination in their hand" is no reflection on Balaam's character. Such gifts were common custom when asking the service of a seer. When Saul went to consult Samuel he deemed it but a simple matter of propriety to bring a present to the man of God as a reward of his divination in showing them their way (1 Sam. 9. 8-10). This was certainly no reflection on the prophet Samuel. The only thing in these chapters that reflects on Balaam is found in the episode of the speaking ass, from which it appears that his way was "headlong," or perverse, before the angel. The anger of Elohim was kindled because he went with the princes of Moab, and there is not a word to prove that his offense was greed for Balak's gold. Why God's anger was kindled against him we are not told, and, as the narrative now reads, the question is an out-and-out puzzle.

The defamation of Balaam arose at a later period, when a deepening hatred of the heathen world had taken possession of the Jewish people. This hostility toward foreigners was of gradual growth. Saul's banishing of witches and wizards (1 Sam. 28. 3) prepared the way for such legal enactments as we read in Deut. 18. 9-14. This law was repeated in the later Levitical legislation (Lev. 19. 31; Exod. 20. 27; 22. 18). The drastic measures taken by Ezra and the priests and Levites associated with him, to "sepa-

rate themselves from the people of the lands" (Ezra 9. 1), exhibit the feeling of the later time. Priests and teachers of the law, born and reared under such feeling toward the Gentiles, would be slow to think of Balaam as a reputable prophet of God. They accordingly interpolated the ancient traditions and construed them to accord with the later legislation against divination and the practices of sorcery and magic. We find the earliest trace of this in Num. 31. 16, where we are told that Israel's trespass "in the matter of Peor" was in some way suggested or helped "by a word of Balaam." But the Hebrew text in that passage is peculiarly corrupt, and offers nothing to inform us of what Balaam said or did in the matter. We find our fullest account of Israel's harlotry with the daughters of Moab in Num. 25, but not a word is there written about any connection of Balaam with the matter. But later Jewish tradition took up the ambiguous hint and magnified "the error of Balaam." Philo, the Alexandrian Jew, puts the most arbitrary construction on Balaam's words and deeds, and he allegorizes Balaam's ass into "a symbol of the irrational designs of life which foolish men entertain." Josephus greatly enlarges the story and puts long speeches in the mouths of the soothsayer and the men and women who tempted Israel—speeches which are obviously his own composition. And the New Testament references are based upon this amplified Jewish tradition. In Rev. 2. 14, Balaam is said to have "taught Balak to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed to idols, and to commit fornication." All this may be found in the pages of Josephus (Antiquities, iv, 6, 2ff.), not in the Hebrew Scriptures. The Epistle of Jude pronounces a woe on those who "rush headlong in the error of Balaam for hire," and, according to 2 Pet. 2. 15, Balaam "loved the hire of wrong-doing" and was rebuked by a dumb ass. These references simply repeat the late Jewish tradition, and are of no more value in determining the facts about Balak and Balaam than is Jude's citation of the book of Enoch in determining the genuineness of that apocryphal writing. The Jerusalem Targum on Judges furnishes us with a further witness to the liberties of Jewish tradition in the matter of Balaam, for here we find the heathen diviner confounded with Laban. This

Targum informs us that "Balak sent messengers to Laban, the Aramite, who is also Balaam, son of Beor, and who became stupid from his excess of knowledge"! The same Targum informs us that Balaam's two servants were Jannes and Jambres, and the narrow way between the vineyards where the dumb ass spoke is the same place where Jacob and Laban had once set up their pillar of witness. All this illustrates the fancy and freedom with which the ancient traditions of Israel were handled by the scribes and teachers of the later Judaism.

Modern historical criticism avers that more than three fourths of the book of Numbers is the work of a priestly writer, or school of writers, who lived not far from 400 B. C. Of course, if this judgment be correct, many centuries elapsed between the time of Balaam and the compilation of the book of Numbers. According to 1 Kings 6. 1, it was four hundred and eighty years from the Exodus to the fourth year of Solomon's reign, and it was over four hundred more from Solomon to the Babylonian exile. Add seventy years of exile, and we have nearly a thousand years for the traditions of the Mosaic period to have expanded in many a devious way. These things are naturally disturbing to one who has been accustomed all his life to accept the Old Testament narratives as inerrant history. But a wider and deeper study of all other sources and documents of ancient history has convinced the vast majority of those who give their life to the scientific study of the records of the past that we cannot fairly except or exempt the Hebrew Scriptures from the same scientific tests which we apply to all the other religious literatures of the world. We find that free appropriation and compilation of material from various sources was a common practice with the ancients. Arabian writers furnish many examples. Thucydides, the Greek historian of the Peloponnesian War, is acknowledged to be the greatest critical historian of antiquity, and he frankly informs us near the beginning of his work that he took the liberty, in reporting the speeches made during the war, "to put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as I thought he would be likely to express them, while at the same time I endeavored, as nearly as I could, to give the general purport of what was actually said." And

it should be observed that the speeches he has put on record occupy about one fifth of his entire history. The Jewish historian Josephus is a notorious example of appropriating his material from divers sources and of putting into the lips of various persons long speeches which are unquestionably his own compositions. The books of Chronicles are a standing witness to show how freely a Jewish compiler appropriated the older books of Samuel and Kings and modified their statements to suit his own purpose. He composed speeches and psalms to suit occasions, and discredits not a few of his statements by his exaggerated numbers and notorious anachronisms. We do well, therefore, to heed the admonition of Driver, that "the Hebrew historiographer, as we know him, is essentially a compiler, or arranger of preëxisting documents; he is not himself an original author. Hebrew writers, however, exhibit, as a rule, such strongly marked individualities of style that the documents, or sources, thus combined can generally be distinguished from each other, and from the comments of the compiler, without difficulty."[1]

Hebrew and Christian scholars have been at work upon the ancient Hebrew records for many generations and have sought a rational solution of their numerous incongruities. The results of their studies have been given to the world and are accepted with practical unanimity by the most distinguished experts in biblical criticism. Their opinions ought certainly to be above all sinister suspicion. This expert criticism points out two variant sources of the traditions of Balaam now found in Num. 22 to 24. One of these sources is believed to be the work of a Judæan writer distinguished by his flowing style and picturesque descriptions. His work is found distributed by later compilers through all the preceding books of the Pentateuch. He is a fine word-painter and displays a love for the marvelous. It is he who portrays the planting of Eden and tells of Yahweh walking in the garden in the cool of the day. The speaking serpent and the speaking ass are noteworthy features of his narrative, the only instances of such marvels recorded in the Bible. The other source is believed to have been written by one who lived in the northern

[1] Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, page 5.

kingdom of Israel, for he shows peculiar interest in persons and places connected with the land of Ephraim. He is more prosaic and didactic in his style, and is much less given to anthropomorphic conceptions of God than the southern Judæan writer. He has more to say about dreams and less about visions. These two sources are commonly designated, for convenience of reference, by the letters J and E. Both these writers are believed to have lived and written during the century B. C. 850-750. Each of them is supposed to have gathered up the oral traditions of his people, current in his time, and to have cast them in literary form. On the hypothesis that what is recorded in Num. 22 to 24 is a compilation out of two or more such written sources of information, we may reasonably expect to discover internal evidences of the fact. A compiler making use of such parallel documents would, of course, utilize whatever suited his purpose. He would not study to conceal his use of previous writings, but would change, modify, or adjust his material so as to construct a continuous narrative. His sources would naturally have had many things in common, and the most careful interweaving or welding them together would not escape repetitions and other indications of a composite work. Among the numerous evidences of compilation in the text of the biblical narrative we note the following: First, there are sundry doublets, or duplicate statements, not natural in an original writer, but quite so in a compilation of documents. Such, for example, is the double statement in Num. 22. 3 that "Moab was sore afraid" and "Moab was distressed." This is manifest tautology. Verse 35 in the same chapter is an awkward repetition of the substance of verses 20 and 21, and has every appearance of a compiler's effort to adjust his interpolation of the story of the speaking ass into his narrative. Chapter 23. 22 is repeated in chapter 24. 8. The statement that Balak was king of Moab at that time (22. 4) seems quite out of place after all that has been said in the preceding verses, and would come in more naturally in connection with verse 2. In 22. 4 Balak's messengers are called "elders of Midian," in verse 7 they are "elders of Moab and elders of Midian," and only in these two places are the elders of Midian mentioned at all. Elsewhere the elders of Moab only are mentioned as having anything to do

with Balaam. In verses 8, 13, 14, 15, 35, 40, and in 23.6 and 7 they are called "princes." We notice also that the "five kings of Midian" who were slain along with Balaam and are mentioned by name in Num. 31. 8, are in Josh. 13. 21 called "chiefs of Midian," and at the same time "princes of Sihon, king of the Amorites." Such confusion and inconsistency of statements are not found in authors of keen literary ability, and in single compositions. They are much more natural with compilers, who naturally seek to preserve their written sources of information as fully as possible.

A very noteworthy indication of variant traditions is found in the mention of Balaam's homeland, in verse 5. According to the reading of fourteen Hebrew manuscripts, supported by the Samaritan, the Syriac, and the Vulgate versions, Balaam lived in "the land of the children of Ammon." The region thus commonly designated (compare Deut. 2. 19, 37) lay just north of the land of Moab, and this well-supported reading is confirmed by several other considerations. In this immediate connection "the land of the sons of his people" is an awkward and superfluous phrase. Who needs be told, wherever one's homeland, that it is the land of his people? But the phrase is never elsewhere employed in the Hebrew Scriptures as a designation of one's native land. The word in common use for this purpose is מוֹלֶדֶת, land of one's "kindred," or "nativity," as is seen in Gen. 11. 28; 31. 3; Num. 10. 30; Ruth 2. 11; Jer. 22. 10; 46. 16; Ezek. 16. 3; 25. 15. In our present Hebrew text of Num. 22. 5 the final letter of the name Ammon has been dropped, and so left the word *ammo* (עַמּוֹ, *his people*). This error might have been made by a careless scribe, or by the compiler himself, or perhaps by a later editor who saw the incongruity of locating Balaam both at Pethor and in the land of the Ammonites. Furthermore, if, according to the Judæan tradition, Balaam lived in the neighboring land of the children of Ammon, his journey on an ass and his passing through narrow ways between vineyards would agree well with what is written in 22. 21-34; not so, however, if he were on a long journey of four hundred miles across the Syrian deserts. Such a long journey from Pethor on the Euphrates would have been naturally made only on camels (compare Gen. 24. 10), and it would have required

about two weeks for each trip, traveling at the rate of thirty miles a day. Thus the four journeys to and fro of Balak's messengers would have required nearly two months. But this Pethor tradition is well supported by the oracle of chapter 23. 7 and by Deut. 23. 4.

The passage in 22. 21-35, which records the prodigy of the speaking ass, shows at beginning and end the evidences of compilation. In verse 20 God gives Balaam permission to go with the princes of Moab, but in verse 22 his anger is kindled because he went. And yet Balaam finds this out only after the ass rebuked him and the angel revealed himself in the way. In verse 34 Balaam proposes to return home, and some critics think he did, for there is no further mention of the ass or of his riding thereon. Verse 35 is a repetition of verse 20, and verse 37 suggests that, on Balaam's failure to come to him, Balak made a journey in person to Balaam to find out why he did not come to him. The repetitions in verses 20 and 35 betray a care and also a failure to adjust the written sources into a self-consistent whole. Furthermore, the words "if the men are come to call thee" (verse 20) appear inept and puerile in their present connection; for, after all that is recorded in the immediate context, how could either God or Balaam doubt what the men came for?

The four poetic utterances of Balaam also raise sundry questions of authorship and date. Such compositions are, of course, not the extemporaneous outburst of a moment. Each of these poems is called a מָשָׁל, which commonly means a sententious utterance of wisdom, a proverb. Our English versions translate it "parable," which is clearly unsuitable to the connection here. The word here obviously means a prophetical oracle which combines proverbial terseness and poetic parallelism. As employed in Isa. 14. 4, Mic. 2. 4, and Hab. 2. 6, it seems also to connote the ideas of admonition, lamentation, and enigma. The two oracles of chapter 23 fit their context very well, but those of chapter 24 are noticeably different in tone and style. Each opens with the words, "Oracle of Balaam, the son of Beor," which seem rather out of place after the two preceding oracles, and after all that is written in the previous chapter. Then it must be noted that these opening words in the last two poems are virtually identical with David's

words in 2 Sam. 23. 1, and raise the question, Which is the original? The last five verses of chapter 24, containing mere fragments of oracles about Amalek, Kain, Asshur, Kittim, and Eber, have no relevancy to the situation. They seem to have been inserted here by some editor who found them without any historic connection and attached them to the sayings of Balaam rather than allow them to be cast aside. The last two verses are hopelessly corrupt and incapable of a satisfactory interpretation.

We may best present the results of analytic criticism and put its method to a fair test by arranging the two sources in parallel columns. The version here given is made directly from the Hebrew text, but follows in the main the American Standard Version. For the convenience of the reader we insert a transliteration of the divine names El, Elyon, Shadday, and Yahweh as they occur in the Hebrew text.

Judæan Tradition

(Num. xxii, 4b) Now Balak the son of Zippor was king of Moab at that time, (2) and he saw all that Israel had done to the Amorites. (3) And Moab was sore afraid of the people, because they were many. (4a) And Moab said unto the elders of Midian, Now will this multitude lick up all that is round about us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field. (5) And he sent messengers unto Balaam, the son of Beor, to the land of the children of Ammon, to call him, saying, Behold, a people is come out from Egypt; behold, they cover the eye of the land, and they abide over against me. (6) And now come, I pray thee, curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me: peradventure I shall be able to fight against them, and I may drive them out of the land; for I know that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed.

(7) And the elders of Moab and the elders of Midian departed with the rewards of divination in their hand. And they came unto Balaam and spake unto him the words of Balak: (11) Behold, the people that is come out of Egypt, and they cover the eye of the land; now come, curse me them; peradventure I shall be able to fight against them, and I may drive them

Ephraimite Tradition

(Num. xxii, 3b) And Moab was sore distressed because of the children of Israel. (5) And he sent the princes of Moab unto Balaam the son of Beor, to Pethor, which is by the River. . . . (8) And he said unto them, Lodge here this night, and I will bring you word again, as Yahweh shall speak unto me. And the princes of Moab abode with Balaam. (9, 12) And Elohim came unto Balaam and said unto him, Thou shalt not go with these men; thou shalt not curse the people, for they are blessed. (13) And Balaam rose up in the morning, and said unto the princes of Balak, Get you into your own land, for Yahweh refuseth to give me leave to go with you. (14) And the princes of Moab rose up, and they went unto Balak, and said, Balaam refuseth to come with us.

(15) Then Balak sent yet again princes, more, and more honorable than they. (16) And they came to Balaam and said to him, Thus saith Balak, the son of Zippor, Let nothing, I pray thee, hinder thee from coming unto me. And Balaam said unto them, (19) And now, I pray you, tarry ye here also this night, that I may know what Yahweh may speak unto me furthermore. (20) And Elohim came unto Balaam at night and said unto him, Rise up, go with the men; but

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out. For I will promote thee unto very great honor, and whatsoever thou sayest unto me I will do. Come now, I pray thee, curse me this people. (18) And Balaam answered and said unto the servants of Balak, If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of Yahweh, to do less or more. (21) And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab. (22) And the anger of Elohim was kindled because he went, and the angel of Yahweh placed himself in the way for an adversary against him. Now he was riding upon his ass, and his two servants were with him. (23) And the ass saw the angel of Yahweh standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field; and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way. (24) Then the angel of Yahweh stood in a narrow path between the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side. (25) And the ass saw the angel of Yahweh, and she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall; and he smote her again. (26) And the angel of Yahweh went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left. (27) And the ass saw the angel of Yahweh, and she lay down under Balaam, and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with his staff. (28) And Yahweh opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times? (29) And Balaam said unto the ass, Because thou hast mocked me; I would there were a sword in my hand, for now had I killed thee. (30) And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden all thy life long unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee? And he said, Nay.

(31) Then Yahweh opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of Yahweh standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and he bowed his head and fell on his face. (32) And the angel of Yahweh said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? Behold, I am before thee for an adversary, for thy way is headlong before me; (33) and the ass saw me, and turned aside before me these three times; unless she had turned aside from me, surely now I had even slain thee, and saved her alive. (34) And Balaam said unto the angel of Yahweh, I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me. And now, if it be evil in thine eyes, I will get me back again. And the angel of Yahweh said unto Balaam, Go with the men. . . . (36) And when Balak heard that Balaam was

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only the word which I speak unto thee, that shalt thou do. (21) And Balaam went with the princes of Moab.

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(37) And Balak said unto Balaam, Did I not earnestly send unto thee to call thee? Wherefore camest thou not unto me? (38) And Balaam said unto Balak, Lo, I have come unto thee; have I now any power at all to speak anything? The word that Elohim putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak. (39) And Balaam went with Balak, and they came unto Kiriath-huzoth. (40) And Balak sacrificed oxen and sheep, and sent (portions) to Balaam and to the princes that were with him.

(41) And it came to pass in the morning that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up to the high places of Baal, and he saw from thence the utmost part of the people. (xxiii, 1) And Balaam said unto Balak, Build me here seven altars, and prepare me here seven bullocks and seven rams. (2) And Balak did as Balaam had said, and he offered on each altar a bullock and a ram. (3) And Balaam said unto Balak, Stand by thy burnt offering, and I will go; peradventure Yahweh will come to meet me, and whatsoever he showeth me I will tell thee. And he went to a bare height. (5) And Yahweh put a word in Balaam's mouth, and said, Return unto Balak, and thus shalt thou speak. (6) And he returned unto him, and lo, he was standing by his burnt offering, he, and all the princes of Moab. (7) And he took up his prophetic word and said:

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come, he went out to meet him unto the city of Moab, which is on the border of Arnon, which is in the utmost part of the border. (xxiii, 28) And Balak took Balaam unto the top of Beor, that looks down upon the desert. (xxiv, 2) And Balaam lifted up his eyes, and saw Israel dwelling according to their tribes; and there came upon him a spirit of Elohim. (3) And he took up his prophetic word and said:

Oracle of Balaam, son of Beor,
(4) And oracle of the man who truly sees,[1]
Oracle of one who hears the words of El,
Who beholds the vision of Shaddai,
Falling down but with eyes uncovered.
(5) How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,
Thy dwellings, O Israel!
(6) As valleys are they spread out,
As gardens by the river-side,
As aloes that Yahweh hath planted,
As cedars beside the waters.
(7) And there shall flow water from his buckets,
And his seed shall be in many waters.
And his king shall be higher than Agag,
And his kingdom shall be exalted.
(8) El bringeth him forth out of Egypt,
As if for him were the horns of the wild ox.
He shall devour the nations, his adversaries,
And their bones shall he break in pieces.
(9) He couched, he lay down as a lion,
And as a lioness; who shall rouse him up?
They that bless thee are blessed,
And they that curse thee are cursed.

(10) And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together, and said unto Balaam I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast altogether blessed them. (11) And now flee thou to thy place. I thought to promote thee to great honor, but lo, Yahweh hath kept thee back from honor. (12) And Balaam said unto Balak,

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From Aram Balak brings me,
The king of Moab from the mountains of the East;
Come, curse me Jacob,
And come, denounce Israel.
(8) How shall I curse whom El hath not cursed?
And how shall I denounce whom Yahweh hath not denounced?
For from the top of the rocks I see him,
And from the hills I behold him.
Lo, a people that dwells in isolation,
And among the nations reckons not himself.
(10) Who has counted the dust of Jacob?
Or numbered the multitude of Israel?
Let my soul die the death of the righteous,
And let the close of my life be like his!

(11) And Balak said unto Balaam, What hast thou done unto me? I called thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast blessed them altogether. (12) And he answered and said, Must I not take heed to speak that which Yahweh putteth into my mouth?

(13) And Balak said unto him, Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place from whence thou mayest see them: thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shalt not see them all, and curse them from thence. (27b) Peradventure it will be right in the eyes of Elohim; and curse me them from thence. (14) And he took him to the field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah, and built seven altars, and offered up a bullock and a ram on each altar. (15) And he said unto Balak, Stand here by thy burnt offering, while I meet yonder. And Yahweh met Balaam and put a word in his mouth, and said, Return unto Balak, and thus shalt thou speak. (17) And he came unto him, and lo, he was standing by his burnt offering, and the princes of Moab with him. And Balak said unto him, What hath Yahweh spoken? (18) And he took up his prophetic word and said:

Arise, O Balak, and hear,
Hearken unto me, O son of Zippor.

[1] This is the reading of the Septuagint Version.

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Did I not also to thy messengers whom thou sentest to me speak, saying, (13) If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of Yahweh, to do either good or bad of mine own mind; what Yahweh speaketh, that will I speak? (14) And now, behold, I am going to my people. Come, I will advise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the coming days. (15) And he took up his prophetic word and said:

Oracle of Balaam, son of Beor,
And oracle of the man that truly sees;
Oracle of one who hears the words of El,
And knows the knowledge of Elyon,
Who beholds the vision of Shadday,
Falling down and with eyes uncovered.
I see him, but not now,
I behold him, but not nigh.
A star hath marched forth from Jacob,
And a scepter shall rise out of Israel,
And shall smite through the temples of Moab,
And the skull of all the sons of tumult.
And Israel shall act valiantly,
And one out of Jacob shall have dominion,
And shall destroy the fugitive from the city.

(25) And Balaam arose and went and returned to his place; and Balak also went his way.

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(19) El is not man that he should lie,
Nor a son of man that he should repent;
Hath he said, and will he not do it?
Or hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?
(20) Behold, to bless I have received,
And he hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it.
(21) He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob,
And he hath not seen misery in Israel.
Yahweh, his Elohim, is with him,
And the shout of a king is among them.
(24) Behold, the people as a lioness shall rise,
And as a lion shall he lift himself:
He shall not lie down till he devour the prey,
And drink the blood of the slain.

And Balak said unto Balaam, Do not curse them any more at all; do not bless them any more at all. (26) But Balaam answered and said unto Balak, Did I not tell thee, saying, All that which Yahweh speaketh, that must I do?

(xxiv, 1) And when Balaam saw that it pleased Yahweh to bless Israel, he went not as at other times to meet with enchantments, but he set his face to the desert, and returned to his own place.

In such an analysis as the foregoing it is taken for granted that the compiler, in combining his written sources, supplied, repeated, or omitted sundry words and clauses as he found it expedient in order to form one connected narrative. Later editors may have thought to improve the composition by other slight changes. Hence many a question of modern criticism is a nicety of judgment between two or more possible hypotheses. Some critics think that besides these Judæan and Ephraimitic traditions there was also a Midianite tradition of Balaam, of which, however, we have but a few fragments remaining.

It should be observed how large a relative space in the Judæan narrative is occupied by the episode of the angel and the speaking ass. There is nothing corresponding to it in the Ephraimitic narrative. Wonder-stories have an abiding charm for the

popular imagination. With three fourths of the common people Balaam's prophetic ass is probably better known than her rider, or even than the angel standing in the way. But such traditions from the remote past are finding little favor to-day with the historian and the man of science. We find many similar traditions in other ancient literature. In the Egyptian "Tale of the Two Brothers," while the elder was hiding behind the stable door to take his younger brother's life the first cow that entered cried out to the younger brother, "Thy brother is standing before thee with his dagger to slay thee" (Records of the Past, vol. ii, pp. 142); and the second cow that entered repeated the same words. Homer tells us how Xanthus, Achilles' swift-footed horse, spoke with human voice and foretold the fate of the Grecian hero (Iliad, xix, 404-417). According to Herodotus, the temple of Ammon in Libya and the oracle of Dodona in Greece were located by the word of two black pigeons that spoke with human voice (Hist., ii, 55). Oppianus makes mention of a speaking horse (Cynegetica, I, 226), and Apollonius of Rhodes of a speaking ram (Argonautica, I, 258). Claudius Ælianus tells how a lamb one time "broke out in human speech" (De Natura Animalium, xii, 3). Livy mentions a speaking bull (Hist., iii, 10; xxiv, 10; xxvii, 11), Valerius Maximus a speaking cow (Memorabilium, i, 6, 5), and Pliny a speaking dog and a speaking ox (Nat. Hist., viii, 63, 70). All these traditions are at once admitted to belong to the literature of folk-lore, and, with them before us, how difficult and dubious is his task who undertakes to prove Balaam's speaking ass historical while all these other speaking animals are acknowledged to be fabulous. Professor E. W. Hengsenberg, the great champion of the old Lutheran orthodoxy, felt the difficulties of the Hebrew narrative and tried to explain the prodigy as a purely subjective experience on the part of Balaam. But his vision-hypothesis has had no following. Expositors of all schools have felt that the biblical narrative of Num. 22. 22-34 is a most unheard-of way of recording an inner vision. The real question here involved is one of antiquarian research, not disbelief of the supernatural.

Just what amount of actual history these traditions of Balak and Balaam contain is a question not at all possible for the present

age to answer. Who can tell us just how much is fact and how much fiction in the life of Apollonius of Tyana as told in the pages of Philostratus? Who is now competent to point out just how much is credible history and how much is legend in the pages of Herodotus and Livy, or even in the Ecclesiastical History of that skillful story-teller the Venerable Bede? And how much more difficult such inquiries are when the matter in question belongs to the traditions of more than three thousand years ago. If such a popular story as this of Balaam were found in any other ancient literature it would probably be explained in one of two ways. It might have been from the first a literary romance, composed after the manner of the modern novel, but designed to magnify the divine election and theocratic history of Israel. Some gifted Hebrew story-teller or writer, appropriating perhaps the name of the Edomite king mentioned in Gen. 36. 32, put forth the charming tale divine, which, as a pure creation of literary art and genius, would naturally find a warm reception in the national spirit, Like other popular songs and traditions, it would be repeated orally by a thousand tongues, generation after generation, and take on different and divergent elements in different sections of the land and among the different tribes. On the other hand, one may well believe that these traditions of Balak and Balaam have a real basis in the actual history of Israel. We may see in Balaam a great seer and prophet of the ancient time, not unworthy to be ranked with such characters as Melchizedek, and Jethro, and Samuel. Such an one might well have been consulted by a Moabite chieftain under such conditions of alarm and distress as the narrative describes. But, true to his divine calling and convictions, the majestic prophet will utter only what the Spirit of God prompts him to proclaim. No royal gifts or honors can for a moment divert him from the faithful utterance of the word of God. From such a basis of fact, tradition and popular story-telling would have perpetuated the prophet's name and the way in which the God of Israel turned into a blessing the curse which Balak desired. But the national spirit of the later Judaism, as we have already shown, misunderstood and misconstrued the real position and ministry of Balaam. The halachah and haggadah of that later time,

which A. B. Bruce has appropriately called "the night of legalism" in Jewish history, construed both history and literature into the support of various legal prohibitions. They made fine distinctions between the temple and its gold; they tithed mint and anise and cummin, made broad their phylacteries, and bound many a heavy burden on men's shoulders. That was the time when sound instruction perished from the priest and counsel from the elders (Ezek. 7. 26), and there was no more any genuine prophet among them (Psa. 74. 9). The evil leaven of hypocritical scribes and Pharisees was for a long time working, and the real word of God, enshrined in the ancient Scriptures, was made void by their tradition (Mark 7. 13). "Make a hedge about the law" was the watchword of post-exile Judaism, and it is notorious that the first great obstacle to embarrass the progress of the gospel when it went forth from Jerusalem was the Judaistic leaven, which insisted—"Except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses, ye cannot be saved" (Acts 15. 1). And the same spirit is met with in some places even unto this day.

It has been widely assumed that prophets and apostles must needs have been divinely preserved from all manner of error; but the biblical records give no support to the assumption. It is almost pitiable to read how the first great council "of the church and the apostles and elders" compromised on four "necessary things" (Acts 15. 28), three of which were mere questions of meats and drinks. Paul condemned Peter and other Jewish Christians for their acts of dissembling at Antioch to such a degree "that even Barnabas was carried away with their hypocrisy" (Gal. 2. 11-13). Post-apostolic contentions all through the Christian centuries exhibit many of the habits and tendencies of the post-exile Judaism. The apostolic writings have been interpolated in the interest of dogma (that is, 1 John 5. 7). There is no evidence that Hebrew annalists and Jewish scribes were gifted with greater immunity from error than the ancient Christian fathers and the mediæval saints. Volumes have been written on "the discrepancies of the Bible," and the older commentaries gave great space to "reconciling" the obvious incongruities. Many and various have been the reconciliations. Modern critics have been taunted over their

various "hypotheses" and their frequently changing their "theories." But this is just what the biblical expositors and the reconcilers of discrepancies have been doing through all the centuries. We are of opinion that modern criticism, with its analysis of documents, has shown us a more excellent way. It enables us to perceive more clearly through what manifold forms a truly historical revelation must needs be given. It also, with our Lord, admonishes us to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees"; for arrogant dogmatism, suspicion, and bitterness can only tend to warp sound judgment, deepen baneful prejudice, and make the real revelations of God ἄκυρως, "without authority."

We conclude this article with a few citations from two representative commentaries: first, that of Adam Clarke, a recognized authority for the past hundred years among Methodists all over the world; the other from The International Critical Commentary, fairly representing the most eminent biblical scholarship of Great Britain and America to-day. At the end of his notes on Num. 24, Dr. Clarke earnestly requests the attention of his readers to the following propositions:

(1) It appears sufficiently evident that Balaam knew and worshiped the true God. (2) That he had been a true prophet, and appears to have been in the habit of receiving oracles from God. (3) That he practiced some illicit branches of knowledge, or was reputed by the Moabites as a sorcerer probably because of the high reputation he had for wisdom; and we know that even in our own country, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, persons who excelled their contemporaries in wisdom were reputed as magicians. (4) That though he was a believer in the true God, yet he was covetous: he "loved the wages of unrighteousness."[1] (5) That it does not appear that in the case before us he wished to curse Israel when he found they were the servants of the true God. (6) That it is possible he did not know this at first. Balak told him that there was a numerous people come up out of Egypt: and as marauders, wandering hordes, and freebooters were frequent in those days, he might take them at first for such spoilers, and the more readily go, at Balak's request, to consult God concerning them. (7) That so conscientiously did he act in the whole business that as soon as he found that it displeased God, he cheerfully offered to return; and he did not advance till he had not only the permission, but the authority of God, to proceed. (8) That when he came in view of the Israelitish camp he did not attempt to make use of any

[1] This statement, as shown above, rests on the later Jewish traditions, not on the Old Testament records.

means of sorcery, evocation of spirits, or necromantic spells to accomplish the wish of Balak. (9) That he did seek to find out the will of the true God by using those means which God himself had prescribed; namely, supplication and prayer, and the sacrifice of clean beasts. (10) That though he knew it would greatly displease Balaam, yet he most faithfully and firmly told him all that God said on every occasion. (12) That God on this occasion communicated to him some of the most extraordinary prophetic influences ever conferred on man.

In the International Critical Commentary on Numbers Professor Gray, of Mansfield College, Oxford, comments as follows:

In the main, the episode of Numbers 22 to 24 is a creation of the national spirit in the days of national prosperity, and self-confidence sprung from reliance on the national God, Yahweh. It may, indeed, contain other historical features, such as the name of Balak, who may have been an actual king of Moab; but no means at present exist for distinguishing any further between the historical or legendary elements and those which are supplied by the creative faculty and the religious feeling of the writers. The motive of the story and its religious prepossessions are in this case the points which it is most important to determine. The motive is perfectly clear, though it has generally been obscured, or at least cast into the shade, by undue prominence given to what is not a matter of leading interest with the writer; namely, the character of Balaam. Balak, except in so far as he represents Moab, and Balaam are in reality subordinate figures in the story; the protagonists are Israel and Moab. The overruling thought is Yahweh's power to defend his people and his purposes of good concerning them, and the fatal madness of those who, through them, oppose him. As at the outset, when Yahweh determined to bring his people to the land of promise, Pharaoh, and through him Egypt, opposed Israel, to their own undoing, so at the close, as Israel is on the point of entering on its inheritance from Yahweh, Moab attempts, with like hardness of heart, a similar opposition, and suffers a similar fate. The motive was clearly felt by a prophet of the seventh century (B. C.); the outstanding proofs to him of Yahweh's care for his people are summed up in Yahweh's appeal to Israel: "I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt; and from the house of slaves I redeemed thee, and sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam. O my people, remember now what Balak, king of Moab, devised, and wherewith Balaam, the son of Beor, answered him . . . that thou mayest recognize the proofs of Yahweh's faithfulness" (Micah 6. 4, 5).

Milton S. Terry

Art. II.—THE RELIGION OF A SCIENTIFIC MAN

Is Science the friend or the foe of Religion? It depends a great deal on the science. It depends much on the religion. It depends most of all on the man who is trying to make a home in his life for the postulates of science and the sanctions of a religious experience.

That particular scientific views have made religion impossible to some men cannot be denied. That particular religious views have caused some men to refuse to give a candid and open hearing to modern science is equally true. That we live in a period when there is no end of confusion and heart-searching and brain-searching, when the way of faith is often difficult and the way of doubt is often easy, is patent to every thoughtful man. It is also fairly clear that the religious obscurantists add to the difficulty and practical perplexity. It is certain that some types of scientific dogmatists throw dust in the air just when we most need to see clearly. And the mystics who ignore the whole problem, as they go off with their beatific visions, sometimes succeed in saving the beatific visions by a method which makes it impossible for them to help those who feel most the perplexity of the problem. Perhaps we can best analyze the situation and come to see some of the light which is ready to fall on the dark places by following the history of a hypothetical man who goes through the typical experiences as regards science and religion which the life and thought of our time are likely to bring about. It may be that no one man has ever passed through all these stages according to schedule, but many men have passed through some one of the typical experiences we shall discuss, and the whole situation will stand out best if we follow an imaginary man through the whole circuit of attitudes which are outstandingly characteristic of our time.

I. The Period of Unquestioning Faith. The boyhood memories of many a scientific man bring up a time of simple and beautiful and undisturbed faith. Mr. Alfred Noyes, in that

sharply penetrating poem "The Old Sceptic," describes the coming back of such memories as these:

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out his arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see once more the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears—
Come unto me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
Where the Sabbath tolls its peace through the breathless mountain-vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the listening sea.

There are many homes yet to be found in the world where the sense of God and Christ is as sharp and clear as the sense of the father and mother, and a great series of homes like that which Burns describes with such simple eloquence in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" are to be found in widely scattered lands; and such homes form the golden chain which binds the world about the feet of God. The boy reared in a home like this breathes in piety as he breathes the air. He does not reach after belief as an attainment. He has it as a part of the very structure of his life. The Bible speaks to him with the high and awful authenticity of the voice of God even as it speaks with the winsome tenderness of the Man of Galilee. Prayer is a radiant reality which has been interpreted to him by the shining of his mother's face and the glow of deep communion which he has seen in his father's eyes. The life of the home is all shot through and transformed by the practical power of religion. It is a life as well as a creed, an experience as well as a belief. Mind and heart and will together are seeking to work out the divine behests. The church has a tender and beautiful sanctity and worship has an alluring summons. The home interests the church and the church inspires the home. All is simple and clear and nobly beautiful. The sunset glory and the verdure-clad hills and the power of Christ are all experienced and undisputed facts of life. The early years spent in such a home

will give color to all the after time of a man's experience. He may journey far into paths of questioning and doubt, and may even come to dwell in places of positive unbelief, but he can never quite get away from the fact that he has known religion from within. The noblest skepticism of the nineteenth century was characterized by this regretful and pensive memory of the joys and hopes lost to the life for evermore.

II. The Period When Science Seems to Make Faith Impossible. Forth from such a home as this the youth of eager and alert mind and buoyant heart goes to find his place in the intellectual life of the world. Often his home has been a sheltered spot, undisturbed by the mighty tempests beating out their fury upon the sea. The faith of his father and mother has been as simple and naïve as his own. They have never felt the tug and the strain of the age's questioning. In their quiet cove, protected by mountains of strong belief, they have never felt the danger of the tempests raging upon the unresting sea. The son goes forth to be a sailor. He leaves the sheltered spot of his boyhood. He feels the wind upon his brow. His ship must meet the tempest. The old mountains are far away. He meets the first crisis of his life. To drop the figure, the keen-brained candid youth comes face to face with the positions of modern science. He learns to know the names and the work of the great scientific leaders of the nineteenth century, who gave out a new universe and a new set of formulas for life. He is introduced to a new appraisal of the facts of the world. He becomes familiar with the reign of law. The new thoughts appeal to his mind and fire his imagination. The vast universe to which scientific investigation introduces him, all held in the steel-like clasp of a great system of law, is a mental spectacle of solemn grandeur. There is an almost religious thrill in the thought of the far-lying worlds all subject to the control of inflexible and immutable law. If he looks through a telescope he sees more law-mastered worlds. If he looks through a microscope, and begins to investigate the infinitely small, here again is a universe in miniature held in the same inescapable grasp of law. Accompanying this study of the reign of law comes the knowledge of those vast generalizations which science has uttered in the at-

tempt to explain the universe. Some form of the nebular hypothesis dazzles his imagination and compels his mental assent as an account of how the worlds came to be. In the cosmos he sees the far-lying grandeur of a great process of evolution. Coming to the earth itself, geology and biology speak out right confidently of an age-long process by means of which the world came to be what it is and the present forms of life developed from forms infinitely more simple. From movements in an inchoate universe of diffused substance which evolved into planets, on to the full completeness of civilized man, there is an unbroken process of evolution, the expression of a completely mastering system of law. The more he knows of various sciences the more does this view become all-embracing. He is in a vast system with no place for breaks or gaps. The reign of law is the first and last word. And the process law is working out may be described by one magic word—evolution.

As time goes on it becomes increasingly evident that this self-working system is not the friend of religion. The reign of law takes the place of the reign of God. Piety is still very beautiful, but it has no foundation in the system of things. The old boyhood faith has all of its early charm, but it has ceased to command mental allegiance. At first the young man with his growing mind struggles against such conclusions. He repudiates their very suggestions. There must be some way to reconcile the reign of law and the reign of God. He tries to believe that at great crises in the life of the universe God stepped in and did something; but more and more he finds the gaps are filling up. The system is like some monster which devours everything in sight. The day comes when the student faces the fact that his scientific view of the universe is a complete thing with no breaks at all. He realizes bitterly the significance of the words of the brilliant skeptic who desired to take God to the edge of the universe and bow him out, with thanks for past services, because he was no longer needed.

While all this has been going on, and the young man has been coming into fuller and fuller knowledge of a system of law without any breaks anywhere, from another angle his faith has been

weakened. He has become acquainted with the results of modern critical biblical scholarship. He had been brought up to believe in an inerrant Bible. He beholds it lying in fragments at his feet. He becomes interested in the processes of critical analysis of biblical documents and the frank appraisal of all their problems, and soon finds the conclusions of such investigations compelling his allegiance. The Bible and the religion of which it is the literary exponent become a part of a system of perfectly natural evolution. He has lost God out of the world of nature. He has lost him out of the Bible. The universe has become a vast mechanism with no room for God anywhere. All this produces heartache enough. The world has become very lonely since the Infinite Companion is dead. The system of law whose mighty majesty so attracted the imagination at first has lost its almost religious appeal. It has made the world less lovely, it has brought an autumn sense of loss in the place of the springtime of the soul. Mechanics have taken the place of personality in the universe, and the far-sighted thinker has as his most dominant emotion a sense of loss. But every step has been taken candidly, and there is no retreat. Faith has become impossible, but intellectual candor is still on the throne.

Of course many men do not go the whole length we have described. They build themselves half-way houses in various spots; but they find it increasingly hard to live in the half-way house; and when they are professors in universities they usually find that their most brilliant pupils refuse to stop at all at the half-way house, and insist on pressing on to the logical conclusion. God is still worshiped in the half-way house, but if one takes the whole journey the Deity is lost before the destination is reached.

III. The Period When Moral and Religious Facts are Recognized by the Scientific Thinker. As time passes, however, a dim gray comes to be seen in the darkness. It turns out, after all, that the final conclusion was not the last word. As Alice found it possible to go through the looking-glass, so the student finds that there is something beyond that materialistic interpretation of the universe which makes it merely a water-tight system

of inflexible laws. The new start comes with the recognition that all the facts have not been faced. If there is anything a scientific thinker makes a matter of pride, it is his candid appraisal of all the facts to be found anywhere. What hospitality is to the sheik in the desert open-minded welcome of new facts is to the scientist. So it is with a certain revulsion of feeling that he discovers the existence of a whole range of facts which he has been ignoring. The moral experience of humanity is as much a series of facts as are the defining characteristics of any form of life. A religious experience is as much a fact as a stone or a bug or a chemical reaction. Knowledge and its classification are as stubbornly a part of experience as any formation which confronts the eye of the geologist, and the interpretation in which the mind can rest must squarely meet and appraise and make room for all the facts of experience. Having set in some such fashion as this to rise no more, it seemed, the sun of religion comes within view again, having risen, it may be, to set no more. Men of science come to feel that they must investigate the phenomena of the religious life. With the same curious interest with which they might scrutinize an unusual insect they turn their eyes upon religion. In such a spirit has been done the type of work represented by the late Professor William James's Varieties of Religious Experience. The earth is ransacked for data. Questionnaires are sent out which lead to more or less critical introspection. The secrets of the soul are put under the microscope and a brave attempt is made to unravel the mystery of the power of religion. All this represents one great gain. It offers to our young man, lost in the mazes of despairing knowledge, an opportunity to go back to a survey of the precious things which he has lost. It recognizes a series of facts which had been left out of account. It does not sneer at religion. It attempts to understand it. It does not deride conversion. It attempts to explain it.

When the religious world sees the scientific world turning a respectful gaze upon religion there is much rejoicing. In some quarters there is an inclination to issue a thanksgiving proclamation. It is felt that at least a prayer meeting might be held to celebrate the event. That a great scientist should devote long

periods of time to collecting and classifying the data of religious experience suggests the speedy arrival of the millennium. Before the issuing of the thanksgiving proclamation, however, it will be well for us to do a little close thinking. The facts of the case may not be altogether as encouraging as we had supposed. If a man gives their full significance to all the facts of religion there is, indeed, a new start and a hope of a brighter day. But very often it happens that the scientific study of religion is merely an attempt to get all the religious phenomena so classified and interpreted as to fit into the old water-tight system. It often happens that the sun has not risen after all, and that the light which played in the sky did not indicate any dependable or permanent illumination. The scientific psychology of religion may easily turn out to be a psychology for the explaining away of the very central sanctions of religion. As long as the worship of the water-tight system remains, there is really no hope. As long as the thinker must be loyal to the machine at whatever cost, there is no real gain. To admit that religious experiences have a place in a perfectly mechanical and impersonal interpretation of life is not to help on the cause of religion. It is to make religion impossible to those who accept the interpretation. To admit that belief in a certain series of events and persons and ideas has had a transforming effect on human lives does not aid in producing future transformations if in the same breath those events and persons and ideas are discounted and declared without genuine authenticity. The psychology of religion is often an attempt to keep religion without theology, which is very much like an attempt to keep circulation without any veins or arteries. So when our student takes up the study of religion in a scientific way he has found an opportunity, but he is by no means sure of making his escape. He has a wonderful system of pigeon holes, and he will be tempted to insist on getting the facts into the system. He may all too easily forget that it is his business to enlarge the system so that it may fit the facts. The really hopeful thing about this sort of investigation is that the facts simply will not answer to any mechanical formula. If a man once genuinely faces the world of moral and religious experience his world of mechanical thinking will begin to feel earth-

quake tremors. The very contact with the deeply personal experiences and transformations is like a series of electric shocks. A man may go on for a time engrossed in a dignified translation of personal experiences into interpersonal formulas, but it is always possible that the abject futility of this sort of performance will dawn upon him. When that day comes there will be a sunrise indeed. Our sincere and eager student may reach the Great Divide in this fashion. He has spent some time in gathering data as regards religious experience. He has it classified in a clever mechanical fashion. Then he is brought to a sudden stop by this fact: The one thing which made religion transforming was a belief in a personal, supernatural God. The personal trust in the Divine was the point of strategy in the religious experience. Now he has explained the mechanics of that experience. He can produce every factor except the personal trust in the Divine. But without that trust a repetition of the experience would be impossible. He has, therefore, explained religious experience by leaving out its one defining characteristic, and he has explained it in such a way as to make its repetition forever impossible to those who accept the explanation. The most important fact has slipped through his fingers and escaped. Now he is at the place of critical opportunity. Somehow he must find a larger synthesis. Somehow he must make a place for the Divine. How shall he do this without a break-up of his system? Can it be that the mechanical system is only a part of a larger whole? Can it be that this larger whole makes room for the very things he has so easily discarded? May God and freedom and personality have a place in the larger synthesis to which the candid thinker is driven?

IV. The Period Where it is Seen that Science is a Brilliant Classification but Does Not Give Any Answer to the Ultimate Questions. At this point our candid thinker is likely to meet one real difficulty. All his intellectual life has consisted of flights by means of the use of one wing. The other has no power because it has never been used. Our age worships the inductive method of reasoning, and it is probably reserved for a later age to bring to its full service the too lightly sacrificed powers of deductive reasoning. So our pilgrim for the truth will probably

use enlarged and modified induction in the perilous way to which he has now come. Everything hangs on his ability to see the meaning of one distinction. He has studied many a science; he has accepted far-reaching scientific generalizations; now he must see that science is only a record of the way in which things happen. It never tells why they happen. Because day follows night no one supposes that one causes the other. The great philosophical fallacy of science is the supposition that, because one thing follows another, the thing which follows must be caused by the thing which goes before. Science is a catalogue of the uniformities of nature. It has never told anybody why they are uniform. It does not know. In a moving picture the earlier films are not the ancestors of the later films. In a musical composition the earlier notes do not cause the later notes. In each case the cause is outside what appears in the series itself. Science is like a careful record of notes with no reference to the player. It is like a careful classification of the separate films with no reference to the cinematograph. Things happen in certain ways; science records the ways; but as to the great question of why they happen science has no answer to give. If our pilgrim after truth is able to see this fact he is about to receive light which is light indeed.

A question may be asked about this vast system. Is it self-running, or does it have a great personal ground back of itself? To answer this question our scientist must plunge into philosophy. He must become a student of epistemology. He must enter the world of metaphysics. As he journeys on, light increases. His great discovery will be that he has been using the instruments of the mind without even critically inspecting them. He has never seen what is involved in his own rationality. The moment he begins to scrutinize the necessary implications of rationality he finds personal intention and freedom and the discarded distinctions of his youth knocking at the door again. As he goes on he discovers that a self-running mechanism as an explanation of the universe is one mass of contradictions. It would contradict every fundamental postulate of that process of knowing by which it is worked out. It would deny personality and freedom and would make knowledge impossible. If there were such a universe as the

mechanical system involves, we could never know it. On the other hand, a universe in which the free activity of a knowing mind is the fundamental fact makes room for everything in that process of uniformities which science has made known to us, but explains them all by a Cause which expresses itself in these uniformities, and not by making these uniformities self-sustaining.

If our thinker continues faithfully to pursue the paths of critical thought, he will come to see that science has its splendidly significant and important field in observing and classifying the uniformities of experience, but that it must leave their explanation to philosophy, and philosophy must call a free and knowing person the Master of Life. The new light focuses at one point. Law has been considered as something objective, something real, but it is seen that by itself a law is only a figure of speech. As has been wittily said, "A law cannot arrest any one—it takes a policeman." From the standpoint of that description of the way things happen, which is science, a law is simply a formula of uniformity. From the standpoint of philosophy, which asks the ultimate questions, law is the name of the way in which God acts. The laws of nature are nothing but the abstract expression of the coherent and orderly method of the action of God. When all this is seen it is clear to our thinker that his system requires God, and that the last attitude of science, like that of religion, is one of faith. The only assurance for the continuity of life's uniformities is to be found in the character of God. But once allow divine personality to be the ultimate fact, and there is room for all those facts of moral experience which belong to ethics and those facts of history and revelation and the inner life and trust which belong to religion. The larger synthesis explains the physical uniformities and leaves room for personal freedom and all the transforming personal experiences.

Now the student does not try to make his psychology of religion fit into mechanical molds. He knows that morals and religion belong to that aspect of experience which transcends the physical uniformities of life. When our thinker has set the bounds between science and philosophy, and has followed a critical philosophy to its ultimate conclusions, he finds a foundation for all

the faith of his childhood as well as for all he has learned in scientific study.

V. The Ultimate World View. Our pilgrim for truth has now found an intellectual destination. He sees that the task of the thinker is to find a view which will give to all a resting place of experience, and that mechanical views fail because experience is not mechanical. He sees that you must begin all adequate thought with a thinker, because that is where experience begins. You cannot begin with things. You can find a place for them only as a part of the experience of living thinkers. He sees that in his days of doubt he had allowed the smaller part of life to devour the larger. He had used rationality to prove that the world had no place for rationality. Now he begins with an ultimate person as the necessary postulate of experience. He finds a place for all the mechanical uniformities of life as an expression of an orderly mind and a steadfast will, but he knows that God is greater than his system, and if there were sufficient motive God could change any of the uniformities. He is not a citizen in a world whose laws master him. He is king in a world whose laws are just his ways of acting. So in the crisis of moral history there is a place for the miracle. When God does a thing in a different way you have a miracle. When he does it in his usual way you have the so-called order of nature. Really, it is all supernatural, both the uniformity and that place of crisis, like the resurrection of Jesus, when the uniformity of method is ignored because of a great ethical and spiritual need. With the personal view of the universe, whose orderliness is as steady as the character of God, but which does not have a dead and mechanical rigidity, there is room for freedom for man, for morals, for the tragedy of sin, for religion, for a real revelation from God to men, for the incarnation of the Son of God, for the mighty deed of suffering rescue wrought by the Son of God on Calvary, for the resurrection, for the new life, for immortality, and for a world view which includes all the uniformities of science and all the facts of faith. Such a view is in complete accord with the justified conclusions of modern biblical scholarship. It avoids those extreme conclusions which are the result of rationalistic presuppositions in the

thinkers, but it candidly accepts those positions as regards date and authorship and unfolding revelation which have commended themselves to the sober and reverent scholarship of the world. It cannot rest content without a divine Christ. It must be sure of an actual redemption and a divine forgiveness, but it is very comfortable with a composite Hexateuch, and is ready to shake hands with a second Isaiah.

Thus our pilgrim for truth has found a Gibraltar at last. He remains a man of science, but he no longer confuses science with philosophy. He knows that the ultimate synthesis is a matter of philosophic appraisal, where the hidden communion of the saint and the formations of the geologist alike are treated with candor. He knows that God is the final postulate of the uniformities of science as well as of the raptures of the mystic. He knows that science, ethics, and religion have a common platform in the personal interpretation of experiences. He knows that ultimate forces are figures of speech and an ultimate person a reality. The Lord God Almighty is the explanation of the uniformities of nature and the transformations of religion.

Lynn Harold Hough

Art. III.—EDGAR ALLAN POE—A TRIBUTE

In the year of grace eighteen hundred and nine some mighty babes were born: the two greatest statesmen of the age, Lincoln and Gladstone; the epochal scientist Charles Darwin; the world-musicians Mendelssohn and Chopin, and four poets: the Englishmen Tennyson and FitzGerald, the American Holmes, and that child of no race nor age, sprung from beauty and passion and destiny, "out of space, out of time," Edgar Allan Poe.

A century usually suffices to place a man where he belongs, discovers the fool or recovers the prophet; envy rarely outlives a centennial, sneers lose their edge, detraction slinks ashamed from the field; but so far America has yielded the most careful, grudging inches of approval to Poe. At his death he was "not without honor" among other peoples; to-day he is almost so at home. Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow were patriots in their verse and flattered us into early enthusiasm; Whitman frankly exposed our crudities as well as our colossal and elemental virtues, and we resented whatever was unpleasant; Poe, poor Poe, was only a citizen of the republic of art and never made the eagle scream, so we have agreed to give him the icy stare, excusing ourselves, of course, by the reflection that he "got drunk." A few years ago we denied him a place in our Hall of Fame, and more recently managed to squeeze him in against virtuous protest of prude and Philistine. Let us go to with our middle-class Pharisaism and try to introduce into our judgment of him a little Christian tolerance, or, failing of that, some slight modicum of common sense. I wish to confine myself to two themes: first, a reply to the charges he has been damned for, and, second, a tribute to the positive in him.

Poe was a drunkard and a dope fiend; he was unmoral and immoral; he was a trifler in love and a dawdler in the universe; he had a slice of something called "genius" which kept him from absolute starvation and enabled him to write "The Raven" while coming out of a delirium tremens—these are some of the lies and inanities we have all heard, started by his biographer, Griswold. There ought to be a law on biographers. Some of these charges

are too ridiculous to notice. Only a year ago, a public reader declaimed "The Raven" with a thick and boozy articulation, lurching and leering as he defiled such lines as

> Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
> Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

When Poe's interpreters commit such atrocities, what can be expected of the others? No poem has a more rational development nor more careful workmanship than "The Raven," and I could sooner be persuaded that Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" under the influence of hasheesh than that Poe's "Raven" was a red one. To be sure, there was a strange unknown x in Poe's genius besides the known a, b, c, of hard work, but to call this x "gin" is nearly as rational as to maintain that, because Dickens liked to have his pet cat with him in the study, the cat must have taken the pen in his chops when no one else was around and written The Cricket on the Hearth.

Poe's father was a ne'er-do-well, a poor attempt at lawyer, and, if accounts be true, a worse excuse as actor; his mother an actress of English birth, who was able to keep the family pot boiling more by vivacity of manner and personal charm (on the stage, mind you) than by histrionic talent. Edgar, the second of three children, was born early in 1809, in Boston, by chance. I say "by chance" not carelessly nor with levity. Boston, with its beans and cold-storage intellect, is a strange enough birthplace for this starry genius; but note: January 19 and February 19 have both been given as the date of his birth, and while one of them is probably correct, the claim of neither is convincing, particularly if internal evidence alone were relied upon. Records show that Mrs. Poe played on the public stage on January 12 and 20, 1809. The records of the next month show that she appeared on February 13 and 24. In the matter of his birth, then, the fates fought against him with their fatal weapons of heredity and environment. Left an orphan and adopted by a rich planter who pampered him, made him a toy, gave him a "gentleman's education," hoisted him to the wine-table to sing and recite for the entertainment of his boozy guests, sated and poisoned by adulation for his beauty and precocity, unguardianed in an English school,

unrestrained at the University of Virginia and abroad for a year—heaven knows where—and then West Point—what wonder that, in an age when all men of parts in society prided themselves on wine-bibbing, Poe sometimes drank too much? The real wonder is that he escaped the pits, digged by his friends, long enough to accomplish his immortality.

> Could I have dwelt where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I,

may sound weakly futile, but it was true. Poe did not get a square deal. Is not this sufficient explanation, brother, sister? The other day, at the close of a few weeks' study of Poe, a student asked if we didn't "have to discount everything Poe wrote because he drank." This is a not uncommon case of muddy ratiocination and inverted sympathy. If I thought this view a just one, that is, that genius is handicapped by sobriety, I should be willing to barter all my temporal happiness for a quart of Poe's whisky. But a truce with explanations. We might say for him, as a later poet said for himself,

> I know I am august;
> I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
> I see that the elementary laws never apologize.

What is there positive about Edgar Poe? What is there great?

In the first place, no other American writer—perhaps no other modern writer—is so eminently distinguished for both verse and prose forms. The work of two more favored Americans might be cited in opposition, Lowell and Emerson. But Lowell, that many-sided man, has nothing in all his volumes that takes such powerful hold in any way as "The Masque of the Red Death" or "The Gold Bug" does in its particular way; and as for Emerson, the Exquisite Transcendental, he can hardly be said to have had a prose style at all. He has sentences—such sentences! But each one, he admitted, was "an infinitely repellent particle." That Poe excels all English writers since Milton in the equality of his artistry in both great forms of expression is only sober, undodgeable fact. Here is the true matter for wonder in the man. In poetry

he was a worshiper of beauty. He had his own definition of a poem, his own conception of its proper and highest subject, and, whether right or wrong, he walked his narrow way with the high devotion of a priest. A poem must be short, he thought; and so it must, a lyric poem. Its true sphere is beauty, not truth nor even passion. Here, it must be objected, we "wear our rue with a difference." He urges, further, that there is always an element of sadness in the intensest beauty—in which he is triumphantly right. So, he concludes, the best theme is that which combines the dearest beauty and the keenest sadness—the death of a beautiful woman. And who can successfully combat him? At any rate, he *believed* it, and acted on it, than which a man can do nothing higher. Consequently all his great poems have this ideal motive: "Tamburlane," "To Helen" (the first poem of that name), "The Sleeper," "Lenore," "The Raven," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," and, in an inverted form, even "For Annie." There is something moral and tonic in the way he trod proudly and silently his narrow, lonely path, which he believed the highest, never turning aside to pluck gaudy flowers that might have sold for more in the market place, never prostituting the "most high" within him. He was not one who studied demand and manufactured the requisite supply. At least, right or wrong, he believed in his theme, and did with it all that was possible of human art.

In poetry, then, he worshiped beauty; and so his poems are never definite and indubitable; always shadowy and suggestive. In prose he worshiped intellect, and when he desires he is as lucid as light. That the same man wrote "Ulalume" and "The Gold Bug," "Lenore" and "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym" or "The Purloined Letter," that the poet of "The Raven" wrote without laying down his pen that marvel of critical analysis "The Philosophy of Composition," is one of the miracles of literary history. A recent scrutiny of his eight or nine volumes of criticism and essays convinces the writer that the logic of literary analysis was never driven in America by more careful processes to surer conclusions. His premises are sometimes impeachable, to be sure, but his logic, never. Poe, then, the visionary forger of vague and terrific imagery in verse and prose-poems, is Poe the critic, the

champion of cold induction, inerrant logic, and, most wonderful of all, he is Poe the teller of tales as realistic in sober fictions as any of Swift's or DeFoe's. To one acquainted only with his poems the detective and adventure stories seem anomalous. The mind that conceived the wonderful City in the Sea, that city of

> Sculptured ivy and stone flowers

of

> Many and many a marvelous shrine
> Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
> The viol, the violet, and the vine,

could rival in gravity of verisimilitude the author of Gulliver's Travels or The Apparition of Mrs. Veal. His account in the New York Sun of a transatlantic trip in a balloon was taken as seriously as was ever The History of the Plague in London. In his "detective stories" Poe's analytical genius shines brightest. They begot Conan Doyle, Robert Chambers, and Jacques Futtrelle. Poe created the "detective" story, and his imprint is found on almost every one written since. Not only are his plots worked over, but in the main characters of a half dozen prominent writers one cannot blink the resemblances to his immortal Dupin and the prefect of Parisian police. In the same way The Gold Bug has fathered all subsequent cipher stories. When the criticism was made at the time that the unraveling of the cipher was really no test of original analytical ability, since he had made his own puzzle, he promptly answered his critics by taking the first installment of Barnaby Rudge, then appearing in serial form, and forecasting the whole plot from that small beginning.

Pardon a little digression here on critics. In a recent publication Mr. Howells has put himself on record thus: "Would the best of Poe's tales be accepted now by one of the leading or one of the next following magazines? I am obliged to answer I do not think it would; no, not the best of his tales." Poor Mr. Howells! or else, poor leading magazines! This is boomerang judgment with a vengeance. I wonder whose head was lopped off. Have we copied the copies so long that we care no more for the original? It is hardly possible to take up a magazine these days without finding a story that spells Poe in almost every paragraph. We have,

no doubt, improved upon him in some respects; that is not strange; neither is it strange, I suppose, that, having squeezed the juice from Poe, we should be ready to throw him to the garbage. (I am reminded of the "moderns," who, according to Jonathan Swift, blamed the "ancients" for stealing their choicest thoughts.) Mr. Howells goes on to say that the "curse of unreality is on his [Poe's] careful plausibility." Had Mr. Howells read Kipling with a sense of humor he would have remembered

> **There are nine-and-sixty ways of telling tribal lays,**
> **And every single one of them is right.**

We all know what Mr. Howells means by "unreality," because we know his conception of realism; and many of us are grateful to an all-seeing Providence that Poe had another definition.

To return: I have pointed out something of positive force—a roundness of intellectual powers that, had they been combined with healthiness of emotion and will, would have left no doubt as to our greatest American man of letters. But I have no doubt some are already thinking, "This is a poor case if nothing further can be said. All this may be true, but how is the world better for Edgar Poe? What has he given us?" Let me tell you.

Byron, Burns, Coleridge, and other weak-willed or misguided poets have been variously compared with Poe. In their lives few parallels can be found—restricted, indeed, to their resort to alcoholic or other artificial stimulants; a means of comparison which if pursued would make half the world kin. For the work of these poets, Byron, Burns, and Poe, there is no common denominator. Byron is blatantly, defiantly indecent; Burns is boisterously—well, ultrahuman, let us say; Poe is naturally and of design as pure in word and suggestion as the cold white moonbeams that fell through the windows of Madeleine's chamber or those that brought dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee. Our whole American literature is Puritanical, almost self-righteously so, and for some natures Puritanism imputes no particular virtue, but in a passionate, warm-blooded lover of beauty we might have expected and condoned something different. Still not one Puritan among them, nay, no poet that ever lived and dealt largely with the beautiful, is so free from the barest hint of impurity. There is no fleshly taint

in any single line that Edgar Poe ever wrote. And this is the man whom the American people have chosen to immolate on the fires of their morality! Let that percolate slowly to whatever depth it will go.

We of Saxon origin always sermonize, and I rather think we are right. The first translations into English were sermons and the first original English prose was religious; our genius is serious. What is the moral? This is the question on our lips, and "art for art's sake" gets short shrift with us. The question of moral tone, then, is an important one. Now the common, flippant habit of dismissing Poe as "unmoral" is unjust and superficial. He is not concerned much with the ordinary penny morality, though he in no way combats it, but the ideal of beauty itself is surely moral.

> If you get mere beauty, and naught else,
> You get about the best thing God invents.

No doubt to many "Ulalume" is a farrago of nonsense, as it was to the critic Stoddard; but to others it is profound wisdom, and for these Poe wrote. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that this ideal lacks blood, like the poems that embody it. Even for Poe himself it proved a bending reed. On his tragic deathbed, doubly tragic in that it seemed so adventitious, so brutally pathetic—drugged and deserted by a gang of ruffians after they had used him as a "repeater" in the election—his only words, moaned in half-recovered consciousness, were, "Lord, help my poor soul." It is at such a time that the deepest needs of a man become known to himself. No religion except the religion of art had occurred to Poe during his forty years, but in that moment he was conscious of a soul different from his sense of beauty. His ideal, pursued though it was with devoutness in "a sad sincerity," failed of the Highest, and so he cannot sit on the cloud-capped heights lighting the world. There was tragedy in him from the beginning. In what he thought his most beautiful poem, "For Annie," he says,

> And the fever called "living"
> Is conquered at last.

That was his life, a fever; a tragic fever, a fevered tragedy. I think he realized from the first that it could not be otherwise; he

feared inevitable catastrophe, and that his life would be a kind of failure. When he was but twenty he wrote:

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few. Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep.
O God, can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is *all* that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

What a prophecy! And the pity of it! Under a crushing handicap of hereditament he fought a losing fight, loved his friends, scorned his enemies, followed his star, toiled superhumanly, lived righteously, though weakly sometimes—but lost. And we do not like a loser. Perhaps some day we shall be sufficiently Christian to understand that he who fights a losing fight, predestined to failure, is the only hero. He who enters the conflict with force enough to win need show no courage, indeed, can show none. But the millennium is still afar off, and Poe's life remains, maligned, shadowed, discredited. Here is worthy theme for a great biographer; so far we have had

Sniveling Morality
And driveling banality
In mournful prodigality
For a century of sneers.
Now we want a human being
With an eye that's made for seeing,
And a heart withal agreeing
Poorest tribute must be tears.

Thomas P Boyer

Art. IV.—THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

The association of these two bodies in the title does not mean that they are very much alike, though there are not a few points of resemblance. To mention a few: (1) they are the largest churches, numerically, in the United States; (2) they are the most widely distributed, that is, each is represented in more counties than any other denomination; (3) both have had a phenomenal growth, the Papal body chiefly by the incoming of European Catholics, the Methodist body chiefly by accessions from the population of this country. Of the differences between these populous branches of Christianity it is not necessary to speak; as business announcements frequently proclaim, they are too numerous to be mentioned. The purpose of this article is to show how the two denominations compare numerically.

It is necessary at the outset to make as clear as possible the difference in their statistical methods. The Methodist Episcopal Church reports annually its communicant membership, not including baptized infants and adherents; the Roman Catholic Church reports its entire population, including communicants and baptized persons who have not been excommunicated. The records of membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church bear the names of all members and probationers and are revised every year, the names of those who have died, withdrawn, or been expelled being eliminated, and those who have removed without letter and whose addresses are not known not being counted. The Roman Catholic Church has no method corresponding to this. The parish priest does not keep a record of members or communicants, and in most dioceses the figures of "population" are not changed annually, but once in a period of three or five years. Moreover, they are not, in most cases, the result of an actual count, but are estimates and appear in round numbers, ciphers occupying the first three places. Of the fourteen archdioceses, embracing nearly six and a half millions of "population," nothing under a thousand is given in the official Catholic Directory with three exceptions. Boston, for example, is credited with a round 900,000.

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To illustrate the statement that there is no general annual revision of returns for population, let me cite as examples the totals for the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Ohio, aggregating about 8,000,000 "population," or more than a half of the aggregate. The State of New York, seven dioceses, reported, for 1911, 2,778,076; for 1912, 2,790,629. Pennsylvania, six dioceses, returned 1,616,925 in 1911, and 1,633,353 in 1912. Illinois, five dioceses, reported in 1911, 1,447,400; in 1912, 1,460,987. Massachusetts, three dioceses, returned 1,381,212 in 1811 and 1,383,435 in 1912. Ohio, four dioceses, returned 755,271 in 1911 and 743,065 in 1912. The changes, it will be observed, are in all cases comparatively slight. The increase for the entire country for the year was only about 138,000, which is less than one per cent. When the next general revision takes place, large changes may be expected.

The Catholic population for 1912, as returned by the Official Catholic Directory, is 15,154,158, not including Porto Rico, the Philippines, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Panama Canal zone. These, it is estimated, bring the grand total up to 23,329,047. Our comparison, however, has to do with the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. Adding these to the figures above given, we have a Catholic population of 15,207,776. This number, it must be remembered, includes all baptized persons not excommunicated—the body of communicants, or persons who have been confirmed, and baptized infants and children who have not been confirmed. Obviously comparison cannot fairly be made between Catholic population and Methodist communicants, that is, members and probationers. But it is fair to compare "population" with "population" or communicants with communicants. While the Methodist Episcopal Church does not make returns for adherents, except in our foreign mission fields, we can get at the "population" by a method which is sufficiently accurate for the purpose. In Canada the government census does what that of the United States cannot do, it takes the religious preferences of the people. According to the census of 1911, the Methodist population of Canada was 1,079,892. In the same year the number of members and probationers returned by the Methodist Church of

Canada itself was 345,088. It appears, therefore, that there are two adherents to each communicant, and if we multiply the number of communicants by three, we get the "population." There is no reason to believe that the same ratio between adherents and communicants would not be fairly applicable to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The number of communicants in the United States, exclusive of Porto Rico, the Canal zone and the Philippine Islands, is 3,253,689. Multiplying this number by three, we have a "population" of 9,761,067 against a Roman Catholic "population" of 15,207,776. When we remember that the Roman Catholic Church got millions of its "population" from other countries, while only a small fraction of the Methodist population came to us from abroad, the fact that the "population" of the Methodist Episcopal Church alone is more than sixty per cent of that of the Church of Rome is quite remarkable.

But a fair comparison would undoubtedly be between all Methodist branches in the United States, the Methodist communion, and the Roman communion. All these branches sprang from one body and the tendency is back toward one body. The differences in doctrine are not among the causes of separation. There are no doctrinal differences which anybody could formulate. The utmost that could be said on this point is that there are tendencies toward a greater emphasis on this or that doctrine. Methodism is one in doctrine, and no variations are attributable as between particular bodies which are not to be found in the Methodist Episcopal Church itself or in other bodies. The chief differences are in polity or church government and in discipline. In the Ecumenical Methodist Conference all Methodists are glad to emphasize their oneness in doctrine, spirit, purpose, and desire. Methodism, not including the two bodies of United Brethren and the two bodies of the Evangelical Association—all of which are thoroughly Methodistic—has in the territory covered by the foregoing comparison, 6,865,258 communicants. Multiplying this number by three, we have as a result a Methodist population of 20,595,774 to compare with the Roman Catholic population of 15,207,776. In other words, the Methodist population in the

United States exceeds that of the Roman Catholic Church by 5,387,998. If every sixth person is, by this showing, a Roman Catholic by confession or preference, every fourth person is a Methodist by confession or preference.

It is obvious that comparison by "population" is fairer than that by communicants. The Methodist or Protestant communicant is a named, recorded, and counted communicant, whereas the Roman Catholic communicant is not a named, recorded, and counted communicant, but an estimated communicant. The "population" is first estimated on the basis, generally, of births or baptisms and of deaths, and then the number of communicants is estimated. The percentage that has obtained since the census of 1890 is fifteen. That is, the custom among Roman Catholic prelates has been to deduct fifteen per cent from the estimated "population" for baptized children who have not been confirmed and for other baptized persons who may not have the right to communion. Children are confirmed at the age of nine and upward. Is fifteen per cent sufficient to cover these noncommunicants? It certainly would not appear to be too large, for it would seem that there must be a larger number of persons from one to nine years of age than of any other similar period above nine years. It is useless, however, to speculate upon the subject. In the matter of rate of growth there can be no question that the Roman Catholic Church has outstripped all others. In the last twelve years that denomination has advanced from 8,690,658 communicants, as estimated on the above basis, to 12,881,036 in 1912, a net gain of 4,190,378, or somewhat under fifty per cent. This is an average growth of about 349,000 a year. The net increase of Methodism in the twelve years has been about 989,000, or about seventeen per cent. What is the net increase of the Roman Catholic Church from its American resources, that is, independently of immigration? This is a very difficult question. We cannot give an exact answer, but we may approximate the truth by first estimating the gain from immigration. In the decade ending in 1910 the total number of immigrants that came to the United States was, in round figures, 9,000,000. Of these, as nearly as can be estimated, about 5,000,000 came from Catholic countries and from Catholic populations in other countries.

It should be remembered, however, that there has been a refluent wave, particularly heavy in the past few years; amounting to sixty per cent in 1912, fifty per cent in 1911, and nearly forty per cent in 1910. An allowance of twenty-five per cent for returning immigrants for the decade would doubtless be liberal. This would leave 3,750,000 of possible Catholic immigrants remaining in this country. But we must also keep in mind the fact that a considerable part of this immigration from Catholic countries is not Catholic. We have been told by many good observers that a majority of the Italians are not Catholics in fact, but hold aloof from the Catholic Church. If we suppose that our estimate of 3,750,000 immigrants from Catholic countries and Catholic population in other countries is reasonable, we may drop, say, 750,000 to allow for those who are alienated from the Church, and would not therefore appear in the estimates of Catholic population in the United States. This would leave 3,000,000 as the possible number added to the Catholic population in the past decade. I have no very great confidence that this figure is even approximately correct. I should rather take a smaller number, say 2,500,000, as the contribution of immigration in the decade to the Roman Catholic population. This would be at the rate of 250,000 a year.

Going back now to Roman Catholic official reports of Catholic population, we find that the 10,224,303 of 1890 became 14,618,768 in 1910, a net increase of 4,394,465. The difference between this number and the 2,500,000, estimated to be the net growth from immigration, leaves 1,894,465 as the increase from all sources apart from immigration. This would indicate an annual net increase of, say, 190,000. This is not a large increase. In fact, it is less than two per cent a year; to be more exact slightly under 1.86. The net increase of the Methodist population in the same decade was 2,096,109, a percentage of 1.12 per annum.

H. K. Carroll

Art. V.—FATEFUL FREDERICKSBURG

I would advise every American boy to be born on April 10, 1839, or as near that date as possible. Then he can get his intellectual and moral training during a period when issues are pending for which a man may well lay down his life, and he will come to the age of discretion when a crisis makes prompt and peremptory demands upon his judgment and conscience.

My father was a Whig in politics and, while my mother was inclined toward the Democratic principles, the atmosphere of our home was unmistakably antislavery. But the boarding school at Poultney, Vt., to which I was sent in my early youth was largely patronized by Southern people, and I soon found my most intimate associates were from that section of the country. Indeed, my very choicest, closest friend was the son of a Mississippi slaveholder. And there was never a more generous and high-minded company of youth than these to whom I became attached. There was not much talk among them about the institution of slavery. The Negro was spoken of as an inferior being, but the allusions to him were always kindly and frequently affectionate. The institution was purely patriarchal—the blacks were irresponsible and should be the wards of the superior race. Through years of association with these splendid young men I came to accept their opinions and to advocate and defend them. Then something happened! In the autumn of 1859 I was a member of the faculty of the Troy Conference Academy at Poultney. A young Negro who worked about the place had excited my interest and I had done him some small kindnesses. He came to my recitation room one day and asked to see me alone. It was my last engagement before the noon recess and I gave him the key to my room, where I soon joined him. At his request I fastened the door and followed him as he retreated to a distant corner. I asked him kindly what the trouble was. He turned toward me and said, in faltering tones, "Professor, I have heard you say that a black man was better off in slavery than free, and that it was foolish for him to run away."

"Yes."

"I have heard you say," he stammered, "that if you knew of a runaway slave you would help his master catch him."

I hesitated. "Yes."

"Will you?" While I faltered the face into which I gazed was taking on the mask of death. In that brief interval the tragedy of the ages—of lash and chains and white-hot branding-irons—was worked out before my eyes.

"Jake," I whispered, *"they shall not get you."*

His strength gave way and I had to help him to a seat. When he had sufficiently recovered, he told me his story. The immediate sequel of it was that he had just received a "grapevine" message to the effect that his master had traced him as far as Albany and might be on the train from there that very evening. He had no money, and his only safety was in taking the midday train from Poultney to Rutland and the north. *He went on that train,* with a ticket through to Canada and money for his present needs.

And now, answer me this: What subtle influence sent that man to me rather than to any other member of the faculty, every one a secret or avowed abolitionist? Rather, what influence of the Divine Spirit led him to me, to bring me face to face with one of the ordinary, but shocking, features of the system, that my moral nature might be aroused to a sense of its injustice and inhumanity? Whatever it was that brought it about, one thing was settled with me: By whatsoever plausible arguments I might defend slavery in the future, I knew that it was wrong. When that black man stepped aboard the train, with his face set toward freedom, I knew he had a right to that for which my own fathers had fought and freely given up their lives.

It may seem like a "far cry" from that moral awakening in northern New England, in 1859, to a seat on the sunlit hillside overlooking Fredericksburg, Va., in 1864; but the interval has two stages, each ending here. Riding over from the Potomac, to join the Union army at Spottsylvania, I turn aside to where, nearly eighteen months before, we lay in bivouac on these Falmouth hills. As I approach the spot, the ground is covered with a carpet of green, the voices of birds and the hum of insects fill the air, and from a nearby orchard floats a delicate scent of bloom. But in-

stantly, as a crowd of memories rushes in upon me, the scene changes, and in the brief twilight of a December day I sit in a group of youth wrapped in long blue overcoats, huddled about the fickle camp fires, while over us the naked trees stretch their fingers toward the cruel sky and about us the earth lies shivering under a cold white counterpane. The scene thus transformed is so familiar as to hold me in a sort of a thrall, in which warm hands, long palsied, are stretched out to welcome me, and friendly voices, long silent, give me joyous greeting. Our ancestors, in the brave old days, standing in such a spot would not doubt that their comrades in arms, slain on battle fields, were mingling in the scene. As, responsive to such an overture from my heroic dead, my spirit now springs forth to meet them, to salute them, and embrace them. Now, in this presence, how certainly intrudes that other picture, in which the specter of a cruel wrong blazed forth to shock my moral sensibilities! How strangely consonant with this scene—with the moaning of the winter wind through bare branches and the smoldering camp fires nearly quenched in pools of melting snow—how startlingly suggestive these are of the wail of a strong man stricken with a mortal blow and the apparition of a black face turned to ashen gray! That single moment at Poultney in the fall of 1859 marks a crisis in my life! Obedient to that vision, my footseps took the trail that day which led me, three years afterward, to this fateful spot. And here, on this bright spring day in 1864, with the great issue still unsettled, with hostile forces raising the same din of war just over the western hills, and with the queenly city at my feet again turned into a great, straggling army hospital, I turn back the leaves of the book of memory to a single page, writ in blood, with every letter a FULL-FACE CAPITAL. This page is not to be gazed upon with curious eyes or scrutinized with critical intent. More lovingly and tenderly, more reverently, as the years go by, I turn the leaf.

We were tent mates—Will and I—serving in the ranks of a New England regiment. We belonged to Company C, the right-center company of the regiment; and in camp, at the head of the broad double aisle which separated us from Company I, at the left of "Old Glory" floated the State colors. This broad banner

was emblazoned with the motto of the Commonwealth of Connecticut: "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," which we, her sons, set into the terse phrase, "He, who brought us where we are, stands by us." It would seem that no one with such a legend of devout and lofty faith before his eyes could be other than brave and true, and of all who imbibed this exalted spirit this one was the truest and bravest. He was the eldest son of a devout patriot, and stood almost last in a long line, stretching back through generations, of lovers of liberty. A handsome boy he was, strong, supple, clean in body and in spirit, intelligent, unselfish, patient, cheerful, modest, and brave. He was the one who, on the march, would load himself down with the heavy accouterments of his weaker comrades, and who then, at the close of a hard day's tramp, would volunteer to take the extra detail of a footsore and exhausted companion. A few nights before the terrible slaughter at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, we lay, rolled in our blankets in the snow, on these Falmouth hills. Will drew me out of our little shelter tent and led me under the low branches of a tree near by. Here he confided to me a strange story. His mother, who had died many years previously, had come to him that night and had informed him that he was to lose his life in the impending battle and that I was to be wounded in a leg. It sounded absurd, and yet I was compelled to treat the subject seriously, for he was certain of its reality and was too sober-minded and conscientious a youth to be trifled with. How I regretted, afterward, that I did not inquire more particularly into the nature of this communication from the spirit world!

Our regiment was attached to Zook's Brigade of Hancock's Division of Sumner's Army Corps. From our camp at Falmouth we crossed over to Fredericksburg on Wednesday afternoon, December 11, and bivouacked in the streets along the river front. On Friday morning we marched out on the track of the Richmond Railroad to the outskirts of the city and, filing to the right, formed in battle lines behind a low rise of ground. Directly before us, a half mile or more, were the enemy's batteries on Marye's Heights, with a line of infantry in front. We were not aware that this infantry line was protected by more than ordinary breastworks, but

we were to discover, on confronting it, a high, perpendicular stone wall, the abutment, on our side, of the "Sunken Road" which crossed the face of the hill. General Hancock told us what he wanted us to do: to rush across the intervening fields and carry this infantry line at the point of the bayonet, then, before the enemy could rally from the shock, to push right on up the steep hillside and seize the guns on the summit. We assured him, with a shout, that we would not disappoint him, and in preparation for the mad rush across the open plain in front we laid aside overcoats, knapsacks, blanket rolls, and all other unnecessary accouterments. Will's position in the line was well toward the head of Company C, at my right; and as we waited, stripped for the assault, he slipped along to where I lay by the colors and squeezed my hand. I knew what was in his thought, but no word was spoken by either of us.

Our regiment was on the right of the brigade, and therefore was to lead the assault. At the order "Attention!" we got to our feet and dressed to the center, in as perfect a line as though we were on review some quiet Sabbath afternoon. Then at the command, with bayonets fixed and "arms port," we leaped forward up the slope, which till now had afforded us protection. As we scaled the ridge we were met by a tempest of shell and shot. General Meagher had already led his Irish boys in repeated charges over that same knoll and across those open fields; and the enemy had their guns massed, with a perfect range, upon our line of approach. I was almost immediately shot down. As I felt the savage fragment of a shell tear along my leg I recalled Will's warning, and before I struck the ground as I fell forward I glanced along the advancing column for a sight of the brave boy. He was not in his place. He had already been cut down. During the next five minutes I lived a lifetime, as I lay and watched the dear old flag go on and up against the enemy's works. More than once, for a few seconds, it dropped out of sight as the blue line descended behind some low ridge, and then how I suffered with apprehension! Twelve of us boys—the color guard—had entered into a sacred covenant that while one of us lived the enemy should not get that flag; and *I was still alive.* But every time, as if spring-

ing out of the earth, it reappeared, and each time further forward, till at last it halted under the very shadow of that grim parapet and flaunted defiance in the face of the foe.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of my wound I crawled back over the ground across which our company had rushed, but could discover no trace of my friend. The ground was literally buried under the shattered and broken bodies of patriot soldiers, many of them mangled beyond recognition. Every effort was afterward made, without avail, to get tidings of his fate, and it is probable that from the hand that traces these lines he received his last token of friendship before he faced, with unflinching courage and unswerving, unfaltering devotion, the awful doom of which he had had mysterious warning.

But that flag up at the front kept beckoning me on, and I could not resist the call. For an hour or more, under fire every second, dragging my disabled leg along between the mangled bodies with which the fields were strewn, I worked my way to the front and at last joined the little squad of resolute men who protected the rent and tattered colors. And here in a few minutes I was hit again. This was on Friday morning, and it was not until Sunday night that my wounds were dressed. Meanwhile, for nearly three full days—two awful nights—I lay exposed to the winter rain, turning to sleet and snow, without shelter, or overcoat, or blanket, or a warm, refreshing drink, or a mouthful of nourishing food. I owe my life, under God, to the tender, skillful care of the Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church, the nurses in attendance at the hospital at Point Lookout, Md., from which I took my discharge the following February.

On my return I had a single interview with Will's father in which I narrated, as nearly as I could, the course of his army life, and very particularly the incidents which marked its termination. For the next several years this man was one of my most intimate associates, but following that interview he refrained from any mention of his great bereavement. I have no recollection of his once recalling it. We all called the boy "Will." Both before and after his death that was the name by which he was known. The father alone had always pronounced his full name, "Willbur," and

for nearly a third of a century after that interview on my return not once did I hear that name mentioned in the family circle. The brave man, with matchless self-repression, pursued his orderly, unpretentious course of life, masking his poignant grief and sense of loss behind his serious, kindly face. But in that place where the treasures of the soul are hidden he secretly guarded the face and form and *name* of the beautiful boy whose life had been blotted out on the field of battle.

It was over thirty years since Will was lost at Fredericksburg, and nearly thirty years since I visited the spot, in 1864, that his father lay upon his couch in his New England home. In fact he lay dying, and no one knew it but himself. Even I, to whom he had intended to convey a forecast of this event, had failed to realize the meaning of the premonition. Except for the infirmities of age there did not seem to be much the matter with the man. I stepped to his bedside, to bid him "Good-night," and he said, "Henry, the tide turns about midnight, and I am going out with the tide. I wish you might be with me to-night." He had been a sea farer, and I thought that his mind was wandering a little, out into some former familiar experience, but, of course, I yielded to his wishes. After the family had retired I sat alone with him and listened to his regular breathing as he slept at my side. It was very quiet, and my mind went back over the years of our acquaintance. A little after midnight I noticed a slight change in his respiration. I quickly turned up the light and discovered that my friend was actually dying. I took two steps toward the door, to rouse the family, when a slight rustle of the bed clothes arrested my attention. The venerable man was sitting upright, with a glow of joyful surprise and recognition on his face, and as he stretched his hands upward, he whispered, "O! Willbur! At last!" I caught his swaying body in my arms and laid him back upon the pillows, dead. The boy of his pride and hope, long lost, but not ever forgotten, was found at last.

Henry E. Wing

Art. VI.—POETRY AN ASSET FOR THE PREACHER

The preacher has sore need of this asset, both for himself and in his work. In himself he is a heavily burdened man.

> 'Tis not a cause of small import
> The pastor's care demands;
> But what might fill an angel's heart,
> And filled the Saviour's hands.

He, to use the words of the poet Cowper,

> stands
> The legate of the skies; his theme divine,
> His office sacred, his credentials clear.
> By him the violated law speaks out
> Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
> As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
> He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
> Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
> And, armed himself in panoply complete
> Of heavenly temper,

he stands between heaven and earth; his head and heart in the everlasting sunshine, his feet deep in the sordid mire. Thus, like the souls in purgatory driven to and fro between ice and fire, the preacher is whirled about continually between high ideals and abject reals. He is, indeed, the servant of God. He

> negotiates between God and man,
> As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
> Of judgment and of mercy.

But he often finds it

> hard to work for God,
> To rise and take his part
> Upon the battlefield of earth,
> And not sometimes lose heart.

God

> hides himself so wondrously,
> As if there were no God;
> He least is seen when all the powers
> Of hell are most abroad.

> Or he deserts us in the hour
> The fight is almost lost,
> And seems to leave us to ourselves
> Just when we need him most.

The preacher, moreover, delivers his message to dull ears and unwilling hearts. How often he comes before his auditors, his own heart aflame with some great eternal truth which struggles for utterance within him like a pent-up volcano, but, when he has preached the preaching that God bids him, to some it is "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument"; while others, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer,

> hear him humming away
> Like a buzzard-clock over their head;
> An' niver knew what he meaned,
> But thowt he had summat to say,
> An' thowt he said what he owt to ha' said,
> An' comed awaay.

He seeks a soul, and gets a—compliment; casts forth his pearls only to have swine trample them under foot. Were it not for the relief of poetry a man so burdened and so circumstanced would become either sordid or insane. He must either himself be a poet or he must learn to look out through the poet's eye and hear through the poet's ear. Best of all if, with something of the divine afflatus in his own breast, he joins the poetic choir and "feels no stranger there." Were it not for the help of poetry the world would never hearken to the preacher's message. As quaint George Herbert says, "A verse may find him who a sermon flies." Indeed it may! Many a soul that altogether missed the sermon has caught and followed the gleam from some simple song or chorus. It is interesting to note the close connection in all ages between preaching and poetry. Anciently preacher and poet were one. The theologians of Greece were not system-spinners, as with us, but were her poets, such as Homer and Hesiod. The prophets of Israel all were poets.

Wonderful preachers were some of these theologian poets of Greece! Take this sermon, from Hesiod's Theogony, on the Personality and Power of God:

No longer then did Zeus
Curb his full power;
But instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flashed
With his continual presence; for he passed
Incessant forth, and scattered fire on fire.
Hurled from his hardy grasp, the lightning flew,
Reiterant, swift, the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell.

No less majestic is the sermon of the Hebrew psalmist. Perhaps there is in it less of imagination, but more of truth:

The earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the hills moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
He bowed the heavens also; and came down;
And thick darkness was under his feet.
And he rode upon a cherub and did fly;
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his secret place;
His pavilion round about were dark waters,
And the clouds of the sky.
At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed
Hail stones and coals of fire.

Both the Greek and the Hebrew poet-preachers wrestled with the same mighty problems. Thus, for instance, the motif of Æschylus's Prometheus Bound and that of the book of Job is the same, the mystery of undeserved suffering. Prometheus, bound to the "beetling precipice," "with links indissoluble of adamantine chains," thus laments his fate:

Behold me, a god, what I endure from gods!
Behold with throe on throe
How wasted by this woe
I wrestle down the myriad years of time!
Behold how fast around me
The new king of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!

Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan; and where is found me
A limit to these sorrows?

Prometheus's only crime is that he "loved mortals too much evermore." He is, indeed, the Greek prototype of the God-man Jesus Christ, the suffering Saviour of mankind. Hence from the human standpoint he is the very type and emblem of undeserved suffering, even as righteous Job, "perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil," against whom nevertheless "the terrors of God do set themselves in array," is the same. And the first, rough solution of the mystery of suffering is the same in both poets. Thus in Æschylus's tragedy. Strength, when Hephæstus would move him to pity Prometheus' sufferings, says, "I behold a sinner suffer his sin's penalty"; and Zophar, in the book of Job, says brutally to the sufferer, "Know therefore that God exacteth from thee less than thy iniquity deserveth." But how different the final solution! Æschylus, indeed, has but the one solution, whether it is given by Hephæstus, Strength, or Prometheus himself. That, in a word, is the vengeance of Zeus. Thus Hephæstus says,

In that thou, a god,
Didst brave the wrath of gods, and give away
Undue respect to mortals, for that crime
Thou art adjudged to guard this joyless rock,
Erect, unslumbering, bending not the knee,
And many a cry and unavailing moan
To utter on the air. For Zeus is stern,
And new-made kings are cruel.

And Prometheus:

Do you ask
What crime it is for which he tortures me?
That shall be clear before you. When at first
He filled his father's throne he instantly
Made various gifts of glory to the gods
And dealt the empire out. Alone of men,
Of miserable men, he made no count,
But yearned to sweep their track from off the world
And plant a newer race. Not a god
Resisted such desire except myself.
I dared it! I drew mortals back to light
From meditated ruin deep as hell!

For which wrong I am bent down in these pangs
Dreadful to suffer.

Again he says:

By my choice
I freely sinned—I will confess my sin—
And helping mortals found my own despair.

How different the conclusion of the Hebrew sage as voiced by Elihu:

With God is terrible majesty;
Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out:
He is excellent in power and in judgment;
And in plenty of justice he will not afflict.

We need take but little time to show that the marriage of preaching and poetry has never been dissolved; for no preacher would think of presenting his theme without the aid of that branch of poetry known as hymnology. What an asset we have in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs! And how the preacher rejoices as one who has found great spoil when he finds that the thought he himself is thinking has been thought out into the clear by one of the prophets of our own time, the poets! In celebrating the festivals of the church year the minister can help himself with the great poetry which they have inspired—the hymns of the ages. Suppose, for example, the winter holidays are approaching and the preacher's mind turns to his Christmas sermon. There is Christmas poetry fit to blend with the anthems of the skies. He can even put his heart in tune for that day of mystery and majesty and ecstasy with such simple verses as those of my own brother, the late Frederick Keppel, on "The First Christmas"—clear and musical as a purling brook:

In loving worship bending,
God's angels bright attending,
The mother mild
Adores the child
Whose kingdom hath no ending.

We hail thee, infant stranger,
Asleep in lowly manger,
The King of kings
His rescue brings
To human souls in danger.

O Christ, enthroned in glory,
Through ages dim and hoary;
God's message, then,
"Good will toward men,"
Is all the world's best story:

or with George MacDonald's stanza, "That Holy Thing":

They were all looking for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.
O Son of man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail.
My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thy own secret stair,
That Thou may'st answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer.

But, leaving that which is too familiar to need elaboration, let us note some of poetry's values to the minister's personal life.

When the preacher arises some "blue Monday," tired in heart and mind, weary with chasing "words, words, words," his work ill done, his "best-laid plans" ganging a-gley, himself discouraged, how good it is to stand and look out upon the world with sound-hearted Robert Browning, as he sings,

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with his world.

Whew! That's like a deep, full breath of morning air! What a collocation—the snail on the thorn and God in his heaven! We think of only one that equals it, and that is found in the words of the greatest poet of all: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father." God and the snail! God and the sparrow!

> All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Or the preacher goes forth and finds the palace that he built for himself in ruins; the home, the refuge, the strong fortress in which he hoped to dwell, unroofed, desolate, its walls broken down and covered with the pitying ivy. That is all he sees. But yonder comes the poet, tall, stoop-shouldered, leaning upon his staff, the wind whipping the skirt of his long cloak and tossing his abundant dark hair and beard. He approaches the very same wall from which the preacher read desolation and ruin. Listen to him:

> Flower in the crannied wall!
> I pluck you out of your crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God is and what man is.

As he turns away we hear him whisper,

> And so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God;

and the preacher, hearing him, looks out upon a transfigured world, with "every common bush afire with God." Sometimes the preacher's fount seems to run dry and he wonders what he shall preach about. Strange that this should be so with such a mighty gospel to preach and such a great world to preach it to! But so it is. Well, let him wander forth with the Bard of Avon, "exempt from public haunt," and with the banished Duke he, too, may find

> Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Or perhaps the trouble is that he can scarcely drive himself to work. Then let him talk it over with that preacher-poet who toiled until brain whirled and heart broke. Hear him:

> Be strong!
> We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
> We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
> Shun not the struggle, face it; 'tis God's gift.
> Be strong!

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong;
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not! fight on! To-morrow comes the song.
Be strong!

Some preachers do not accept the struggle as God's gift, and instead of manfully facing it, like the craven so graphically described by Sill, who complains of his sword, breaks it, flings it away, and skulks from the field, they are tempted to give up the work because of its difficulty and their own lack of success. To such the words of the poet come like a trumpet-blast:

Then came the king's son, wounded and sore bestead
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Any sword will do if it be wielded by "the king's son," and it is the preacher's birthright to say, "Now are we the sons of God."

Preachers are tempted. The proverb says, "Death loves a shining mark"; even so the devil loves a shining mark, and doubtless there is joy in hell when the preacher falls into impurity and sin. His calling bristles with temptation, and with opportunity for wrongdoing; and there is but one armor of proof which can turn aside the attack and "quench all the fiery darts of the wicked," that is a pure heart.

Keep pure thy soul!
Then shalt thou take the whole
Of delight,

sings Gilder;

Then, without a pang,
Thine shall be all the beauty
Whereof the poet sang—
The perfume and the pageant, the melody, the mirth,
Of the golden day and the starry night;
Of heaven, and of earth.
O, keep pure thy soul!

Perhaps the trouble is that the preacher finds that men are drifting away from the old faith; and feeling that "doubt is devil-born," has little sympathy and less hope for the doubter, but is inclined

to call him "Infidel" and pass by on the other side. May it not be well to take Tennyson's view of the honest doubter?

> Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beats his music out.
> There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

And even when the doubt seems to the preacher to be radical, such as a doubt or denial of the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is comfort and hope in the lines of that illustrious son of a preacher, Richard Watson Gilder:

> If Jesus Christ is a man,
> And only a man, I say
> That of all mankind I cleave to him,
> And to him will cleave alway.
>
> If Jesus Christ is a God,
> And the only God, I swear
> I will follow him through heaven and hell,
> The earth, the sea, and the air.

The time draws on when the preacher must face the oncoming of old age. Like the ancient preacher, he may fear it as "the evil days," the "years when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'" Thus the aging Browning cheers him:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made;
> Our times are in his hand
> Who saith, "A whole I planned";
> Youth shows but half. Trust God, see all, nor be afraid!

Death approaches. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel at the cistern. Well, let him stand with Tennyson at Arthur Hallam's grave and join in his prayer of faith:

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove,
>
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Or hear him as he approaches the shoreless, soundless sea:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell;
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

David Keppel.

Art. VII.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF MORAL ELEMENTS IN THE RITUAL OF PURIFICATION

In one of the most suggestive chapters of his Introduction to the History of Religion Jevons has discussed the debt of mankind to the barbaric taboo, a thing as purely formal and as utterly irrational, it would seem, as it has ever entered the heart of man to conceive. And yet to this institution, so palpably nonmoral in its origin, he maintains that we are indebted for certain of our moral sentiments, particularly the conception of social obligation. The taboo is not essentially a religious institution, but many individual taboos lay in that field, and a taboo once taken up into religion is on the road to rationalization and moralization, though it has excellent chances of never reaching its goal. The purpose of the present paper is to discuss only one aspect of the taboo, the exclusion of the individual from Greek temples on the ground of impurity, and to show the lines along which the conception of purity developed from something little above the rules and regulations of the savage to the point where it acquires at least a degree of moral force.

The need of purity and cleanliness is a feeling so deeply ingrained in us, so useful in its æsthetic and hygienic results, that it is natural to suppose that prescriptions of religious purity originated in considerations of physical cleanliness. This is, of course, not the case. Religious purity is physical cleanliness, if at all, only incidentally. Considerations of utility may operate to maintain a taboo in action, but that they ever give rise to it is more than doubtful. Purity consists in keeping certain rules; impurity results from the violation of those rules, and, when incurred, it must be removed by an act of ritual, which may or may not be physical ablution. Still less, of course, were any considerations of spiritual purity present to the mind of the worshiper in any early stage of the Greek religion. Moral effect is the latest and fairest flower from a root that strikes deep into the common nature of man and flourishes in the soil of every land. From this point of view nothing in the Homeric poems is more curious than

the comparative lack of even ritual purification. The notion, otherwise almost ubiquitous, that blood-guiltiness requires it has left little or no trace in these our earliest specimens of Greek literature. This does not prove that purifications were quite foreign to the Homeric period, but it does show how little stress was laid upon them. In Hesiod, on the other hand, strong and earnest emphasis is laid on the need of purity, and there can be no doubt that in the society in which he moved, as among other nations concerning which we have fuller information, careful purification accompanied certain important acts of life, and that the necessity of maintaining ceremonial cleanness was admitted without question. The impure may not draw near the house hearth, obviously to prevent them from polluting the sacred center of the home and involving others in their own taint. With equal strictness are they excluded from the shrine of the gods. Not only would the pollution be more widely spread from a much-frequented place like the temple of a deity, but the presence of the impure, as Antiphon says, would pollute the purity of the very gods. The holy place and the holy objects it contained must be protected from the contact or the vicinity of polluting influences, whether personal or demonic. As to the objects or activities that were thought defiling, there was a wide range of opinion and usage. The prescriptions of purity were determined in great part by the character or the history of the individual shrine, by the antecedents of the god and the myths that had grown up around him, though often, too, the facts of ritual exercised a reflex influence on the myths, some of which are evidently invented to account for existing details of worship. In certain of these prescriptions there was little or no opportunity for the development of moral ideas. The taboo on certain animals, such as the swine or the goat; on certain plants, such as beans, lentils, or the ivy; on certain metals, such as iron or gold, could scarcely be so far elevated as to assume the garb of morality. Such rules as these I shall refrain from discussing and shall confine myself to the restrictions which advanced, or showed a tendency to advance, from the ceremonial to the moral.

Of the notions relating to this subject the most influential, as it is probably the most universal, is that contact with death is

polluting. Particularly is this true of the homicide, but not only has he come in contact with death, but there rests upon him the miasma and the haunting presence of his victim's soul. He was excluded from the private house, from the agora, and other public places, and *à fortiori* from the shrine and the sacrifice. I have used the word homicide instead of murderer for the obvious reason that the rule originally applied not only to murder, but to accidental killing. The slayer incurred the stain not for his evil intent, but because he had shed blood. Even the slayer of the homicide was subject to the taint, and Theseus required a special purification at the hands of the Phytalidæ, because he had been engaged in slaying robbers, one of whom chanced to be his precious kinsman Linis. In some instances, as particularly at Rome, to kill a man in open fight or in self-defense brought pollution with it. But this was not general in Greece, though it is possible that we have traces of it in the annual purification of the Macedonian army and the *post bellum* lustration of the whole Bœotian people.

Against the belief that contact with death was in itself a pollution very little headway was made. The obvious inconveniences of such a belief were mitigated in various ways. The period during which the members of the bereaved family were excluded from the shrines seems to have been reduced from forty days to twenty; in cases where the taint had been contracted by the death of some one outside the family, it is found as little as three days. Such restrictions were quite empty of moral content and moral effect, but the Greek mind was not yet able to rise above them. Even when it was declared that those who adorn the tomb on the third day after the death or on the anniversary days are free from any taint, it was expressly provided that they might not enter a temple on the day of their pious service. It was on a different line that morality appeared in this department. Wächter has observed that the progress toward moral ideas in purification is very slow and would seem to maintain that, outside the philosophers, such doctrines had little or no effect until a much later time. But there is at least one instance of moral distinction made by the Delphic oracle itself and at a comparatively early date. Herodotus tells how Glaucus, planning perjury and theft, asked the oracle

whether he might carry out his nefarious intent. He was sharply rebuked, he repented at discretion, and begged for pardon, but received the ominous response that to tempt the god was as bad as actually to commit the crime. This oracle is probably genuine and seems to date from soon after B. C. 600. Farnell observes that this saying is a landmark in the history of Greek ethics, for it raises the question of inward sins of the will. Now with regard to homicide, a distinction on precisely this principle was early made, at least in Athens. Voluntary was distinguished from involuntary, and, to a degree, justifiable from unjustifiable. Demosthenes quotes the Attic law of his time, and though the unintentional homicide labors under certain disabilities, including exile, it is declared that his punishment should be less than his who has committed intentional murder. It is perhaps a fair question if certain kinds of homicide involved the perpetrator in any ceremonial impurity at all. We have seen that there is little trace in Greece and none in Attica of any taint incurred by the slaughter of battle. Draco's law permitted certain kinds of homicide and provided that if a man committed any of these he was pure. Wächter explains that pure means merely "free from punishment." Plato in his ideal code of laws has a passage evidently suggested by this detail of the Draconian legislation. He provides that the slayer of a thief, robber, adulterer, etc., shall be pure. This Wächter explains in the same way, and says that the slayer would have to undergo purification, but it is not at all clear from the context. A passage of Xenophon might shed some light on this point if he had stated explicitly, what he certainly seems to imply, that many cities did not exclude tyrannicides from the temples as they did other homicides. Were they, then, pure in the usual ceremonial sense? And, if so, why should not the slayer of the adulterer be placed in the same category? In fact, Demosthenes seems to class his political opponents with such men as tyrannicides when he says that the Athenians of a former generation would have considered those to be pure who stoned such men with their own hands.

For accidental homicide purification was required, but it was easily procured. In one instance sea water or the use of gold as an apotropæic metal was adequate to purify a temple from ac-

cidental bloodshed. Plato would prescribe a simple purification for the man who had killed another in a game or an athletic contest. The converse of this feeling is significant, though I do not find it in the law of any Greek city, but in the ideal legislation of Plato. The philosopher says that for the shedding of kindred blood (he evidently means with intent) *no* purification is of any avail. He also declares that the instigator of a murder, though he have taken no part in the actual commission of the crime, is *impure of soul* (elsewhere in this passage he uses the expression *impure of hands*), and prescribes for him precisely the same punishment that he metes out to the murderer himself. Clearly, the guilt of homicide is here conceived as not merely ceremonial.

The taboo on death and on contact with the dead often excluded men from the worship of the gods for deeds which counted no fault and for conditions they could not avoid, as when a death in the family rendered all its members ceremonially impure or when the man who had been mistakenly considered dead was excluded from the temples. But acts of positive virtue as well, acts necessary for the welfare of mankind and the propagation of the human race, entailed temporary separation from the religious life and the religious center of the community. This, like the taboo on contact with death, though quite empty of moral content and destitute of moral effect, yet developed in one direction a moral influence. A similar development is seen in the character of the purity required for admission into the mysteries. The neophyte must undergo certain rites of purification, but these prescriptions were originally ceremonial. Even the Eleusinian, the most elevated of the Greek mysteries, were at first quite unmoral. And yet they show a definite and successful trend toward morality. "The fifth century," says Farnell, "was ripe for that momentous development in religion whereby the conception of ritualistic purity becomes an ethical idea." Yet most of the references to any moral emphasis in the mysteries are found in much later writers. To the equivocal requirement that the initiates must have pure hands Libanius adds that they must have pure souls. The "blameworthy," who, Pollux says, were excluded, must refer to the morally culpable, and Nero found that *impii* and *scelerati*

were debarred from the Eleusinian rites. It was the moral idea more than anything else that had made a beautiful and salutary worship out of a gloomy chthonian cult. For, even if it be admitted that the object of the Eleusinian mysteries was never doctrinal, it was felt that the prescriptions of purity should bear fruit in the daily life of the initiate. It was partly this moral effect in the Eleusis cult which rendered it capable of exerting on early Christianity the profound influence that it did.

Such recognition of the necessity of moral purity is a great step forward, and indicates a corresponding advance in philosophic doctrine long enough previously to allow the new ideas time to penetrate the conservatism of religious thought. This advance is the recognition of the contrast between soul and body, and, once grasped, it could not fail to convince even those who had all their life been subject to the bondage of practical cathartic that the soul was in need of purification equally with the body—or even more so, since the former was the home of the religious instinct. Plato draws a sharp distinction between the purification of the body and that of the soul, though in one passage he seems to believe that the regular ritual devices further purity of soul as well as purity of body, and he is fond of the ritualistic expression "pure of hands." But the moral sense of "pure" is prominent when he speaks of men pure from injustice and unholy deeds, or as pure of soul from murder, or calls the man of evil soul impure and his opposite pure. The recognition of the paramount importance of the soul, with the consequent development of moral consciousness and the rise of the sense of sin, involves the conviction that external, bodily, ceremonial purity is inadequate. Physical expedients are replaced by mystical measures, but toward the end of the Periclean period isolated expression is given to the idea that it was human sin that involved—as its logical and necessary consequence—the anger of the gods. So the inner purity overshadows the outer, or the latter is considered only the symbol of that moral purity without which the most scrupulous ritualistic service and the richest gifts are not acceptable. Plato utterly repudiates the idea that the soul can be purged from sin by ceremonial rites. Such ideas as these are found principally among the philosophers,

but they are not confined thereto. Demosthenes thinks that a man's admission to the temples should not be conditioned on his being *ἁγνος* for a certain stated period previous to his entrance, but that his whole life should have been *ἁγνος*. And a well-known prescription, said by Porphyrius to have related to the Epidaurian temple, after stating the usual formula, that only the *ἁγνοι* may enter the shrine, adds the very unusual statement that to be *ἁγνος* is to have pious thoughts. This clearly elevates *ἁγνεία* above ritual purity, but Ziehen warns us that the couplet is merely some poet's verses, the expression of his personal conviction.

Gradual as such a change in human thought always is, even more gradually does it manifest itself in the sacral inscriptions and in the formulæ of worship, which are notoriously conservative. It is all the harder to detect the beginnings of the new thought in the ritual language because new connotations are attached to the old words long before the words themselves are changed. The term "clean hands" must have begun to suggest moral purity long before the further requirement of purity of soul was specifically and explicitly insisted upon, and the moral requirement is often curiously coupled with the ritual. A Rhodian inscription of Hadrian's time states that to the shrine of the deity may be admitted only those who are pure in hands and thought and *ὑγιεῖς* and conscious of having done no fearful deed. "This," says the inscription, "first and foremost," and then goes on to detail certain polluting objects—beans, goat meat, cheese, abortions, etc.—from which the worshiper must keep himself free. It was doubtless true that in spite of isolated instances of advanced thought ritual purification continued, for the vast majority of the Greeks, to be not only a necessary preliminary for worship, but valuable in itself, even as a substitute for that purity of the inner man upon which the philosophers were so strongly insisting and upon which Christianity was to lay its chief emphasis.

Joseph William Hewitt

Art. VIII.—BISHOP QUAYLE AS A MAKER OF LITERATURE

It is important to have some fair degree of familiarity with the literature of modern life, as well as to burn midnight oil conning the pages of the mighty dead. The immemorial past, to be sure, has within its classic shades names that are great in the world of leadership and bright with intellectual luster. Art and literature and law are enshrined in the culture and wisdom of the ages, being handed down from one generation to another across a couple of thousand years. Athens and Rome can never die. Their people may be gone, their streets obstructed, their palaces and temples decayed ruins of artistic magnificence, and their tombs blown dust of restless centuries, but out of the broken past there have come fragments of sculpture so indescribably beautiful that no modern age can ignore them. And as for books—who can forget the bliss, the beauty, the brilliance of impression that sprang from a first acquaintance with Vergil and Homer? And as for English literature—vast libraries are rich with intellectual prodigality from Shakespeare to Carlyle. But with the roll of swift-moving civilization there appears once in a while a distinct personality in the literary world. A maker of unique literature whose interpretation of life is expressed in an unusual way is certain to attract attention. No doubt it will be recognized by a constantly widening circle of careful readers that Bishop Quayle is producing a shelfful of books that are of no ordinary quality. They are books about books, about characters, about life. They disclose an author whose reach is wide, versatile, multitudinous—touching history, biography, geography, poetry, the beauties of nature, and, in fact, whatever concerns the higher life of men and empires. That he is a profound and passionate student of nature is self-evident. He dips his pen in the dawn and spells out the secrets in letters of living light. Page after page through his books spills over with allusion, example, description, out of an inexhaustible supply drawn from intimate observation in the outside world. Where shall we find literature more replete with the essence of natural

vastness and beauty than here? Quayle sets down something of what he sees so that his books become a mirror of his thought. Now, as you go along with him, he revels in the wonder of the sky; then he brings down his gaze from aloft and peers afar into the majestic mystery of the sea; and soon he walks abroad in the early morning over prairies knee-deep with summer, where the ripple of golden sunlight flecks the wheatfields and cornlands with ripening hints of kiss-smothered laughter. There is a strange glow of luxuriant word-painting in his pages—a radiance of many colors that steals out of the landscape until it flushes all his work with the glory of greens, blues, and opalescent sheen; of reddening dawns, and maddening noons, and purpling evening shadows—yes, and of sparkling star-besprinkled nights. In truth, so realistic is he that the blowing blossoms almost dash their delectable fragrances in your face; and who is he that cannot hear the wind go sighing across the world? It is easy to catch the spirit of his work by studying the titles of some of his books, as, for instance, his nature-studies—In God's Out-of-Doors and The Prairie and the Sea. If one has had any knowledge of his writings, his flight of thought, power of observation, and gift of expression, then there is already a mental preparation for something in these books that is superb; and such an expectancy is not to be disappointed. They are works of literary art, the appeal of which satisfies the æsthetic sense of readers whose discrimination is gauged by taste and intelligence. To handle such books, indeed, without feeling the narrow confines of humdrum life being transformed into the land of far distances is, presumably, impossible. One is ushered into a world where, with the imaginative faculties called into play, all things are full of splendid light, rich with multitudinous colors, and so utterly bewildering in their sweep and scope that vision itself gets wearied with the amazing spectacle. And yet that spectacle is, after all, a reality, and no distorted exaggeration of an over-fervent fancy. If the outlook has ever been dull it is because nobody has come to break through the tangles that obscure the glories, and not because the glories were not already there. It is the happy privilege of Quayle, open-visioned, mentally untrammeled, and alert to the wide, far wonder of the world, to work the

miracle of unstopping eyes that have been blinded by tears and toil and timidity, so that they might look with fearless gaze into the immensity of God's great earthly glory. Happy, too, are they who take time to immerse their spirits in such literature as this.

But always, let it be noted, man is inextricably related to the world and comes under its compelling influences. So there are times when it is essential to portray the bitter anguish that springs from nature, touching our humanity. Then does Quayle, without apparant reluctance, tip the scene with fiery grandeur. It takes strong men to follow him as he strides through the mingled sunshine and shadow of the hurrying years. But no matter. What is more vivid and appalling than the famine in Ruth? Note this:

> Famine—grim, surly, pitiless—is here, and as some somber spirits think and say—for somber souls are swift at saying—the dearth is perpetual. It cannot rain. Are not the heavens burned out? Are not the rain bottles withered with the fervent heat? At night there is no dew. You lie out the hot night through, but cannot sleep. Night is hot as day, the sleepless think. The sick die at night. No breath of wind from the hills of Ephraim breathes down like the wafting of a prayer. Men and women and children haunt the sunset to see if some dim cloud shall not shadow the sun's going down. They watch in vain. The glow of sunset is as the glow of noon, only a sun like a huge coal, red as blood, lies on the hearth of the west—

On and on he goes, depicting the terror with slow and painful analyzation, weaving in with the hot, baked world and the fiery sun all the hopeless hopes, the dread, the abject suffering of men and women and little children. No matter what the mood may be in the changeable heart of nature, whether it be a dew-drenched world or one where vegetation is scorched far and wide with torrid heat, Bishop Quayle is a safe literary guide. Now you feel the ecstasy of joy-born life when the days are fair; then, in the cloudy and dark day, you are conscious of the sob, the tender touch, the sympathy that underlies it all. And every day there is something in the bigness of the universe into which he brings you that makes you recognize your relationship to it, not as a subordinate of fate, nor as a plaything of uncontrollable forces, but as a personality that shall outlast them all. He helps build the universe into the brain, the character, the destiny of man. No one can march out

into the things that are remote and afar and be the same again. Here is a seer, a dreamer of dreams, a man of visions, who, searching sky and sea and land and ages that are fled and eternities that are yet to be, flings into the midst of life an enrichment of thought by which humanity shall delight in the achievement of things that are no longer inconsequential. Like him, indeed, shall we get a consuming zeal to feel the beauty and wonder of the universe transmuted into red-blooded, palpitant life.

The ultimate end of creation, anyhow, as viewed in his pages, is the development of the spirit within. It was Ruskin's opinion that men living in the vicinity of great mountains assumed something of the rugged qualities with which they daily came in contact. Does not the very sublimity of the mountains react beneficially on character? Contact with nature, too, is lauded by Carlyle for its personal results. "A man," says he, "perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby." And when a jibe lay jauntily in the query of somebody as to the product of a certain bowlder-strewn New England State, was not the reply both caustic and accurate, "Men"? Quayle gets at the same conclusion. With him the important thing is not a question of natural values:

> Heaven's concern is in our crop of manhood; the ships that ply between the shores of earth and shores of heaven are never laden with gold or silver ingots, as Spanish galleons were, nor with glancing silks nor burning gems, but are forever freighted with elect spirits. Men and women are the commodity earth grows that heaven wants. What helps the growth of man is good; what hurts the growth of man is bad. When one has become a shadow, lost to human eyes, test him with this acid. Did he do good? If he did evil, let his name perish; if he did good, let his name blaze in the galaxy among the inextinguishable stars. If he has made the growth of manhood easier and its method more apparent; if he has opened eyes to see the best, and spurred men to attempt the best they saw; if he has enamored them of virtue as aforetime they were enamored of vice—trust me, that man was good. He will endure, and be passed from age to age, like rare traditions through centuries, till time shall die.

With such words as these does he take his ground, when he has scarce got started on his study of King Arthur, in A Hero and

Some Other Folk. His philosophy is cut in rock. He does not build his soul's house out of sticks laid crisscross, nor the house of some other body's soul. Houses built of sticks, of course, are blown helterskelter before the blast that rages stormily out of the gathering gloom of time. It is manhood, it is womanhood that lasts. Whoever takes occasion to make a careful study of his interpretations of character will observe his almost endless mastery of delineation, his clarity and vividness, by which he makes the thought, the motive, the life itself, stand out with individual distinctness. It does not matter whether it be a character in real life like Tennyson the Dreamer or an imaginative creation like Jean Valjean, when Quayle has given the last touch to the sketch there remains, in essence, but little to be said. He follows the trail he has hit upon. The man breathes, moves, lives before you. So you catch a glimpse of Tennyson "always alone beside a sea, looking, listening, dreaming." Quayle sees Tennyson as a poet haunting the solitude, brooding over the problems of our humanity, and making proclamation as "a preacher of righteousness" in the purest and loftiest strains of indescribable song. And as for Jean Valjean—Hugo's grasp of conscience is luminously portrayed. Mark this:

> Hugo paints with sunlight tints and with lightning's lurid light; his contrasts are fierce, his backgrounds are often as black as a raincloud. He paints with the mad rush of a Turner. He is fierce in hates and loves. He does nothing by moderation. Calmness does not belong to him. He is tempestuous always; but tempests are magnificent, and purifying to the air. Hugo is painting, and painting heroes, and his hero of heroes is Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean is conscience. In Macbeth, conscience is warring and retributive. In Richard III, conscience, stifled in waking, speaks in dreams, and is menace, like a sword in a maniac's hand. In Arthur Dimmesdale, conscience is lacerative. In Jean Valjean, conscience is regulative, creative, constructive. Jean Valjean is conscience, and conscience is king.

Some of Quayle's characterizations are full of pith and point, like this: "Dryden was a court follower and sycophant and a literary debauchee"; and some are full of the strange beauty of romance and dream, like this: "Keats was a lad dreaming in some dim Greek temple, listening to a fountain's plash at midnight which never whitened into dawn." If you stop long enough to

brood over a particular sentence, quite possibly you will detect the classic art and sensuous beauty of Keats by way of promise; then, as the sentence is ended, you may not be able to avoid the chill that creeps over you in the disappointment, the blight, the pathos of these apt words, "midnight which never whitened into dawn." The important thing about this essayist is that he must be read leisurely, for the reason that he cannot be assimilated in a hurry. There are phrases and sentences and paragraphs that are so heavily laden with precious things they must be appropriated, else the waste will be incalculable. It is folly to hurry through Quayle's books, as if the object were to see how many pages could be thumbed. Quayle, like Matthew Arnold, is a "great phrasist." Whole fields of suggestion sometimes bud in a few broad lines. A world of information, the result of wide reading, is put forth before the minds of men in a crisp, fresh, attractive way. He is never dull, never tiresome, never inane. His art is that of a painter. He is picturesque to a degree of brilliance seldom attained. He has the passion of the soul of poetry—a passion that tinges all his work with color and thrills all his thought with the ecstasy of liquid harmony. His use of words is prolific and full of daring. The spirit, also, that pervades Quayle's books is distinguished by strong, yet tender, spiritual values. Sham is in disfavor with him, and righteousness is a great merit. Yet the iconoclastic spirit is dimly, if at all, discernible in his work, while the constructive character of faith, optimistic and victorious, solves the moral problem that relates to the conquest of a world. To deal, then, simply with themes ethic or æsthetic in a literary way fails to constitute the whole body of his literature and will not suffice. There must be a definite recognition of the spiritual element that dwells within the soul of every man. This emphasis may be heightened when you take his books, The Blessed Life, Eternity in the Heart, and, specifically, The Pastor-Preacher. They, like all his work, are the rich flower of his philosophy, only they are flowers broken into full bloom. His other books are opening buds, giving hints of gloriously possible floral luxuriance. Religion holds no mean place in the constitution of a man whose intellectual life ponders the possibilities of two worlds and whose

heart cries out after the living God. A prophet he is, indeed, arousing men from spiritual stupor, revealing to them visions of high spiritual purport, and calling them forth to far fields of spiritual exploits. The beauty of his own visions and the attractiveness with which he gives them expression, his grasp of the fine art of living and the charm of his language—all this, and more, makes his power masterful over struggling, climbing souls. He leads the leaders of Israel. A dip into a book like The Pastor-Preacher is like a dip in the sea when the day is hot and sultry. A fresh, strong, invigorating spirit takes possession of you; you feel, indeed, equal to arduous tasks. You come away from the reading of such a book dripping down with eternal truths that are as vast, as purposeful, as delectable as any dreamer ever caught in imagination beside the strand of the sounding sea. The business of inculcating such truths is bursting with bigness. Nor can it appeal to little, self-seeking men. "If," says he, "God or man has a manlier business than preaching, that business has not been set down in the list of masculine activities." That is a far eternal viewpoint. That is a high eternal calling. Incomparable it is among all other things by which the minds and hands of men are occupied. Many books have, of course, been made dealing with this great theme, but Quayle has a unique way of flashing light on hitherto neglected aspects, as anyone may see by glancing casually over the notches he cuts: The Pastor as Annunciator, The Tyranny of Books, The Sin of Being Uninteresting, The Fine Art of Loving Folks, Keeping Alive the Sense of Wonder. Great, such themes are! To get away from their compelling power is more easily said than done. And, for that matter, who would really care to quit an acquaintance with such chapters when once their grip got hold on one's soul? The very character of their contents kindles an unquenchable desire to know how important and diversified the art of leadership in spiritual things is—a desire that may easily be met in an impressive and eloquent way. The preacher's theme is never dull; there is, therefore, no justification in the preacher himself being uninteresting. Note this:

> Yet when we calmly consider the aspects of the Bible history, mark its claims of advance from the dimness of eternity until it finally swings

away with eagles far off into the invisible glory of an eternity where Jesus of Nazareth is Lord of all, then is the soul conquered. There is no longer breath in us. We are on our knees. Eternity is our vista. All events of time and all sublime events of eternity are clamoring across our imagination and our admiration. What is there in human history not contemplated and comprehended in the Bible landscape? All the conquering races of the early world are there—Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, Media, Persia, Syria, Rome, Greece (by a language and an infusion of thought)—these are all there.

He does away forever, in the minds of his readers, with the idea of a toy-world and a painted battlefield and tin-soldiers helplessness; more serious and wonderful things engross the attention:

We become auditors of all eloquence and spectators of all spectacles earth has the genius to present. For fascination pure and simple no orator has vistas like the preacher—geographies, visions, superb speculations, eloquence, expansive landscapes, poetries, marvelous things, temporalities, eternalities, ethicalities, spiritualities, man's wickedness, God, man and God brought together at a mountain's foot called Sinai, man and God brought together at a mountain's top, Calvary; what can be compared with the preacher's proclamation? He has all subjects, all time, all knowledge, all souls, all dreams, all futures, all stupendous issues, all man is and all God is, for an oration. We name his oration a sermon. He is orator for God.

If eloquence, and vision, and burning zeal, and splendor of language altogether do not by this time fan the flame in the preacher's heart into white heat, let him sit down and brood lingeringly over the thoughts that leap to life as Quayle emphasizes the value of Keeping Alive the Sense of Wonder. Scarce any soul can sit contemplatively in the presence of the miracle of life and the mystery of death without feeling a thrill of awe. This edge, according to Quayle, ought never to be worn off. This is the way he puts it:

He sees life succeeding, and rejoicing in its activities; he sees death—the cold hand, the blanched cheek, and the hushed voice—and sobs, "O Death and Life, you are twain mysterics!" A leaf, a tree twig, the bark of a willow or an oak, the drop of rain, the solace of the dew, or night, or dawn, or twilight, the stars new lit, the moon at earliest crescent, the sea tides, the woods in autumn flame, the drop of moisture gathering on a fern frond on the far edge of a sandy cliff, unknowing of the sea, and yet which leans and drips and with the pathetic hunger of the dewdrop for the sea goes out on the sea quest; the going of a woman with her lover away from all, yet being with him being with all; the flowering of the child toward womanhood or manhood, the

decayed faculties of thought, the dying faculties of sinning souls, the fact of prayer, the power of prayer, the hunger for prayer, the house of God with the people gathering, and the baptism of the child, the heartache of the bereft, the clinging to the past, the widow's weeds, the fitful smile, the copious tears, the haunting loneliness of autumn, the sad migration of blackbirds south in autumn and the return of birds at spring—these all bewilder him. He is sore bestead with the unmixed wonder of the world. Were it his first day on earth, things would not be stranger, nor more alluring, nor more fair.

Then, after unfolding before your view a myriad of world-marvels until you are overwhelmed by his lavishness of detail, he goes on:

Such a man will preach with a touch of wonder on his voice. He will minister at a strange, high altar. He will not drivel about miracles being unphilosophical. He will see that in this universe of God miracles are customary. He will feel the untiring miracle of the forgiveness of sins which God is performing a thousand times a day. The resurrection of Jesus and ourselves will appear not abnormal, but sublimely normal. He will know that "Christ could not be holden of it." Death is dead. Life shall live for evermore.

Alluring books they are, that come with perennial freshness off the busy printing presses to the library tables of lovers of such luxuriant works of literary merit. Unlike any other books in style and make up—opulent with a prodigality of riotous warmth and color, poetic in the charm of their haunting beauty, informational in the almost endless array of subject matter that marches through the pages, devotional in the erection of white altars whereon are offered sacrifices of the heart's adorations—they touch the imaginative faculties with power and the soul with spiritual passion. To read Bishop Quayle is to feel the bigness of the world, the romance and splendor of life, and the surpassing wonders of the eternities.

Geo W Farmer

Art. IX.—ANCIENT CUSTOMS REMAINING IN MODERN ROME

Libation to Bacchus. One evening, at the end of a two days' trip over Mount Alba and around Lake Albano and Lake Nemi, we came to the town of Castel Gandolfo for the train which was to take us back across the Campagna to our home in Rome. Though the cars do not run oftener than once an hour, no waiting rooms or benches are provided for the accommodation of passengers. This was a serious matter for us at that particular time, for my wife had sprained her ankle in descending the mountain. We were obliged to find some place where she could sit down. Seats were not provided in Italian stores; so the only thing for us to do was to go to a wine shop. Fortunately for us, there was one near the place where the car stopped. It is customary in Italy for the tables and seats for the customers to be set out in front of the wine shop, but in this case they were not, for the very good reason that there was no sidewalk, and, furthermore, the car line took up most of the narrow street, which otherwise would have been utilized. Not having the privilege of sitting out in the light and air and enjoying the interesting sight of the passers-by, we went inside, ready to endure the close room if only we might find a seat to rest the painful ankle. Our necessity proved a good fortune, for it gave us a view of Italian life which was new to us, although we had already lived some time in that country. We took seats near the door, that we might have more oxygen and fewer microbes and other things which one can see and feel without a microscope. We were courteously let alone, with the tacit understanding that we were to pay for our seats before leaving. The proprietress did not seem to be surprised that we ordered no wine, for were we not "crazy Americans," who sit quietly together for minutes at a time without talking, even crazy enough not to drink wine? We knew that our every move was being watched as though we were madmen or monkeys, but to all appearance our presence was completely ignored.

When our eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the room we found our surroundings far from uninteresting. There were rough tables, long, narrow, and solidly built, and beside them benches made of planks, each supported by four legs driven into holes bored through the wood, just like the recitation benches I used to sit on years ago in the old "Dutch school-house" on the prairie in Iowa. The hard cold floor was made of gray tiling, such as is commonly used for that purpose. Only near the door and in other parts of the room most used could the material and color of the pavement be seen, for it had all been covered by a layer of sawdust. The walls had been originally colored, and bore frescoes which were supposed to be artistic. Generations, and perhaps centuries, had rendered the colors and designs more subdued. The dark rear of the room was the family, as well as the public, kitchen, with its charcoal stove built of concrete, decorated perhaps by a few pieces of tiling if the truth could be discovered beneath the grime. There was the array of "shining copper" pots and pans and measures—the "pride of the housewife"—only these particular articles did not shine. In the first place, there was not enough light to enable them to do so; in the next place, if they had had all kinds of light, their condition was not such that they could reflect it. There was another feature of the room not seen by the eyes, but distinguishable even more clearly than anything else: an all-pervading odor of sour wine mingled with a great variety of other things no one of which was either beautiful or lovely.

As this was a shop of the poorer class, the wife of the owner waited on the customers, who came and took their places in small groups at the tables. They were not in a hurry; Italians seldom are. They were slow to give their orders and waited indifferently until they were served. They drank their wine deliberately, one might say forgetfully. It seemed to be merely an incident of their call, not the main object. However much Italians may want their drink, the principal attraction of the wine shop seems to be the fact that it furnishes them a convenient opportunity for talking. To be sure, they almost never have any definite thing to say, but nevertheless they enjoy nothing else so much as linguistic

exercise. If one were unacquainted with their language he could easily imagine that those before him were eccentric statesmen reporting and discussing their recent struggles and victories in the field of diplomacy, or private soldiers planning the season's campaign for their commander-in-chief. At first we scarcely noticed what we saw, but soon realized that the play on the stage before us was more interesting than we had supposed. The wine was invariably brought in a glass measure which bore fixed in its side a leaden seal with the stamp of the government, showing that it had been officially tested and that it corresponded to the true standard of measure. Before beginning to drink each man took his liter or half liter measure and poured a few drops of wine into his glass. Raising it with his left hand he waved it to and fro and then deliberately poured its contents out on the floor. One might at first imagine that he was rinsing the glass, but the idea would disappear when you noticed that all the men performed the same act and that it was done in a way so solemn and dignified that it suggested symbolism or ritualism. If you had asked them why they did so they might have given you an answer characteristic of their inborn conservatism, "It is always done that way"; or they might themselves imagine that they were rinsing their glasses. That explanation would be at least incredible. One seeing the dirt on everything and everybody in the room would find it impossible to believe that they who accepted filth as a natural and unobjectionable incident could have any nice ideas about the cleanliness of a cup. Though they themselves might not know the meaning of their own actions, they were in real fact preserving and practicing all unconsciously the custom of their ancestors who, two thousand years ago, in the same manner, at the beginning of their meals and at their sacrifices, poured their libations on the floor or on the ground in honor of their gods.

This incident opened my eyes to the fact that many Italian practices to-day reflect the customs of the Romans of antiquity, handed down to us but slightly changed, or not changed at all, through all the centuries. For instance, the sign now used to indicate a wine shop is an historical reminder of the worship of Bacchus brought from the East into the then new Western land of

Italy. As he passes along, one may notice a shop with a branch of a bush or tree fastened above the door so that it projects out over the street. It matters not what kind of branch it may be, and its leaves may be dry and brown from months of exposure since it was first nailed to the wall. It is a symbol, nevertheless, and represents the green vine or ivy sacred to Bacchus; and his devotees recognize it as marking the place where a shrine is dedicated to him.

He has always been a popular god in Italy. Only a few of any time, ancient or modern, have neglected to worship him. Those who scorned him Horace called "severi." They were regarded as strange men then, and scarcely less peculiar now, though more in the present age are beginning to realize that devotion to him is a profitless and ruinous service. But even those who now refuse to touch his cup still swear by him as their ancestors did in the ages past. I can never forget the shock it gave me the first time I heard an Italian gentleman, himself an abstainer, swear "per Bacco." That a Christian should swear by a heathen god, and one of such bad character at that! A moment later I realized that there was no heterodoxy in his words. They composed a merely formal expression, with no significance whatever other than historical.

Offerings to Fountains. Primitive man, forced at every turn to realize his weakness and dependence, hoped that he might be able to avert the anger of the higher powers, or even win their favor, if only he could find out what and where they were. He searched for them with the feeble light of his reason and all the earnestness of deadly necessity, and he thought he found divinities in the world around him, in the manifestations of nature. He saw the branch fall with terrible blow and crush out his brother's life. "Perhaps the tree is a god, or, surely," he argued, "if the tree itself is not a god, a spirit, there must be a spirit, a god, of the tree which acts with baleful intelligence." He noticed the annual miracle of seed and plant and flower and fruit, and necessarily concluded that the unexplainable, apparently impossible, process must be directed by some deity. He believed that the fire or its spirit must be worshiped, that it might kindly banish painful cold

and cook his food without burning his body or his hut. The moon furnished him the measure of his days, and he knew that his very life depended on the light and heat of the sun. The wind, which could blow either for or against him, was another power with which he must reckon. So real were his impressions that Agamemnon could be forced to consent to the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia that he might thereby win the favor of the winds. The sea, with its waste expanse, had need of a powerful ruler. The lakes and rivers, springs and wells, providing that which was a necessity of life, were all thought to deserve and require the tribute of man's sacrifices. Though the wonderful Aztecs, who developed so high a state of civilization adorned by the arts and sciences, had long passed far beyond the primitive stage of culture and mental processes, nevertheless they still retained their childlike belief in nature divinities, and that belief was so firm and so serious that it impelled them to cast their most beautiful treasures in enormous quantities into their sacred lake. Such sacrifices are not made lightly, or without the impulse of deep conviction and strong motive.

Liberal-minded Horace did not take the orthodox theology of his day very seriously, yet even he was willing and ready to pay to the Fountain of Bandusia the sacrifice which was its due. It is not surprising that he should feel himself indebted to this spring and have a genuine affection for it, gushing out as it did high up on the mountainside and sending its living waters down the slope to freshen his estate, which without this fountain would have been far less productive and attractive. All the delights of his Sabine farm, to which he fled for rest when tired of the dirt and din of city life; the companionship of simple farmers whose descendants even to-day are more sturdy and upright than their neighbors surrounding them; the sheep and cattle, the grain and fruits, and the income which they brought him, were all in a measure connected with the fountain near the temple of Fortuna. The poet and the artist in him must have felt great satisfaction and keen delight as he reclined on the ledge surrounding the spring watching the water of the crystal pool flow gently, quietly, away among the rocks, past the low bushes on its banks. The violets bending their

heads to listen to its murmur were as blue as the sky above. Far down below the mountain stream, Digentia, carries its cool water from the mountains away to the south. On the hill across the sunny valley lies Mandola, and every way one turns he finds the horizon line of hills and mountains. Such a view must have brought Horace joy, which in turn caused him to love the source and emblem of his peaceful, happy life. But not even in this way can we account for the earnestness and serious note in his immortal poem of which the spirit has been so beautifully reproduced for us by Eugene Field:

> At the Fountain of Bandusia,
> Whence crystal waters flow,
> With garlands gay and wine I'll pay
> The sacrifice I owe;
> A sportive kid with budding horns
> I have, whose crimson blood
> Anon shall dye and sanctify
> Thy cool and babbling flood.

Horace would perhaps admit that his act was not strictly reasonable; but nevertheless, his own inclination, supported by tradition and custom, compelled him to make his offering to the fountain.

Near Lake Bracciano, about thirty miles northwest of Rome, are sulphur springs, probably the ones known in ancient times as Aquæ Apollinares. Sixty years ago the owners undertook to clean them out, and only a few feet below the ordinary level of the water there was found a layer of brass and silver coins of the fourth century. Lower down the workmen came to silver and gold of the empire, then silver of the republic. But the finds did not end there. Going still deeper, they came upon many pieces of the very earliest Roman coinage. Thus the history of Rome, from the later empire back to the time of the kings, was preserved on leaves of brass and silver and gold, to be turned to the light by our hands two thousand years later. But below the coins still other objects of greater age carried the record back many centuries further still. There were shapeless pieces of copper used as currency before coinage was invented. Last of all were found arrowheads and

knives of polished stone, cast into the spring by the savage aborigines of Italy away back in the age of stone. A few hundred of the coins are to be seen in the Kircherian Museum at Rome, comprising one of the most important numismatic collections in the world. On account of their special historical significance I have mentioned only the coins and copper and stone implements, but it must not be supposed that these were the only objects used as votive offerings. Rings, engraved stones, bronze vessels, and gold drinking cups were sacrificed to the sacred spring. Four of the silver goblets are of special interest. Each is in the form of a milestone, and on it are inscribed the names of the principal stations the traveler passed through on his way to Rome, with the distance of each from the starting point. The names and numbers can be easily read, but who is able to interpret a single cup? Who knows who its owner was, or why he undertook the journey?

Perhaps some poor sufferer in distant Spain was broken by years of disease and suffering which the physicians of Cadiz were unable to relieve. He may have met a Roman, official, tradesman, or tramp, who told him of the wonderful cures at Aquæ Apollinares. As a last hope he determined to attempt the journey to the sacred spring, even though his strength might not last to the end. And he would not go empty-handed. He would take a rich gift, one which would be desirable in itself and would at the same time appeal to the sympathy of the god. It should be a goblet of, as usual, silver, and its sides should be engraved and tell the story, not of some ancient myth, but of the weary, wearing journey from the sick man's distant home. When the names of all the stations should be read, and the distance of each from Cadiz, the heart of the god must surely be touched with pity and filled with mercy. Without delay an order is given to the silversmith to make the votive offering. The preparations for the journey are completed, and the sick man takes leaves of family and friends and goes out of the city, along the road and through the trackless regions, a journey which is to last many, many days of racking pain and of anxiety lest life fail before the end be reached. His strength lasted better than it was reasonable to expect. Only a few more

miles remained. Before them was the hill from the summit of which they were told they could get their first view of the buildings surrounding the fountain. They reach the top and the sight of their goal makes it seem very near. The feet which have long been heavy now move lightly and quickly down the easy slope. The attendants look to see how the sight affects the sick man, and find that it has restored him so much that he looks stronger than they have seen him for many days. Without consciousness of effort or lapse of time they find themselves setting the sick man down to rest, at the long journey's end, beside the sacred spring. But he does not wish to rest. Supported by their arms, he dips his cup into the water and raises it full to the brim. He lives over again all the years of his suffering, all the weariness of his long journey. The hopelessness of the past and awful anxiety of the present are expressed in his form and face as his attendants raise him to his feet.

"O, powerful divinity, able to cure my disease, restore me to health!"

His prayer, too earnest to be long, his last hope uttered, he drinks of the water, and solemnly casts into the fountain the cup telling the story of his painful journey inspired by faith. Gradually, but almost instantly, every muscle of his frame seems to regain its natural strength. His attendants, feeling the change, glance at him and stand back gazing in amazement at the apparent miracle. The man before them is not the sick and dying one whom they had carried over the hills and valleys and rivers and mountains and plains. For a moment they see before them the same strong man they served in his youth, before disease had broken and aged him—for a moment only, and then his strength and color disappear as quickly as they had come. They catch him in their arms and lay him down upon the ground and watch him quietly until some signs of life return. He who seemed to be dead is alive again.

What was the sequel of the story of that cup standing in the case of the museum to-day, the story which was broken off abruptly as the goblet sank down into the water of the sacred fountain? Was the gift acceptable, was the suppliant's prayer answered? I

hope so. Don't you? For the Father loves his children and hears their cries even though they do not know his name.

We can find scarcely one established custom among any race in all the ages of the past which does not have its counterpart in our day. Our ancestors revered the divinities of nature, and have we forgotten all they felt? Not by any means. The ancient Italians and Romans cast their offerings into the fountains, and so do the modern Romans and Americans.

A city in our country has perhaps twenty-five gallons of water a day for each inhabitant, but Rome is supplied with five times as much. It is a city of fountains. Passing through the streets and squares one finds them everywhere. Down in the heart of Rome, in the midst of a region of stores and palaces, workshops, offices, and tenements, such as is especially characteristic of that city, is a large, very large, fountain, its basin filled with clear, cold, rippling water supplied in abundance by streams flowing from the rocks. Though one of the largest, that fountain is not the most beautiful, but it certainly is the most interesting and popular in the city. No other is worshiped so devoutly, and no other deserves to be. They all provide water for the thirsty, but the fountain of Trevi promises to the sad and anxious that their hopes shall be fulfilled. What is the nature of the attraction which Rome exerts over all who know her? Her history? No, it cannot be that, for I know a man who ranks that city above all others he has ever visited, yet, looking up at the Palatine one day, he asked who Cæsar was. The church? Impossible, for they feel the strongest love for Rome who dislike the priests above all things. Art or climate? No; other places are equally favored, or surpass it in these regards. We cannot explain just how it is that Rome appeals to all as does no other city in the world, but the fact remains that, whatever the attraction is, it is as strong and enduring as gravitation. Once caught in the grasp of this affection, one's heart will never again be free. The city itself is not more truly eternal than the love, the passion, which it inspires in all who have ever called it home. Citizen or foreigner who finds himself obliged to leave the city for a time, however long or short, catches his breath at the thought of returning. That is the day from which he begins to count even

before he leaves the city walls. Strange indeed would be the one who could leave Rome without first paying tribute to the fountain of Trevi, blessed Trevi, promising a sure return to the city to all who cast their coins into its sacred waters.

There is no perfect agreement in regard to the exact form to be observed in this act of worship. Whatever else one may do, it is regarded as satisfactory if on the night before his departure he goes to the fountain and walks out on stepping stones some distance into its basin. There he must drink three times from his left hand the water caught from a little stream falling from the rock. He then retraces his steps to the side or front of the basin, where he turns his back to the fountain and with his right hand throws a bent soldo over his left shoulder into the water. If he does all this and then goes away without looking around at the fountain, he will certainly return, sooner or later, to Rome. What assurance more consoling than this could possibly be given?

Day after day, year after year, that fountain is visited by those who come to pay it their tribute. Some come alone, others in groups. Many are laughing, regarding it all as a joke, but others may only pretend to do so, while in the bottom of their hearts they try to believe that their offering and their prayer will be received. Still others comprise a large portion of all the visitors. They do not worship the divinity of the spring. They are not superstitious, nor do they regard the custom as a mere joke. Slowly and sadly they approach the fountain, not for the purpose of worshiping, nor to perform a magic rite, but that they may give some formal expression to their sorrow at leaving the city and to their earnest desire to return to it again. Six times have I myself visited the fountain of Trevi, on the night before leaving the city, to perform the prescribed ceremony with solemn care. Neither sickness nor weather nor business nor any other concern has caused me to forget or neglect my duty. Once it was with bright hopes of returning immediately to Rome as home; four other times I went with confident expectation which was realized, for the promise of the fountain was fulfilled. The last time we drank of the water and cast our coins into the sacred fountain our hearts were very heavy, for we did not know just when we could return, and we

feared that it might be years before we could see our Rome again. But return we must and shall without doubt; for did we not cast our pennies into the fountain of Trevi?

The Saturnalia and the Befana in Piazza Navona. Saturn was a mythical king of Italy who invented or brought to the people agriculture and the principles of civilization. His was the primitive age of simplicity, virtue, and happiness, the Golden Age of Italy. At the foot of the Capitoline, on which he settled, an altar was dedicated to him in very early times. This in the first days of the republic was replaced by a temple, which lasted practically unchanged for four hundred and fifty years, when it was rebuilt by Plancus. In the time of the later empire this second temple was injured by fire and restored probably in a more expensive but less admirable style. Eight granite columns of the last structure still stand in position, raising their entablature of white marble forty-five feet above the level of the forum, and making one of the most distinctive ruins of the city. Saturn's festival was celebrated at the winter solstice. We cannot be certain just why that particular time was chosen for his service, but perhaps, as he was the god of both seedtime and harvest, his feast was celebrated at the close of the year as a harvest home, or festival of thanksgiving when all the labors of the field were ended and the grain and fruit and wine were safely stored away. Whatever may have been the precise reason determining its date, the Saturnalia were celebrated on the seventeenth of December. Two days were added by Augustus, and four more under the empire, so that finally seven days were given over to this festival, which continued to be most popular for a long time. Seneca says that all Rome went mad on that holiday. It is natural that it should have been faithfully observed and greatly enjoyed, for it symbolized the return of the Golden Age, when there was universal equality, peace, plenty, and happiness.

On the first day a public sacrifice was made at the altar or temple of Saturn, followed by a dinner in the open air. On the following days family sacrifices of sucking pigs were made in private houses. Relaxation, merriment, license without limit, characterized the revels. Slaves were relieved from their ordinary

tasks, and for this brief period wore the caps to which only free men had a right. They even put on their masters' clothes, and feasted at banquets, were served instead of serving, enjoying full liberty of speech, saying whatever they wished without reproof or resentment. That the men of the higher classes of society should waive their special privileges during these few days once a year is a most significant fact, considering that the idea of caste is a marked trait inborn in the Indo-European race, one seen not less truly in the Englishman of the twentieth century than in the Hindu of the nineteenth. At that season of good will friends gave each other presents, wax candles being regarded as specially appropriate to the festival, perhaps symbolizing the sunlight and heat soon to return after the winter solstice. Even children, who at that day did not receive too much attention, were made happy by gifts of toys and little images made of paste or earthenware.

Saturn has long since ceased to receive the worship due a god, but men can never forget the cherished legends of the Golden Age. Even centuries of harsh experience cannot deprive humanity of its visions and its hopes. "Io Saturnalia" is no longer heard, Saturn is almost forgotten, but under another name, with spirit and form but slightly changed, the ceremonies of his worship still continue and can still be seen down in the valley near the Tiber. There, where the level land was suitable for games, Domitian built his circus, one of the usual type, about an eighth of a mile long, square at the entrance end, with a semicircle at the other. Raised seats along the sides enabled the spectators to watch the games and gymnastic contests in the arena. The site and size and shape of that old circus are still preserved, much unchanged, in the present Circo Agenale or Piazza Navona. The tourist is fortunate who happens to be in Rome at the holiday season and goes down to this place the night before Epiphany. As soon as he passes the beautiful old Palazzo Massimo and turns into the little street leading to the Piazza Navona he will find himself transported, without the need of carpet, to ancient Rome. There before him is the Circus of Domitian, again packed full of people. But it is not the ancient race course which he sees, with its thousands of spec-

tators sitting rigidly in their places intently watching the gates of the stalls at the starting place with all the excitement of suspense, each one anxious to catch the first glimpse of his favorite, ready with all his pent-up energy to greet and cheer the color of his party, White or Red, or Green or Blue, or Gold or Purple. Those races are never to be run again. In their place in that same spot in the modern city the Saturnalia are celebrated much as they used to be in the distant past. One cannot enter that square, filled with men and women and children of all degrees, without feeling that he is in a different world and a different time. He may have seen merriment before, but never such as this. The limits of the square are crowded with a boiling, bubbling mass of jolly, care-free merrymakers. There are no masters or servants there, no gentlemen or laborers, no ladies or beggars. There are none but children, all happy for the time being, for they are enjoying Saturnalia again, the time when all men are equal and when there is peace between enemies and good will toward all. What matters it that yesterday one was hungry and to-morrow he will starve? The childlike Roman lives for the present, and can be happy in it regardless of all else.

One might ask what all these thousands are doing. Nothing and everything. They are wholly without purpose or plan. Such ear-splitting, laughter-exciting rattles as they swing! Well, they can be seen and heard nowhere else except in the streets and the Piazza Navona of Rome on this one night of the year. Here a lot of big boys—old enough to be fathers, or even grandfathers—are blowing their tin horns with all the energy any normal boy expends in making a noise for the sake of the noise itself. Or they may be less abstract in their attentions. Perhaps they have united to concentrate their blasts upon some passer-by not especially desirous of their courtesy. If he takes it good-naturedly, as the law of the feast requires he should, he will soon be deserted by his good-humored musicians, in order that they may devote themselves to some one else, but woe betide the man who shows any annoyance, or reveals the fact that he is a foreigner—especially an American—for then he gets all that is due him. To and fro, backward and forward, around the piazza they follow him. Dodge

them he cannot. Escape there is none unless he breaks away and flees beyond the precinct sacred to the god.

Your hat, tumbling from your head, may be caught in the air before it strikes the ground and politely returned to you by the same hand that knocked it off. Good nature and good spirit characterize the crowd as a whole, but of course the low-born and criminal element is to be found in any such gathering as this. We are assured, by one who has lived in Italy longer than I have, that "there is no confusion, no accident, no trouble, no drunken men, no pickpockets. But Romans are not like other people." I once played the part of the hawk surrounded by king birds, but as my tormentors seemed to be good-natured, I was able to remain so myself. One came directly in front of me and blew into my face one of those toys which unroll when inflated and shoot out about a foot, looking like a bologna sausage. I did not enjoy the familiarity, but tried to think it amusing, scarcely noticing at the time that which I afterward remembered distinctly, that just as I jerked my head back to dodge the stroke a hand flashed over my shoulder and immediately disappeared—as did my scarfpin. One who believes that only the virtuous attend the Saturnalia entertains a view which is at least pleasant to hold. Of course it is utterly out of the question for a lady to go without efficient escort, capable of actually protecting her. But then foreign ladies, if they have the slightest signs of good looks, are quite sure to receive undesirable attention if they venture unattended anywhere in the city where two or three Romans are gathered together.

The banquets of the Saturnalia are to-day represented by dolci—sweetmeats or candies offered for sale at the ends of the piazza. Unless you are proof against microbes you had better not eat any of these, although the good Italian sweets are delectable. As in the ancient Saturnalia, so in the modern festa, presents are given to friends and servants. Now, as then, children receive particular attention. The sides of the square are filled with booths or stalls lighted up more brightly than they could have been by the early wax candles and filled with all kinds of toys—horns, drums, carts, animals, tools, dolls, furniture for play-

houses, and earthenware figures. The latter are especially characteristic of the fair, and are made to represent different classes of society, excepting that students, aristocracy, and royalty seem never to be caricatured in this way. The statues vary in size from two to eight or ten inches high, and are painted quite naturally with a generous use of vivid colors. Peasant women carrying burdens or riding donkeys, girls decked out in their local costumes, are common subjects. Soldiers of different ranks are frequently taken as models, but by far the greater part, perhaps a majority of all the statuettes, represent the priests and nuns, and always in such a way as to excite ridicule or contempt. These particular statues usually present more than a mild suggestion of obscenity or immorality. This fact is in itself the most marked proof of the preservation of the early practice and rule of the Saturnalia, for not only did the figurines have as prominent a part in the ancient as in the modern feast, but it will also be remembered that the old Romans allowed perfect liberty of speech, and even the poorest slave during the time of the feast might say what he thought of his master. The Italians, who were for centuries completely subject to the priests, took the opportunity which the Saturnalia offered and expressed their opinions by means of the plastic arts, and though their descendants to-day can, and do, say directly and precisely what they think and know, they still like to express their ideas by the means which their fathers used to employ.

The Pan Pipe. One day I went out the Porto Flaminia and crossed the Tiber by the Milvian Bridge, remembered for its connection with the conspiracy of Catiline and the victory of Constantine. Instead of following the Flaminian way farther I went straight up the hill by the Via Cassia, down the long slope on the other side, across the quiet valley of the Acquatravera and by a winding road to the ridge of the first of the hills which extend still farther to the north, to the place where the ruins of Veii sleep in the silence of the centuries. There are few farmhouses or buildings anywhere in the country districts of Italy, and, though but a short distance from the capital, this region is no exception to the rule. From where I was walking one building only was to be

seen, up near the so-called Tomb of Nero. Away across the valley and the Tiber one could see a part of the new portion of Rome, cream-colored, with its stucco walls, apparently asleep or dead, overhung by no cloud of dirty smoke, the modern signal of industrial activity. The sun was shining brightly, softly, as it shines so much of the time in Italy. The sky was the same blue Cincinnatus saw that day he stopped his oxen in the field and put on his toga to receive the messengers of the Roman Senate. The breeze was so gentle it could do no more than perhaps whisper with the leaves. One almost felt the spirits of the past thronging around him. I allowed my imagination to wander as it would, and thought myself on that hill, but at a time when all was wild in that contested land between two hostile cities. I saw a man there, rough and strong, evidently a fighter by nature. Yet he seemed frightened as he looked to the north, realizing how near he had gone to the stronghold of his enemy and how far he was from the shepherds' camp on the Tiber. He turned quickly to escape, and anxiously looked for the Janiculum, which rises so high that it can be distinguished when the Palatine and the surrounding hills can no longer be clearly seen. Finding his direction, he hurried away, as fast as danger could drive so bold a man, down through the bushes on the steep hillside, wading the little stream, up and over the next big hill which lay between him and Father Tiber. His was no easy way, for he had not so much as a path broken for him. Centuries were still to creep before the great road builders were to begin their work. I forgot the man, thinking of those who were to follow him, thinking of their long struggle to rise to culture and to power, and of the imperishable heritage which they were to leave to the world. I stood there, not consciously looking or listening, simply living with the thrill of universal life. In one moment the scene was changed. I was still standing at the same spot, but the hill, instead of being wild and unfrequented, showed the footprints and tracks of men and horses and cattle. There was no road, nor even a beaten path, but all the grass and undergrowth on the hillside and ridge had been trampled down. I noticed that not a sandal of woman or child had left its impress in the earth. The cattle were all being driven in one direction—northward.

The tracks of the horses showed springing steps, not the deep backward pull caused by drawing heavy loads. All was silence around me. I neither listened nor looked, only dreamed. At length I realized that some slight suggestion of sound had come to me, but what or where it was or what it meant I did not know or care—I was thoroughly content, living quietly two or three thousand years earlier than I had ever lived before that day.

Again my ear seemed to hear something. What was it? My own breathing, the breaking of a twig by some unconscious movement of my foot? Or was it the chirp of insect, or note of bird? Another sound came a little more distinctly to my ear. All around me was perfectly quiet, and the sound this time seemed to me to be coming from the south. Perhaps the breeze had risen enough to rattle the dry branch half broken from that bush near by. Soon another sound of slightly different note, and then another and another in succession, varying more and more in quality and pitch, all distant, but all from the same direction, the valley of the Acquatravera; and all seemed constantly growing louder and more distinct. They soon became continuous. Then I thought I heard a high-pitched word as of command. By this time human voice and action had produced one continuous murmur. I knew that a host, an army, was climbing the hillside. I looked around and saw that scouts had already passed far beyond me to guard their friends against ambush. The voices and other sounds suddenly became much clearer, and, looking in their direction, I saw the heads and shoulders of the soldiers in the front rank. Then the whole force appeared in full view, marching in solid ranks, prepared for attack from any direction, for they were already where danger was to be expected. The strength of Rome passed by, vengeful and confident, to the siege of Veii.

I thought for a moment of all it meant, and in that moment ten years slipped by, ten long, terrible years of war—which means wounds, disease, starvation, death, broken hearts, and hearts of stone, prayers unheard and curses fulfilled. The same Roman host which I had seen before was passing again, but in the other direction. Yet it was not the same. Many of those who began the siege had been killed, or died of disease, and their ashes had rested for

years in their tombs. Young recruits who had taken their places had aged under the wear and strain of war. The few who had fought the battle from the first were returning broken, as soldiers must expect to be, ready for early graves. They had set out with enthusiasm and were returning satisfied, in spite of the price they had paid for the victory; for was not Veii at last leveled to the ground? They were too weary to exult, but still strong enough to strike the earth that day with a tread which has resounded through all the ages since. Veii was no more. The city had fallen which was so strong by nature and military skill that it had been impregnable for centuries. Its gates, its walls, its public buildings, its private homes, and even the temples of its gods, were in ruins. All the Veientes who remained alive I saw driven and dragged along in bondage behind the Roman soldiers returning in triumph. The refined Etruscans were slaves of rough masters. From a city of civilization and culture they were being carried away to a place of little less than squalor. Who in our time can imagine the suffering and anguish of the vanquished that day when in their cruel journey they glanced back to their city, once strong and beautiful and dear, but now in ruins? All that the Roman did not choose to carry away as plunder he ruthlessly destroyed in ignorance and hate. The heel of the conqueror crushed the conquered down so deep into oblivion that scarcely a sight or sound or sign of the wonderful Etruscan race remains to-day, only excepting such of its customs and institutions as forced themselves into the approval and adoption of their new masters. Even their language, the most imperishable art of any people, has so nearly disappeared that the few scattered words which we possess shed little light on its structure and relationship. Ask to-day, "Just who were those wonderful Etruscans?" and we can say but pitifully little more than that they were conquered by the Romans.

Such thoughts as these filled my mind and heart as I walked along the Via Cassia, when I was suddenly recalled by a strain of music so real and so beautiful as to hold me fixed in amazement, entranced. It was not such music as I had ever heard before, but rather seemed to be wafted on the waves of memory from years more distant than I had lived. I looked around and noticed for

the first time a herd of sheep grazing not far away and saw their shepherd, a young boy, sitting at the side of the road with his back to me, covered by his heavy woolen cloak drawn close around his head and shoulders. Fortunately he had not noticed my approach, and so I had an opportunity, rare indeed, of hearing a Tityrus playing on his Panpipe, the Tityrus, I am sure, of Vergil, playing the same sweet and simple strains that Theocritus heard in the fields of Sicily. The moment he saw me he put away his reed and became as silent and unapproachable as one can be made by the timidity of youth combined with prejudice of race.

I returned with reluctant feet to my home on the Quirinal, near the Temple of the Sun, thankful that I had lived one afternoon in the springtime of the race.

Edward B. T. Spencer

Art. X.—THE SOCIAL IDEAL OF SAINT PAUL

There is a widely prevalent notion that it is useless to search in Paul's writings for social teaching. He is thought by many to be thoroughly individualistic, and therefore without a vital message for "the new era." For example, Professor Rauschenbusch, in Christianity and the Social Crisis, says, "Paul was a radical in theology, but a social conservative" (page 102), and again, "His [Paul's] outlook is almost devoid of social elements" (page 105). Such a view is decidedly inadequate, to say the least. It is true that Paul was neither revolutionary nor socialistic in tendency or teaching. He had great respect for the Roman government as a system. He frequently advised conformity to existing conditions, both political and social, on the ground of expediency. But it is also true that he had a vivid conception of the solidarity of the human race, that he looked upon all men as brothers, and that he anticipated the time when all men everywhere should be living as such in perfect social relations. There are not a few passages in his epistles that clearly indicate this, but there is none more to the point than Col. 1. 28, where the apostle declares that the final aim of his ministry is to "present every man perfect in Christ." The entire verse reads: "Whom we proclaim, admonishing every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ." *"Every man perfect in Christ."* This phrase, when properly understood, is the statement of an outlook and an ideal as social as any that have been formulated by the most scientific sociologists or the most visionary socialists. To be sure, it differs from most present-day social ideals in that it implies a religious dynamic, but it may be none the less practical and enduring for that.

A word should be said with regard to Paul's method of reaching this ideal. In the modern sense of the term his method was unscientific. The scientific sociologist of to-day begins his investigation with matters of personal observation and by a process of induction advances to principles and ideals. Paul's method was, rather, deductive. Without exception, his epistles consist of

two parts, one doctrinal, the other, usually the smaller part, practical, and always the doctrinal precedes the practical. He begins with God and revelation and proceeds to man and his relations. He argues that because God is as he is, and because his relation to man is as it is, therefore men should so live as to fulfill the divine purpose concerning them. Nowhere is this more clearly illustrated than in his discussion of the course of human history in Rom. 1. 19ff. From this passage it is plain that Paul believed human history to be a "record of degeneration" rather than "an upward evolutionary movement of men toward the truth." His explanation of the evils of society is that men, made in the image of God, and knowing the true God and his will concerning them, had "exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator." Society is degenerate because men are living apart from God. Evil will never be done away, society will never become perfect, as long as men continue to forsake God and follow their own selfish inclinations. Such a view is, of course, incompatible with much in the modern theory of evolution, which is generally accepted by sociologists and forms the basis for their general viewpoint, and yet so eminent a scholar as Professor Ramsay insists that Paul has as many facts to sustain his view of human history as the evolutionist, and that probably he is correct. (See Ramsay, The Cities of Saint Paul, page 10 and ff.) With such a philosophy of history and with such a belief as to the fundamental cause of all evil, we are not surprised to discover that all of Paul's social teaching has a religious basis. For him there can be no ideal society without God. A right relationship between men presupposes a right relationship toward God. His first message to society, then, is, "Be ye reconciled to God," and it is of the need and method of reconciliation that the doctrinal portions of his epistles are chiefly concerned.

Reconciliation involves Christ, and Christ, the Son of God, "born of a woman," "born under the law," who came to arrest the downward progress of the race by revealing God, the Father, by revealing God's will for man, and by making atonement in his death for the collective guilt of the race, who rose again from the dead, and who still lives in close communion with all true be-

lievers—this Christ was the basis of all Paul's hopes and ideals for humanity. His chief interest was in the person and work of Christ. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of our Lord with Paul are all essential parts of an all-sufficient process by which men may be consistently saved from sin and its consequences, reconciled to God, and thus enabled to live an ideal life in perfect social relations. It is apparent, then, that Paul's ideal society must be made up of saved men, men who have been reconciled to God through the death of his Son. "Every man perfect in Christ."

But the so-called practical portions of the Pauline epistles should not be underestimated. Paul clearly regarded salvation as something more than reconciliation to God and an escape from the deserved consequences of sin. This, although fundamental, was but the beginning of the process. Each individual, after coming into a right relationship with God, through Christ, must *live* in right relations with his fellow men. In fact, unless his social relations were true all of his religious professions and experiences would be unavailing. The thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians is especially illuminating here. Love must be the dominating motive of every believer, the love that "suffereth long and is kind," that "envieth not," that "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," that "doth not behave itself unseemly," that "seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." To live thus dominated by love was but to live as Jesus lived. Indeed, the life of Jesus should be the standard of perfection for all of his followers. They should strive to be perfect as he was perfect in character and conduct. "Be ye imitators of me even as I also am of Christ" (1 Cor. 11. 1). "Till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the Son of God, unto a full-grown [or perfect] man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Christians were to have the same mind which was in Christ Jesus, "who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men,"

and who "humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." In their characters there were to be the same virtues that Jesus exemplified. They were to love one another. "Owe no man anything save to love one another" (Rom. 13. 8). They were to be meek, lowly, long-suffering, forbearing one another in love. See 2 Cor. 11. 3; Eph. 4. 2, 32; Gal. 5. 23, 24; 6. 1, 2. Thus in the Pauline epistles there is always a very vital connection between religion and ethics. Christians must not only profess, but practice; not only trust Christ for salvation, but endeavor with his help to fulfill the requirements of the moral law; and much of the weakness of the Church of Christ to-day as she confronts the social question is due to the settled habit among many of her individual members of divorcing these two coördinate principles. "Every man *perfect* in Christ."

Briefly stated, then, Paul's ideal for society is that its individual members shall be perfect as Jesus was perfect in character and conduct. But how is this ideal to be realized? His answer to this question distinguishes him from every non-Christian sociologist from his day to the present, and it is all contained in the two words "in Christ," which Bishop Westcott declared if he could make the people of England understand he would gladly give up all of his work in the New Testament. Paul's answer would be, Through vital union of the individual members with the risen, living, personally present Christ. The figure which he uses to illustrate this intimate relationship is that of the connection that subsists between the head and the members of the human body—"and he put all things in subjection under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all things" (Eph. 1. 22, 23). "For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office: so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another" (Rom. 12. 4, 5. See also Eph. 4; 1 Cor. 12). This mystical union of Christ and the members of the Christian society is the dynamic for the realization of the social ideal. When finally the body "fitly joined together 'shall' grow up in all things into him, who is the head," then will the perfect social state be attained. If it be asked

who are included in this ideal, the answer is obvious, "Every man." Three times these words are repeated in the verse before us, and by this repetition it was undoubtedly the apostle's purpose to oppose the Judaizing tendency of many of his contemporary Christian teachers. With Paul humanity was an organism. Christ died not for the Jews, nor for any other peculiar people or class of people, but for the race. The Christian society was universal; in it there were to be absolutely no distinctions or barriers; all were one man, for all were members of Christ. "There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female; for ye all are one man in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3. 28). "There cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all, and in all" (Cor. 3. 11). Is there any modern utterance concerning the solidarity of mankind superior to these?

Such in brief is a statement of Paul's social ideal. This ideal is definite and teleological, while those offered by our sociologists are indefinite and cosmological. It has a dynamic which others, inductively discovered, do not possess. For two thousand years there has been going on an earnest, if spasmodic, struggle for its realization, and this struggle has given the human race a new birth morally and brought us to the present advanced era of civilization. What is needed now is not a new or better ideal, but a greater desire and a more consistent effort on the part of individual and collective Christianity for its consummation.

Clarence Paul McClellan

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ALFRED NOYES

LAST winter three men of mark in the intellectual world came across the Atlantic to speak to American audiences: Rudolf Eucken, of Germany; Henri Bergson, of France; Alfred Noyes, of England; men of eminence and fame in philosophy and literature, as well known probably to the reading public in this country as in Europe; masters of thought and speech who, in Andrew Carnegie's phrase, "carry in their hearts and brains the magic contained in words and can apply it to their fellow men"—men not of the sort that "darken counsel by words without knowledge," nor like the congressman of whom Speaker Reed said, "That man never speaks without subtracting something from the sum-total of human knowledge; we know less when he ends than we did when he began."

The significance which Eucken, Bergson, and Noyes possess in common is that they are messengers of the spirit and exponents of the spiritual life, whose utterances are equivalent to beating the drum of eternity amid our absorbing secularities, and in the midst of an irreverent, gainsaying, and profane generation calling on the Zeitgeist to lead in prayer. We may help ourselves to prize them and value their visit by reflecting how different and how disturbing would have been the effect if Europe had sent us three of its arch-unbelievers and scoffers, haters of religion and despisers of Christianity, to mock and flout the things of the spirit, to preach among us materialism's infinitely harmful no-gospel of dirt and despair; or had sent three of its reckless iconoclasts and rabid revolutionists to pour upon our American populace their violent, vicious, and virulent vocabularies, assailing the foundations of religion and morals, defying authority and government, and so menacing all order and security, political, social, and religious. Of these three ambassadors and advocates of the spirit, Eucken, Bergson, and Noyes, the young poet appears quite worthy to stand with the two famous philosophers; being not without a clear,

coherent, and creditable philosophy of his own akin to theirs, and seeming quite as well equipped for his sphere and service as they for theirs.

That Alfred Noyes is not without significance, noteworthy and exceptional, is certified in the estimate put upon his work by such judges as Kipling, Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and others similar, who, we are told, have rated him the most considerable English poet since Tennyson.

His recent visit to this country has served to make him and his significance more distinct and vivid to the American public; and nothing in the closer view of the man himself has detracted from the impression made previously by his works and by English indorsements.

Since personal appearance counts for something in revealing a man's significance, it may be noted to begin with that the whole look and bearing of this young athlete marks him as farthest possible from being an effeminate dreamer or dilettante. On his arrival here the newspapers sent their skilled reporters to "size him up" at his first public appearances and in private interviews. One wrote: "This square-jawed, close-cropped, clean-cut young man looks more like a fighter than like a poet." Another described him as "manifestly endowed with the heaped-up blessings of youth and health, the sturdy birthright of a Briton, a poet's mind, a taste for argument, a business sense, and the tact of a diplomatist"—undeniably an extraordinary assemblage of qualities and capacities to be found in the person of a young poet at the age of thirty-two.

We venture to digress a moment here to remark that Alfred Noyes would find a kindred spirit, a soul-brother, in the medical missionary Dr. Edward C. Perkins, the New England banker's son, who goes now to Kiukiang to build and maintain at his own expense and to personally direct a hospital for men adjacent to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital for women, and not far from the Ida Gracey Home for crippled children which Dr. Stone is to oversee and which that wonderful crippled girl Tren Lien is to matronize. This English poet and this American physician could scarcely be mistaken the one for the other, but they bear a noticeable resemblance in age, height, build, and complexion: two tall, well-built, clean-cut, smooth-faced, earnest, wholesome men, of athletic frame, training, and temper, the Englishman an oarsman in the boat crew of his class in Exeter College, Oxford; the American, a track-team captain in his class at Yale. After meeting both men socially and hearing one of them talk of Christian

missions in China, and the other give readings from his own poems, we are impressed with a resemblance which is more than physical. Equally are they alike in high-mindedness and sane spirituality; both consecrated to the highest, one consecrating his abilities and his wealth to the relief of the world's suffering in the greatest of pagan nations, fast becoming Christian; the other consecrating his virile and radiant genius to reënforcing among men the sense of the Divine, to pouring upon literature and life the light that never was on sea or land, and to ennobling every sphere of human action with the touch of consecration. The ideals, motives, and inspiration of both are plainly, avowedly, suffusedly Christian. Beyond doubt the explanation of such men is that it is God that worketh in them to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Those who met Alfred Noyes were struck with his quiet manner and unpretentious bearing, as natural and unaffected in his young manhood as his greatly simple and simply great fellow countryman Ambassador James Bryce, under his weight of years and honors. They were impressed with the clearness and force of the young poet's criticisms and the gentleness of his judgments; with his approachableness and readiness to converse, and with the modest candor of his replies to questions about himself and his work.

When nine years old he awoke early one morning and felt an impulse to write a poem, which he did. At fourteen he wrote an allegorical epic of thousands of lines, but did not publish it. At sixteen he had read practically all the English poets, liking best Shelley and Keats, and Wordsworth and Tennyson, and Swinburne. His first printed poem was "The Symbolist," which appeared in the London Times when he was nineteen and an Oxford undergraduate, achieving reputation as an athlete, but unknown in literature. The dozen fecund years since then have brought a dozen volumes from his pen. At thirty-two he is the most widely popular of living English poets except Kipling. He has caught even the college girls. The Barnard graduating class render his "Sherwood," a version of Robin Hood, on the college campus by moonlight and electricity

The significance of Alfred Noyes is not cryptic and esoteric, perceptible only to literary high-brows and experts, but so obvious and luminous as to give him a large popular vogue. His vigor, joyousness, and grace have won the English-speaking world. Clayton Hamilton attributes this popularity to the fact that Noyes is healthy, happy, and young, and amplifies his statement as follows: "Mr. Noyes

is thoroughly in love with life. He is productive because he is healthy; and he is various because he is divinely capable of being interested in a number of things. His healthiness of spirit is a boon for which to give thanks. Nothing is the matter with his body or his soul. In this age of morbid introspection he never looks upon himself to curse his fate. He never whines or whimpers. He religiously believes in being happy; and his triumphal youthfulness is a glorious challenge to the sort of maunderers who are forever saying, 'Ah! but wait till you have suffered!' His sense of tragedy is not morbid and lachrymose, but vigorous and terrible. After all the moanings and the caterwaulings of the sorry little singers, we have found at last a poet to whom this world is not a twilit vale of tears, but a valley shimmering all dewy to the dawn, with a lark song over it."

The sanity and earnestness of his writings compel sober men to regard poetry not as the eccentric offgivings of a moonstruck imbecile, or the frothing of an epileptic fit, but as in his case the serious art of a sound-minded man capable of living and behaving like other men. He is emphatically a man of pith and purpose, not one of those

> Light half-believers of a casual creed,
> Who never deeply felt nor clearly willed,
> Who hesitate and falter life away.

He sets himself with stout and indignant contradiction against those who see in man's existence only

> A life of nothings, nothing worth,
> From that first nothing ere his birth
> To that last nothing under earth.

He sees in human existence a significance deep, high, and vast, and declares with Browning:

> This world's no blot or blank;
> It means intensely and means good.
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

As part of an author's or artist's self-revelation, it is always of interest to learn his personal preference among his own works, to hear, for instance, from Hiram Powers that he chooses his Greek Slave, and from Thomas Ball that he likes his Eve best; to be told that Maud was one of Tennyson's favorites, though we wonder why; and to hear Edwin Markham confess that, on the whole, if he must choose, he would select his Semiramis, at which we do not wonder. So also we attend when Alfred Noyes, being questioned, answers, "I believe of

all my longer and more ambitious efforts I like best 'The Flower of Japan' and 'The Forest of Wild Thyme.'" Of these a judicious critic says: "They are generally conceded to be two of the purest flights of lyric verse ever written. They form a sequence, and are written about the adventures of a band of children in fairyland; no ordinary fairyland, but a different fairyland conceived by Noyes's own brain, almost the quaintest, eeriest land o' dreams ever limned."

Few things help so much to an understanding of any author and his work as to hear him read from his own productions; the whole personality actively interpreting, vivifying, and enforcing the meaning through every tone and accent and inflection, every look and attitude and gesture; as in Tennyson's deep-voiced and impassioned renderings of his perfect poems to select friendly circles, or Dickens's public readings to crowded audiences from his own works. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was never so stirring and affecting as when Julia Ward Howe recited it. Richard Watson Gilder's quivering and tender reading of his own tribute at the Stedman memorial meeting gave to the lines a deeper pathos and more moving power. So also Alfred Noyes reading in public some of his own poems made us feel the force and urge of his peculiar personality surging in his verses, so that we knew the man better than ever before, and comprehended more fully the purpose and spirit and significance of his work.

The English-speaking world, which has read his poems for a dozen years, is ready to listen when he talks. Since Matthew Arnold's visit no English poet has spoken in America so interestingly or with so much intelligence, meaning, and fullness concerning literature, while it is proper and fair to say that he has shown himself to be a more sensible, civil, unpontifical, unsupercilious, and altogether better behaving person than Arnold was.

We are helped toward a correct apprehension and estimate of his significance in the literature of to-day by his clear and candid replies as to what he intends, what his aim and effort are; and this he does very directly and plainly. He talks as he writes, man-fashion. Prodded with questions as to his conception of the present-day mission of poetry, Noyes answered in his deliberate, thoughtful way: "Poetry can have only one real mission and be genuine poetry, successful poetry. It is summed up in a line of Herman Hagedorn's, 'Give us our gods again.' That is the whole keynote of the really great poetry of to-day, and the men who are doing work that is worth while are

striving after that, consciously or unconsciously." The young poet broke off with a blush, but in a moment went on with a characteristic, slow, boyish smile: "You know it's awfully hard to talk on such a subject without seeming to be putting on a pious air. But I stick to the text I quoted a moment ago, 'Give us our gods again.' That's what people want, that's at the bottom of their cravings. I verily believe it is the reason for all these queer New Thought movements and strange sects that spring up among us like mushrooms or toadstools. My own work, I am aware, is pervaded by the spirit I have spoken of. Not that I strive to put it in; I cannot honestly say that I do. I don't claim any credit for it. It gets into my work without effort; I suppose because it is a part of me. Some might attribute it to temperament. I dare say I summed it up pretty well in my poem called 'The Origin of Life.'" The poem referred to appeared last autumn, when materialistic and atheistic views touching the nature and origin of life were being publicly aired in scientific circles in England. Alfred Noyes made answer in the London Daily Mail through the poem to which he now refers us for the keynote of his creed, and in which we may hear his tuning-fork giving the pitch for all this singer's music.

His answer in that poem is like himself, direct, sincere, and sensible. He doubts and denies the atheistic dogma that all things that exist have sprung by chance out of original nothingness. He sees a significance in things which cannot be so accounted for to the human reason. He points to the significance of yon lighted city street, those towers that stand above it, that armored fleet, and all the triumphant achievements of the human intellect in the marvels of material civilization, possibly not unworthy of notice by a supreme Architect and Engineer of a universe. Is nothingness equal to producing them? He points to the significance of all the reverent "pageants of praise and prayer" which have made up human worship through countless centuries, not unworthy the attention of an ever-adorable most-high God. Were they woven by chance out of nothing? The significance of "one little child with clasped hands praying"; and of "one martyr ringed with fire": is it nothing? The significance of "one woman's lovelit face"? Did nothingness produce them all and put their meaning in them? Or are they meaningless? And the great and little hills: were they upheaved by nothing out of nothingness—including one named Olivet (O hush at the sound of that name!) with the significance of a quenchless Light lingering

on its summit and an undying Voice echoing on its slopes! Can nothingness manipulated by chance account for all of this?

Having thus applied, in a way that appeals to the common sense of most, the *reductio ad absurdum* to their teachings, or at least to compulsory corollaries and inevitable inferences therefrom, Alfred Noyes advises these scientists, searching back to the beginning of things, to put off their shoes from off their feet, because, for serious and reverent men, the ground is holy; he suggests that they would better kneel on the spot where they have denied; he summons them to help rekindle faith in the minds of faithless men by acknowledging that what they found at the end of that dark road they trod back to the primal origin of all things was "In the beginning God." He thinks the account of the creation in Genesis the greatest poetry ever written, poetry saturate with the sublimest truth. Poetry is not something that is not true; it is the noblest possible statement of essential truth and fact.

In gentle and temperate fashion this earnest young poet proceeds: "In critical circles in England such disposition to negation and revolt prevails that it is impossible to speak in terms of faith or of optimistic affirmation without arousing shrill and strident contradiction. So revolutionary are these British critics that they express surprise that Milton and Browning are still read in America and Shakespeare considered worthy of occasional perusal and that you have not thrown Tennyson to the scrap heap. Many present-day poets, not content with seizing the Muse's torch from the hands of their predecessors and belaboring them over the nose with it, go on to throw the torch in the gutter, and often find themselves with a meaningless splutter of epigrammatic squibs, which do not illuminate, but merely burn their fingers." Commenting on this, an American newspaper remarks this same tendency of the literary mob here as in England to "throw away the Muse's torch and go dancing the turkey trot down the centuries in an unilluminating and sulphurous blaze of firecrackers and Bengal lights." By throwing himself with his whole force against all this, Alfred Noyes adds strength to literature and dignity to his own name. Concerning the weakening and destructive effect of negation and unfaith, Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth, justly says: "Negation, whether it be right or wrong, tends to eat into literary product and to corrode reputation. So George Eliot, with a hundred merits, is an author of dwindling fame, while Dickens, with a hundred faults, rules with a broader sway than ever."

Alfred Noyes remarks on the unsteadiness and insecurity of unhopeful and negative views and the self-contradictions of the pessimists: "One of the most peculiar things about the men who try to write poetry that echoes the cynical, skeptical, pessimistic note is their inability to maintain consistency and the way they contradict themselves. For example, take Hardy: the best things he has ever done are the fresh, spontaneous, cheerful lyrics that breathe trust and an admission of the beneficent Unknown, of a great invisible Something that is good as well as all powerful. And this is the essence of optimism. Nearly all the poets of negation—even Shelley, who called himself an atheist and was expelled from Oxford University for it—have postulated bigger things than they denied. Shelley lived to write one of the most triumphant confessions of faith ever penned."

In further exposition of his idea of the mission of poetry Alfred Noyes goes on to say that he looks to poetry to bring to men a renewed sense of totality, to get the everyday, prosaic, commonplace fact in its proper place in the vast scheme of things in relation to the eternal; to coördinate man and his life with the basic harmony which proceeds from the central Source of all things, by unity with which all our discords can be resolved; to insist that reason, and not madness, concord, and not discord, reigns. In a universe which is itself rhythmic and metrical, poetry should regulate the cadences, inflections, and surges of the human soul into harmony corresponding with cosmic movements—with swinging tides and circling stars, and all the periodicities of nature, the intermissions and recurrences, the seasons and successions, alternations, oscillations, and balancings, lapses and recurrences, the licit ebb and flow, surgings and subsidings, systole and diastole, inspirations and expirations, which give to the breathing, throbbing cosmos something like meter and rhyme and rhythm. "Throughout the universe," he says, "the smallest break in the eternal order and harmony is an immeasurable vacuum of the kind that both art and science abhor; for, if we admit it, the universe has no meaning. The poet demanding that not a worm should be cloven in vain, or crying with Blake that a robin in a cage shakes heaven with anger, is at one with that profound truth—a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without our Father's knowledge. The blades of the grass are all numbered. There is no break in the roll of that harmony 'whereto the worlds beat time,' and it is because great art brings out, as a conductor with a wand, the harmonies hidden by the noise and jar of daily affairs, that in poetry, as time goes on, our race will come to

find an ever surer and surer stay. A certain carping philosophy which poets will always resent denies this harmony and sees in the creation of this earth a mere accident, or the mistake of an eyeless blunderer, a hideous, blood-stained monster, a grinning jester. The poetry that shall dominate the next age will have nothing to do with such a spirit. All great poetry brings us in touch with the harmony which is the basis of the universe."

Resuming his talk about the proper business of the true poet, he says: "Poetry's mission should be to consecrate all life, to pour on every sphere of human action what Wordsworth calls 'the light that never was on sea or land,' and give to everything that touch of consecration which is every true poet's dream." "It may sound ludicrous," says Mr. Noyes, "to say that, if a poet writes about a modern skyscraper, his mission is to consecrate the skyscraper; but so it is nevertheless." Yes, surely. And that is what that brilliant boy Frederic Lawrence Knowles did in his lofty verses, "To a Modern Office Building," which Alfred Noyes would seem to have had in mind.

Buoyancy and joyousness may well be emphasized as elements in the significance and charm of Alfred Noyes. Agnosticism and negation have no Te Deums and Hallelujah Choruses, nothing to be jubilant about, not music enough to make even one small cricket elate. With Tennyson and Browning more than twenty years gone and the major key sunk to the minor, and the rasping voice of the pessimist jarring the air, it is high time for a real musician like Alfred Noyes, in whom God has once more sent a bugler with heart and lungs and lips to make the bugle give its proper golden cry, and to put courage into the hearts of men. In the disbelieving and blaspheming camp of the sour and sulky pessimists there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, or would be if they were consistent. At any rate, they set our teeth on edge as with the filing of a saw. "What do you miss most?" was asked of Lucifer, some time out of heaven. "The sound of the trumpet in the morning," answered he, down amid the dolor of a sinning and suffering earth. When Alfred Noyes puts the slughorn to his mouth and blows, we hear a trumpet that has the sound of morning in it. He rather than Swinburne, to whom the title was given, deserves to be called "the trumpet of days that darken."

The great Victorians—Browning and Tennyson—sang faith, hope, and love to the nineteenth century in a period which Ernest Hello described as "having desire without light, curiosity without wisdom, seeking God by strange ways, ways traced by the blind, and offering

rash incense upon the high places to an unknown God, who is the God of darkness." While those two great Victorians lived there was plenty of noble and heartening poetry in England. When they were gone, Frederic W. H. Myers, himself no mean poet (witness his lofty and ever-memorable "Saint Paul"), said: "There is no future for English verse. English poetry has come to an end." If it seemed so then it does not seem so now, for alone by himself Alfred Noyes is enough to dispel that gloomy view. And he believes with Matthew Arnold that the future of poetry is immense, "because in poetry which is worthy of its high destiny our race as time goes on will come to feel a surer and ever surer stay."

We have done little more than dwell upon a single phase of the significance of Alfred Noyes; but it is the phase which we count most interesting and important. From our point of view the highest value of his undeniable charm is that it has power to gain the attention of a world now sorely in need of the spirit and the truth which suffuse and vitalize his poetry.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN NATIONALITY[1]

THE day we celebrate is significant not so much of an event as of principles. In 1776, the bell bearing in relief the motto, "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," rang out over the Delaware; but the principles enunciated in the Declaration were never crowned until now. This national anniversary extends its comprehensive meaning back into the dead centuries, and out into the immense future. Cicero says the days in which we are preserved are greater than the days in which we were born. The *certa laetitia salutis* is better than the *incerta conditio nascendi*. Seventeen hundred and seventy-six and the surrender of Yorktown are surpassed in momentous interest by 1861 and the surrender at Appomattox. All honor to the Sires of Independence! Years do not hide the glory of their achievements. Their tombs wear the fragrant garlands of a grateful century, but the battle-thunders of a mightier struggle are muttering into silence and days of larger issues are upon us. The guns of the Revolution sang the oratorio of a nation's "Creation" in

[1] A young man's Fourth-of-July address, delivered in 1867, two years after the Civil War; when, for the first, Nationality could confidently spell itself with a capital; when patriotism was intense and passionate, and national festivals were more emotional than now. Whatever the defects of the address, it does not lack an exultant faith in the future of the reunited American nation; a faith which more than forty years have not dispelled.

the day when it was born; the cannon of this conflict sang for the nation its oratorio of the "Messiah" in the day when it was redeemed.

Our country has an *ideal* importance. "Its mountains were upheaved, its rivers grooved, its prairies unrolled, its forests reared, its night-skies bent," to be the home of an Idea, and the theater of a glorious destiny—that idea, Freedom—and out of the inspiration and stress and travail of that idea was this nation born; that destiny, the completion of freedom in Equality. . . . Nationality may be defined as the essential spirit, the distinct individuality shaped out of the interests and sentiments of a country, the totality of its forces, mental, moral, and material. Of the origin of American nationality, it is sufficient to say, that we drew our blood and our creed from the heart of England; the pillars of our glory were reared upon Magna Charta and the English Common Law. The foundations are based upon the everlasting granite of universal Christian principles and built of the precious stones of human birthrights—the simple crystalline truths of nature and of man. It has been said that history is a long repetition, one century plagiarizing another; but American annals are a new volume, a record unmatched in the past. No previous failures of republics can be alleged against our hopes, for the grand experiment was never tried under anything like present auspices. Moreover, no great enterprise ever climbed to success except over the debris of numerous failures. In this El Dorado of the West, free republican institutions, more successful than the Spanish dreamer, find the fountain of Eternal Youth. We are advancing where no nation ever trod before, and though the aspirations and struggles of all history point in the direction of our progress, we are the vanward people in the march, with the finger-boards behind us. In a reaction against the inequalities of four thousand years, America rises to assert equality. It affirms the culture and claims of the individual to be supreme. The sovereignty of the man, therefore, is its pinnacle truth. It aims to vindicate the rights of man, the dignity of man, the sacredness of man, and to set the glory of manhood upon its lawful heights; and secures the utmost development of manhood by guaranteeing material, political, and religious freedom to all.

Political institutions are worthless except as the true life of the nation may clothe itself in them, work through them, or ascend by them. The spirit should determine the form. How best to incorporate the national idea in governmental shape was the problem which the fathers of this republic set out to solve, and truly their success has

been beyond their hopes. They "builded better than they knew." They scarcely dreamed that after the expanded outlines of the constitution they decreed upon this broad and unequaled theater, the Anglo-Saxon continent of the West, there should be unfolded the highest scene of earthly power and grandeur ever displayed to the view of mankind. A perfect democracy was naturally the beau ideal of government for a people whose policy and passion were equality; and our democracy, in its *spirit,* was complete from the beginning! It sprang forth, like Minerva, full armed, from the brow of the popular thought. The difficult and almost impossible thing was to make it complete in *fact.* Nevertheless, the men who were themselves fugitives from the oligarchies of the old world were not likely to give oligarchy a foothold in the new, and so far as the tether of their possibility allowed, they ventured boldly toward the *ultima thule* of government —for democracy *is* a finality. The *ne plus ultra* of politics is plainly the equal rule of all. Democracy, moreover, was the logical conclusion of the favorite theory that government is for the citizen, not the citizen for the government; that organization ought to be the mere creature and vehicle of the sacred will of the people, representing the wants and wishes of the majority; that government is a machine of which the people are proprietor. The principles of democracy, too, were inculcated by the Christian Scriptures, for while other theories regard that which is about a man, his property, his rank, his qualifications, democracy, like its progenitor, Christianity, looks through the external crystallization of circumstances and accidents back to the man himself, the soul, the godlike and immortal manhood.

Never before were institutions so perfectly adjusted in every fold to the national life which they enrobed. Three prominent peculiarities in our system give a distinct character to American nationality and illustrate its genius, namely, the separation of the judicial, legislative, and executive departments of government, an arrangement the wisdom of which was never so conspicuous as now; the conformability of the Constitution, which, instead of being an immutable, cramping, castiron fact, is capable of legitimate amendment and adaptation to the expanding needs of progressive times; and, lastly, an admirable and delicate balance between the individual, the States, and the central government—between authority and freedom, the centripetal and centrifugal forces of empire. There is maintained here a threefold sovereignty—the supreme sovereignty of the People to make their own laws and constitute their own government; the sovereignty of the

Government, thus chosen, to enforce the Constitution and the laws, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people may not perish from the earth"; and the intermediate sovereignty of the State to exercise all the powers not willingly delegated to the general government. The completest freedom here coexists with a centralization almost despotic. Centralization, however, is not despotism, but only the strong administration of the governing will of the people. It unites the atoms and constitutes the nation a cohesive and living organism. An intenser centralization is needed here than elsewhere in order to bind firmly together the municipal and sectional concernments which lie so far remote and have so multifarious interests. And, moreover, it is safe, for democracy completes and secures the individual rights and renders despotism impossible. It is a beautiful equipoise, and not to be compared for grandeur to anything beneath the solar system—the central sun swinging its steady planets in their smooth-grooved orbits without a jar and shining benignantly and impartially for them all.

The chief obstacles which have hitherto impeded the perfect action of this splendid organism are explained by the fact that one deplorable error, more blind than criminal, was committed by the authors of our Constitution. A single mistake flawed the fabric which they attempted to rear; one anarchical element imperiled the stability of the government. An anomaly was permitted in our civilization; freedom in its purest form was linked with slavery in its purest. Moral antagonisms will not wed peacefully, and an ordained contest was provided for until the wrong should be righted. The concession believed to be harmless and advisable proved disastrous. Slavery, which was expected to die, lived and grew politically powerful. Courts were intimidated, our politics corrupted, the nation bullied into compromise upon compromise and made the tool of oppressive policies and the accomplice of crime. Slavery became an increasing menace to the national life, and freedom, in self-defense, waged against it an intensifying war of protest, agitation, and finally, under compulsion, of armies.

During all the long conflict of aristocracy with democracy the necessary purpose of oligarchical statesmanship was to overrule and dominate, and when it failed to maintain its ascendancy, it sought to erect a separate nationality, with slavery as the corner stone; and the issue now became Slavery against the life of the Nation. The slave States thereby removed the peculiar institution from the exclusive

jurisdiction of the States, previously claimed, made it a national question, and submitted it to the decision of the sword. The appeal was fatal. The war, on the part of the government, was one of authority against insurrection, of nationality against disunion, of freedom against oppression; and in the struggle for existence the nation was identified with principles which entitled it to the general sympathy of all governments concerned in the maintenance of authority and of all subjects solicitous for human rights. The intelligent, liberty-loving millions of the nation took up the gage of battle for a cause already blood-sanctioned and dear to the hearts of free men. The words which roused the passionate conscience of the people were the trumpet-calls of history—words that are always wont to thrill men like a clarion. The conflict was the outcome of the striving moral life of the nation, a sacrament set for the friends of freedom, an *auto da fe* for despotic principles, an epoch for humanity. It was the genius of this ripe free modern time against the genius of the middle ages. The issue from the first was sealed as sure as fate. Time was the sole contingent element, the only unknown quantity in the equation. The nation was strong in the omnipotence of a humane cause, mighty in moral principle, with reason undebauched and instincts uncorrupted, with a policy pure, crystalline, and absolute, massive and majestic in the march of its solid millions. The slavery cause lacked the most essential conditions of success and included all recognized conditions of failure.

The history of the slave power is a tragic record of injustice to a down-trodden race and of perils to the nation from its unnoted beginning till, at its culmination in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, it did a deed dreadful enough to be worthy of itself. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" and how a little vapor brews a storm. The danger, in the distance, is no bigger than a man's hand; but it greatens, slowly gathering gradual blackness. It rolls ominously up the vaulted years, with the first drops of its red rain pattering down here and there until one April morning in 1861 the pavements of Baltimore are slippery with a crimson shower. At last the batteries of the thunder open; "like some black cloud which fraught with heaven's artillery, comes rattling on over the Caspian," it sweeps across the sky of the republic and shuts in like the very dome of hell. The deluge pours, the tempest breaks in fury. The bolts of fire are unleashed overhead. Under the tempest ring the shouts of armies; banners blazoned with historic watchwords flutter in the wind; the

standards of the people plunge through the thunderstorm; trumpets clamor; bugles bleat; squadrons of cavalry gallop through the hurricane; parks of cannon roll along; and the solid earth shakes with the tread of ten hundred thousand men.

It was an awful and distressing storm, but the air is fresher, the atmosphere is purged of its miasmas. Conflicts are wholesome when they issue well, when liberty conquers and the victory turns upon the side of progress. Even civil strife may be, under divine overruling, not an unmitigated evil. For more than thirty years in England the red roses met the white in deadly strife, and it was eighteen long tempestuous years from the battle of Edgehill to the coronation of Charles the Second; yet England has been prosperous for it all. Trial is the avant courier of triumph. The spring fires make the autumn grass heavier on the meadows. The tremendous tillage which clears with the conflagration and plows with the earthquake may bring forth a harvest of peace. Greenness follows the subsiding inundations of the Nile, and the waving grain springs close upon the skirts of the receding waters. The yellow wheat bows beneath the breath of the south-wind upon the field of Waterloo over the dust of the forty thousand slain. The feet of war may be shod with "the preparation of the gospel of peace."

It is no unmeaning crisis that this nation has just passed, but big with destiny and pregnant with results. Monarch thoughts were abroad on the whirlwind; archangel principles unfolded their wings in the thunder; and, lo! Freedom, with resplendent eyes, walked the waves of the crimson sea. Best of all, Justice reached her purposes in the darkness, groped through the gloom along the bastioned walls of Slavery till she found the gates, entered the key of Emancipation, shot back the bolts, and set the captives free. The war accomplished salutary changes and demonstrated things that were doubted. We are cleared from the suspicion of materialism and saved from disruption. One shot at the nation's flag brought half a million riflemen into the field. The threat of Disunion on the public patriotism was like hydrogen upon platinum sponge: the soul of the Nation took fire, selfishness and timidity shriveled in the intense white-heat, and the hearts of millions were welded as the heart of one man. The people that can spend eight hundred million dollars a year for four years and, rising to the heroic self-sacrifice that counts no cost, fight to the death for a grand idea, is not "a nation of shopkeepers," but has proved that it loves God's glorious cause and is noble still. It is no small thing

that the law of retribution, which nations may not with impunity disregard, has woven into our history a solemn warning to the generations that wait in the courts of the future. For seventy years this nation, North and South, sacrificed conscience to comfort to purchase "a peace that was full of wrong and shames, horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told." We did the work of sin and were near reaping the wages —death. There is a Divine Nemesis holding its providential sword over nations. We must expiate our guilt; and, because of the national complicity with injustice, ten hundred thousand must go down to tread the winepress of the wrath of God.

The national sovereignty is vindicated after an abeyance of fifty years. As the gonfalon, or grand banner, of Venice, for ten years existing only in pieces, hid away on account of the presence and power of the Austrian, was brought forth at last and the torn fragments sewed together to be presented, beneath the Lion of Saint Mark's, to Victor Emanuel, so our nationality, rent into fragments by the disorganizing doctrine of "State Rights," including secession, is reunited and the stitches locked. It is proved by the inexorable logic of victory that the United States is not a mere confederation of convenience, but the completest nation, the most intensely cohesive nationality under the sun; that this vast Federal republican empire, comprising a great galaxy of States of the average size of European kingdoms, *e pluribus unum*, distinct, yet indivisible, has a unity more tenacious, a vital sympathy more reciprocal, far-reaching, quick, and electric, and a freedom more complete and universal than the world ever saw. The title deeds of the republic are sustained. The stars are all back in the blue firmament of our banner and looking for new ones to be added as time goes on. Our nonage is past; the hour of our manhood has struck. The crucial test of civil war leaves us purer and stronger. We have passed "beneath the furnace-blast the pangs of transformation." The integrity of the country was never so sturdy as now. One thing alone impeached the unity of our institutions, and that has perished. The wild and poisonous vine which choked with its alien growth the goodly tree of our civilization has been plucked up by the roots. We are done with the dark ages. With the Constitution amended, morality purified, and liberty established, the nationalization, begun rudimentally two centuries ago, is likely soon to be completed, and there will be firmly constituted a royal nation, thirty millions of kings, the people sitting in their own purple, with no equal in the world and no master save their reason, their conscience, and

their God. The long day of war was desperate and dismal, but beyond its bleeding sky, thank God, the sun of the national sentiment was wheeling toward enduring peace. The nation rounded this Cape Horn of its history in wild Atlantic weather, with fierce gales, but the broad Pacific sea lies placid and prosperous all before us. Doubtless in the wealthy spaces of coming centuries the struggle with slavery will seem but a faint convulsion, a short, sad epode in the great and endless epic of freedom.

Principles and men are the coefficients and factors of progress, the forces by which nations rise. Next to a consideration of a country's principles succeeds appropriately some mention of the type of its manhood. The blood-royal of this people is a blended one. Napoleon dreamed of a European confederation, but "the federation of the world," of which Tennyson so grandly sings, is actually in process of realization in this conglomerate American race. All nationalities are fused, and the irons from the ends of the earth are smelted to make the American steel. Men of all climes approach the sacrament of a common political faith, swear allegiance to one government, and fight under one standard, losing in the land of their adoption the memory of their nativity. The sunny-haired and violet-eyed Saxon, the Celt, with the quick-silver in his veins, the Teuton, with his quiet nerves and meditative mind, and the wine-bloods from the south of Europe, are alike absorbed. Those who hate despotism and love liberty fly as doves to our windows. Like long flights of migrant birds, the fugitives come streaming over the sea from lands of lesser liberty and limited opportunity. The active brains and hopeful hearts come from the crowded hives of older lands to this broad land, where every man has room to sow and reap. The workmen of the world, the bone and sinew, come where government protects and fosters industrial freedom; where honest labor is respected and well paid and the sweat that beads the laborer's brow is esteemed as honorable as the jewels of a ducal coronet; where the sun-browned son of toil may carve his way, unhindered, from obscurity up to honor and lasting fame and "the rail-splitter" rise to be the foremost man in all the world. Thus we have the muscle and the mind, the brain and the brawn, to develop our inexhaustible natural resources, and never were the possibilities of achieving wealth and honor so manifold and commodious as now; never were the activities of this nation so rampant, so fertile of enterprise and invention. The vast army which mustered when cannon drummed the call to arms against Sumter's walls, having done the

heaviest fighting and won the greatest victories of time, dissolves into the pursuits of peace. Emerging from the war, we enter upon a cycle of results to which the past furnishes no parallel. Industry has a new impetus. Over the rich lands that roll toward the sunset the iron threads are spinning westward, weaving the web of towns. The prairies are thatched with villages; trade sows cities like shells along the shore. California, queen of the Pacific, sits in her robes of the cloth of gold and steamers pour at her feet the wealth of China, India, Japan, and all the isles between. Hitherto the productiveness of some of our most fertile fields has been ruined by the exclusive cultivation of one or two crops under the ignorant, unskillful, and exhausting tillage of slave labor. The magnolia bloomed by the Southern streams, the orange tree bent with its apples of gold, and the cotton plant bore its blossom of snow; but the salt sweat of the slave cursed the soil and his bitter breath poisoned the air. To-day the great South, with its unknown and unexplored resources, is redeemed from the blight and its green river sides and broad savannahs are opened, like a new Arcadia, to a more modern civilization. A gracious inundation of enterprise and energy sweeps widely on, bearing upon its crested waves the golden pledges of a better future to the richly fertile lands it visits. Already over the fair regions made desolate and spoiled, torn and harrowed by the fierce agriculture of ball and bomb, furrowed into graves by the awful plowshare of war, ripples the bright dawn of a day of days. The royal reign of free industry will soon be a blessed fact over the whole country.

Whether we believe it or not, this Independence Day, with its precious principles, bears in its bosom the hopes of the world. The prosperity of this nation insures the ultimate downfall of every despotism. The peoples of the earth gravitate toward democracy. Public opinion goes not back. Monarchies must yield or feel the *ultima ratio* of revolution, and over the carcasses of despotisms revolution will decree the divine rights of Peoples. We have a firm faith in the inevitable might of the matured thoughts of the million. An Americanizing process is at work in England. The standard which fell from the hands of Chatham is again upreared; the masses are marching on power; prerogative is flanked from position to position; a progress is upon its feet whose advance cannot be barred; popular caucuses are giving principles to parliament. Victor Hugo declares that everywhere the People is the royal infant and heir apparent to all thrones. The clouds are thickening about the head of the great brigand who

governs France. The French Revolution is not so far away that Paris has forgotten the cry of *"Vive la République."* [The predicted storm broke on Louis Napoleon's head three years after this prophecy.] The embers of freedom may smolder, but do not die. The watchfires of the old warfares burst into occasional blaze, like heat-lightning around the horizon of an August night, telling of electricity in the air. Insurrection is rife in all the Slavic provinces of the Turkish empire, and Crete shall yet rise from under the Sultan's heel. Greece stirs again with the spirit which kindled the days of her glory, when Miltiades won liberty for mankind on the plains of Marathon, and Leonidas, with his deathless three hundred, made Thermopylæ memorable and built himself an everlasting name. The masses of the Old World are feeling with Samson-arms for the pillars of despotic thrones. The leaders of progress and reform are walking round about the kingdoms, telling the towers thereof, marking well the bulwarks, and considering the palaces. Monarchs are kept awake by prowling and unwelcome footsteps. The crowned heads are conferring under cover of ostensible visits to the Paris Exposition. Combination is their necessity. With the hurts of ambitious rulers only slightly healed by hypocritical peace conferences, with the frontiers of kingdoms oscillating upon the map, with Austria chagrined at the result of the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio, with King William brooding over his Luxembourg affront, and Bismarck studying the map of Europe, especially in the region of the Rhine, with bullets whistling in broad daylight through the royal carriages and assassins skulking in the shadows; remembering that the Bourbons are looking toward the Tuileries and Saint Cloud, that the Empress Eugénie is the great hope of the Papacy, that the health of Louis Napoleon is precarious and the chances against his son ever wearing the crown; with Spain provoking her subjects by unendurable tyrannies, with the Shamrock marching and counter-marching in the English realm and provinces and the working men of London bearing our flag through the streets to the tune, "John Brown's body lies moldering in the ground; his soul is marching on"; with John Bright talking and the bayonets thinking, what astrologer among statesmen shall cast the horoscope of Europe's destinies for to-morrow and the day after or predict how the purples shall arrange themselves with the red, white, and blue in the political kaleidoscope?

Europe finds rest only in perpetual compromises of rival and antagonistic states; but this independent empire of the West, over-

shadowing half a continent, has no such need to propitiate the favor of dynasties or to dread their power. Geographical completeness, an important element of stability in a government, is a distinguishing feature of our nationality. Ten thousand streams bind us with silver bands; the mountain ranges bolted north and south are granite girders of our territorial unity not easily broken and hard enough to turn the edge of any sword.

> Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky.
> Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die.

The United States, according to a prophecy made by Louis Napoleon while a prisoner at Ham, is certain ultimately to occupy and rule from the pole to the tropics, from the arctic circle to the line under the sun. The greater life appropriates the less. The absorption of Canada is most likely only a question of time. The Monroe Doctrine takes the future of Mexico into its protection and foreign royal experiments there are forever at an end. Southern independence was the postulate of a French empire in Mexico. With the American Union dissolved and recognition secured by Maximilian at the capital of the Southern slave empire, this most inexcusable and guilty of monarchical usurpations might have succeeded. With the integrity of our institutions vindicated and the great republic preserved entire, the career of the Austrian arch-duke in his role of emperor in Mexico could not help being very brief. The Mexican question was virtually settled by the Army of the Potomac in the battles of the Wilderness. The downfall of imperialism and the triumph of popular liberty in the land of the Montezumas was a corollary of the surrender of Lee. In less than three years from the time when the Prince of the House of Hapsburg ascended the throne of his Latin kingdom, as the protégé of Louis Napoleon, his heart is riddled with Mexican bullets. That attempt to overthrow a republic and establish on its ruins a monarchy under a European protectorate ends in deserved disaster. This last consummate crime against the rights of nations meets its merited catastrophe of shame. Louis Napoleon missed his prey. All to no purpose he trailed the silken banner of France in the dust and filled the cups of her lilies with blood. He tarnished his sword and sacrificed a noble prince in vain. May the future reward him according to his deeds! [It did, and that very soon.] There is no economic or political limit for the American nationality until Central America is reached. The Isthmus of Panama is destined to become a thoroughfare for the nations, and for all Europe the entrance-way

to the Pacific. The Frenchman's chief purpose in fighting for a foothold in Mexico was to grasp the keys of this ocean gate, and to possess what is likely to be one of the world-channels of commerce. The necessity of looking to this interoceanic transit route renders it probable that our southern boundary must one day be extended to the isthmus.

The prevailing spirit of American institutions is adventurous and progressive. Other nations are fettered by the results of the policy of past ages. They stumble over moss-covered precedents. They look toward the past and their eyes are blown full of the dust of the dead. Sepulchral urns have Delphic authority, the coffins of perished greatness are of Dodonian oak, and national traditions are sibylline. They confer with specters in the moonlit halls of history. The shades of the dead old Georges and the dead old Tories of the Holy Alliance have of late been walking abroad in England. The French emperor gets by heart the history of the ancient conqueror of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, publishes a book at once a "Life of Julius Cæsar" and his own royal confession of faith, cuts his creed from the shroud of his uncle, and swears by the bones under the dome of the Invalides. But the genius of this young civilization, leaving the traditions of royalty dim and powerless across a thousand leagues of surging sea, and exchanging the gorgeous falsehoods of departed ages for the plain Christian truths of the sermon on the mount, begins its unparalleled career upon this virgin continent, a wider arena than the crowded countries of old Europe affords, and turns its face toward a future of untrammeled life and hope with a glad light in its eye like the certainty of victory. China calls us "the nation of the flowery flag," but while that banner of the constellation is an unequaled thing of beauty, it is likewise an unconscious prophecy. As the stars are cosmopolitan, native in every clime, foreign nowhere, so the starry truths of the Declaration, which Choate was pleased to call "glittering generalities," are destined to become, in the wise words of Emerson, "blazing ubiquities." The winds are abroad to bear the pollen of American thought to fertilize the germs of freedom in far lands. It is sprinkled upon the fields of England, upon the meadows of Germany, upon the steppes of Russia, and where *la belle France* walks through her sunny valleys of olive groves over her billowy hills, with their green foam of vines and blue bubbles of grapes. The sympathy of the masses of Europe was with our nation in the war for the Union. The nobility hated us, the peasants blessed us; the aristocrats bored the rifles and sharpened the

bayonets and buttoned the coats of the nation's enemies; the yeomanry said, "God bless you," and the cotton workers of Lancashire knelt over their last crust of bread and prayed for our nation morning and evening. The thrones maintained "neutrality" and let loose pirates and privateers to worry our fleet and distract our blockading squadron. Garibaldi and his sons, from their island-farm of Caprera, offered us their swords. The storm-song of our four years' strife was the music of a mighty march of universal progress. The battle was for principle. Henceforth that principle advances with the prestige of success and the majesty of victory. It will not repose on its fresh-won triumphs; it has not found a resting place. The conflict from whose thunders the rocked continent is hardly yet steady, was simply one gigantic spring of the athletic principle of human freedom up the steep ascent of its rising way toward that high peak of granite glory, from which it shall some day overlook the whole wide world, smiling safely, at last, in the serene summer of its golden age. America stands as the child and champion of democracy and of human brotherhood; a country, the marvel of the earth, a realm grown to sudden greatness! It possesses all the elements of nationality in such magnificent development as to make it the nation of the future. If it proves true to the principles of its origin and history, interweaving them in all the myriad-folded national life, no tongue can adequately speak of its opulent fortunes and brilliant destiny. Our vine shall run over the wall and nations shall pluck and eat of its goodly clusters. This consummate flower of the ages, this Victoria Regia of nationalities, shall scent the breezes that blow round the world.

In the midst of our rejoicing on this festal day one tragic inequity is grievous unto us. Our martyr President—all honor to his matchless memory!—lies dead in his grave under the grass of the third summer, while the President of the Confederacy has the freedom of the States by Republican securities and drafts on the national banks. Where is the pencil of Thomas Nast, that he has not shown us "Davis visiting the tomb of Lincoln," with this legend underwritten, "Death to the saver of the nation, liberty to its would-be destroyer"?

One other word should be spoken. Justice is the keystone of that arch of divine favor from which depend the hopes of any nation for political immortality. "Justice is the everlasting, unchangeable will to give each man his right," and the black man was not excluded from the "grant of God Almighty" when he gave all men a right to

be free. Prejudice must unbind its viewless fetters and each man call all men brothers. The Negroes have been a patient people. They waited to be set at liberty when they were stronger than their masters and able to burst the gates which barred them from freedom. They might have wrenched them from their hinges and come forth, exclaiming to the nation, like the French soldiers at Grenoble, "In the absence of the key, here are the gates"; but they waited till the Emancipator came. The black man, a suppliant for equal rights and the full privileges of citizenship, is such a beggar as was Belisarius at the gates of Byzantium. Only at its peril can this country forget how, in the dark hours, "when 'Ingemisco,' not 'All's well,' was the burden of the watchman's cry," he followed the fortunes of the nation's flag at Olustee, and Pillow, and Wagner, and Petersburg, and, glad of the bloody opportunities of battle to some "deed of derring do," went down with the nation's bravest and best to reap and be reaped in the harvest of death, to smell the fiery breath of the cannon's mouth, and through aisles of roaring artillery to take the fatal fragrance of the blood-red blossom of war. Not without his help was this nation saved. God will not help us if, when this man asks bread, we give him a stone.

A hundred years have not been told upon the horologe of our history; yet reconstruction upon the broad basis of impartial suffrage, establishing the dominion of the All, *completes* our Nationality; and the American aloe of government blossoms into beautiful and colossal plume in *less* than a century.

THE ARENA

CONCERNING THE RESURRECTION

THE doctrine of the resurrection of the dead is a perpetual query. It was in dispute long before the days of Jesus and of Paul. It found some recognition among the Brahmans of India, the mystics of Egypt, and the philosophers of Greece. It had a place in the teachings of Zoroaster. Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones implies a current Jewish belief in the resurrection of the body. Daniel's words about the awakening of many from among the sleepers in the dust bear like testimony. The later books of Judaism and the speculations of the rabbis evince a great variety of opinions, from a crass Pharisaism to a Sadducean denial of the resurrection and of angels and spirits. And the

New Testament, so far from settling the question, seems rather to have deepened and widened the controversy. The Greek Fathers of the first three centuries inclined to a spiritual view of the subject, but the Latin Fathers inculcated a materialistic interpretation. Tertullian wrote a long treatise on "the resurrection of the flesh," in which he argues from the "weeping and gnashing of teeth" of the sinners who are cast into hell that they must, of course, have bodily eyes and teeth in their final perdition. In a similar way Augustine contends, from Luke 21. 18, that not a hair of our head shall perish, and even the nails of our fingers and toes must be raised up again. Similar extremes of literal exposition may be found in tracts and volumes on the resurrection which have appeared within the last century. The polemic theologian is rarely a painstaking critic or an accurate expositor of the Scriptures. His method and spirit naturally beget the habit of reading between the lines ideas of his own, or of making inferences that serve the exigencies of a foregone conclusion.

Our Lord affirmed, in opposition to the Sadducees, that the dead are raised to die no more, but we find nothing in his teaching which affirms or necessarily implies a resurrection of the flesh. His remarkable answer to the Sadducees charged them with ignorance of the Scriptures and of the power of God, and he showed them, from what was spoken by God in Exod. 3. 6, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were already, in the time of Moses, risen from the dead (ἐγείρονται). It is almost astonishing to observe how some writers who argue most strenuously for a future literal resurrection of the body go about as strenuously denying the reality of the fleshly body of Jesus during the forty days after his resurrection. From the mention of his entering a room unobserved when the doors were shut and his sudden disappearance at Emmaus they jump to the conclusion that he must have then been possessed of a spiritual body, no longer subject to the laws or conditions of physical being. Now this is at best a mere inference. Not a word is said of how he entered or how he departed from the room. On several occasions before his crucifixion he suddenly hid himself from the people and passed out of their sight (John 8. 59; 10. 39; 12. 36; Luke 4. 30). But if anything is positively affirmed in our gospel records it is the fact that Jesus went to much pains to convince his disciples after the resurrection that he was not a spirit, but possessed of the same fleshly body that had been nailed to the cross. "Handle me and see," he said. "Behold my hands and my feet; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye behold me having." He called on Thomas to put his finger into the print of the nails and his hand into his side. He called for food and ate it before them. But in face of all these most unequivocal statements his real bodily presence is denied because on two occasions his sudden appearance and disappearance seemed to be miraculous. Suppose they were miraculous, was he not as capable of working miracles after his resurrection as before? If his walking on the water and his transfiguration in the mount had taken place after his resurrection, how would those marvelous events have proven the nonreality of his fleshly body?

The most elaborate discussion of the resurrection to be found in the New Testament is in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and yet Paul's argument has been through centuries the subject of many doubtful disputations, thus justifying Peter's statement that "our beloved brother Paul wrote in his epistles some things hard to be understood." In Acts 24. 15 Paul is reported to have declared before Felix that he had "hope toward God that there shall be a resurrection both of the just and the unjust," but in the Corinthian epistle he says not a word about any resurrection of the unjust. And he does not clearly answer his own question—"How are the dead raised and with what manner of body do they come?" But he offers a number of suggestive analogies, well adapted to set one thinking for himself. The new grain of wheat, he suggests, is not the same body that is sown. All flesh is not of the same kind, and there are earthly and heavenly bodies all differing in glory. Then in verses 42-44 he contrasts the body that "is sown" with the body that "is raised." What is meant by the body that *is sown?* Not a dead body that is deposited in the grave, for the Greek word σπείρω, *sow*, is never used to designate a burial in the ground, but rather the scattering of the naked grain. The burial, or interment, is a subsequent procedure, and with seeds or grain always precedes the death of the body that is sown (compare John 12. 24). Had the apostle intended to express the idea of a burial, he should have used the word θάπτω, not σπείρω. Then the three qualifying clauses, "in corruption," "in dishonor," "in weakness," are very unsuitable for describing the burial of a dead body in the grave, and all the attempts of expositors to furnish a rational explanation of such a strange statement serve only to make the absurdity more glaring. Taking them in reverse order, observe how preposterous it is to speak of the *weakness* of a corpse! And so far from burying the dead body *in dishonor*, the direct opposite is the more notable fact, and in thousands of cases men have received more honor in their burial than during all their life. There is, perhaps, a sense in which the dead body may be said to be buried *in corruption*, but much more suitable to the context is that sense of the word corruption (φθόρα) which appears in 2 Cor. 4. 16, where, using the same Greek word in an intensified verbal form, Paul writes: "Though our outward man *is going through a process of corruption*, yet our inward man is renewed day by day." This corruption is a process going on at the present time; not the corruption of the sepulcher. And so the contrasts stated by the apostle in 1 Cor. 15. 42, 43 are those of the body under the decaying conditions of this mortal life on the one hand, and in the glory of the resurrection on the other. Furthermore, he tells us, "it is sown a psychical body"—that is, one that contains a living soul, not one from which the life has departed. Our best commentary here is what Paul himself supplies in 2 Cor. 4. 16 to 5. 10. There he tells us that our outward man, which is now continually decaying, is a house that is destined to be dissolved, but upon its dissolution "we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He furnishes no support to the dogma of an "intermediate state." When speaking, in 2 Tim. 4. 6-8, of the time of his departure

from this mortal life as close at hand, he says: "Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown which the righteous Judge shall give me in that day." What day? Why, of course, the time of his departure, which he had just mentioned as at hand. He had no notion of waiting a long time after death in an unclothed or disembodied state. For him to be absent from the body was to be immediately "at home with the Lord," and to be "clothed upon with his heavenly habitation." It would seem to be equivalent to being "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

We have been often told that spirit molds matter. Why should we have any doubt about it? Where there is spirit there is life, and life in all the vegetable and animal world seems to beget and gather to itself all the organic forms we know. God himself is spirit and is forever operating in all the physical atoms of the universe. It is a profound suggestion in the book of Genesis that God's creations are "generations of the heavens and the earth." According to the modern kinetic theory of matter, its invisible molecules are minute and innumerable beyond all human computation, and they are all a-quiver with a hidden persistent energy. If these things are so, we may well contemplate them with religious awe and meditate the mystery of "the whole creation groaning and travailing together until now," and yet so subject to the eternal Spirit of Power, Wisdom, and Love that it continuously works, and waits, and hopes to be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

There is a passage in Plato's Timæus (41, 42) in which the use of the word σπείρω is so analogous to its use by Paul as to prompt the question whether the apostle might have had it in mind when he wrote to the Corinthians. The relevant sentences may be translated as follows: "Having formed the universe [τὸ πᾶν, *the all*] the Creator distributed souls in number equal to the stars and assigned each to each (that is, to each star a soul), and having entered as it were into a chariot, he showed them the nature of the universe and the laws allotted them by destiny. He showed them that the first generation would be arranged the same for all, so that no one might thereby suffer any disadvantage or loss, but that it would be needful for them, having been sown [σπαρείσας] in instruments [ὄργανα, *organs*, or *bodies*] suitable for each of them in their times, that there should spring up the most religious of living creatures. Now the human nature being twofold, the superior part would become a genus and be called man. . . . Furthermore, he who lived well during his appointed time and being transferred again to the habitation of his kindred star would have a happy and appropriate life. . . . Having arranged all these things for them in order that he might thereafter be without blame for the evil of anyone, he sowed [ἔσπειρε] some of them in the earth, and some in the moon, and some in the other (bodies) which are instruments of time. And after the sowing [τὸν σπόρον] he allowed the younger deities to fashion the mortal bodies, and to supply whatever else was needful to a human soul."

MILTON S. TERRY.

Evanston, Ill.

HELP FOR SUNDAY EVENING

One great question which the church of our day in city, village, and country ever has with it is the problem of getting a Sunday evening audience. Very few and exceptional are the churches which have large and enthusiastic Sunday evening services. In some places the evening meeting has been abandoned or merged with the young people's society. Where they are not quite ready to do that, a union Sunday evening service is held in one of the churches. The problem is with us, and it is as large and real as any which the preacher and church has to-day. He who can give any hint of an answer to it, no matter how humble, will not, I apprehend, be out of place. In a community where the situation was about as desperate as it well could be, the writer has seen the Sunday evening audiences increase many times over from one which was ridiculously small to one which for the community is satisfactory at least, by the wise use of religious art shown by stereopticon. Through an experience of about ten years in large city and village, the value of this instrument in church work has been quite thoroughly demonstrated. The most practical and successful plan is to arrange a series of sermons on the life of Christ as illustrated by James Tissot. Have one Sunday evening a month for a year, as there are more than three hundred of these paintings. It is not wise to use the stereopticon constantly for a series of weeks and then discontinue it. The reaction is too painfully apparent then. But the best use is to extend the treat over a series of months. The pictures by Tissot and by many other artists are true to the Scripture setting. They were painted with a reverent spirit, and they have every quality of a great sermon in them. While the painting in all its vividness and beauty is shown, it has been my practice to read in as impressive a manner as possible the Scripture which the artist had in mind when he did his work, making almost no comment of my own. This brings the life of our Lord to the eye and ear at the same time. To those long acquainted with the Book it brings new delight, and to those less acquainted with Scripture it presents those scenes with great attractiveness. Many who have studied and loved the Word for years have seen a great new light from the Book, and boys and girls in the Sunday school have a new meaning to their lessons.

We want no mere catch-the-crowd device for our Sunday evening service. And this cannot be charged against the presentation of the work of the world's master painters and the reading of Scripture. Captious indeed would be the critic who could object to the Word of God and the illustration of it. The writer has yet to hear the first criticism from his people about cheapening the service, while the chorus of delight and praise grows stronger; and request has been made for the same pictures another year. The evening worship is opened the same as usual until the time for the sermon comes. Then is presented the illustrated Scripture. The service is more than usually reverent. Sacred songs are introduced with some of the scenes and are very effective. Not only is the attendance increased on the nights when the pictures are shown, but

the best thing about it is the increased attendance on the other nights as well. People who had long thought that Sunday night air was deadly have found that it was harmless. People with no church preference have come once and been pleased and have come again. Let the church give people the idea that it seeks to do something for them, and they will respond to the effort. Some folks have confessed that they were not going just when there were pictures, and they have quite acquired the habit of attending. The pastor has asked his people to notice strangers who were present and report their names to him; and by means of a call and talk about the fact that they were present, relations between the church and home are set up.

Much missionary information can be given with the lectures and slides prepared on each of the great fields. Especially beautiful services for Christmas and Easter and Children's Day are possible. A beautiful and different Christmas exercise, in contrast to the foolish plays often shown, was made by the paintings of the birth and boyhood of Jesus and his teaching regarding childhood. This was called "The Children's Christ" and given with great delight in neighboring schools. It centered the thought on Christ and his love of children.

The general impression that a stereopticon is expensive is erroneous. As good an instrument as anyone needs can be purchased to-day for twenty-five dollars. With a few accessories you are ready for business. Any man with ten minutes' instruction can operate one. There is no danger. Many firms offer large variety of slides, covering the whole field of Christian art, at moderate rental terms. Indeed, the rental expense is always more than met by the extra collection.

The people like pictures. Books, magazines, and papers must be illustrated. Moving-picture shows are the most liberally patronized of any public institution to-day. The duty of the church is to use the great treasure house of Christian art. The greatest painters of all time have lavished their richest genius on pictures of our Saviour. By the stereopticon all this treasure is put in the hands of the preacher. As the types gave people books, so the stereopticon gives the people art. Where men have failed in the use of the machine it is because they have not secured the right pictures or have not made real prayerful preparation of the subject. A stereopticon sermon demands as conscientious preparation as any other. Help for Sunday evening must be something that will bring out three classes of people: church people who do not come at night, people who attend the most attractive place, and those who are not attracted by that which the regular service offers. At the same time we must not forsake the gospel. Nothing will ever take the place of that. People must go away feeling that they have been in the house of God, that they have seen Jesus, if we are to fulfill our function. The stereopticon preaches the gospel with new beauty and force. In it the church lays hold of a new arm of power. It meets and wisely directs the popular taste for pictures, giving, instead of foolish and worthless pleasure, that which has been heretofore the privilege of the traveled and rich.

Something must be done. Not many can furnish musical attraction

of high enough order to make any difference. It is nonsense to say, "Preach the gospel and people will come." We do preach the gospel. But here, at little expense, is something which, rightly used, will help. Let the men's club purchase a machine. Give the pastor one. It is as much a necessity as books to-day.

The writer will be glad to give definite information regarding the purchase of instruments and slides or to make any points clear, if inquirers will inclose stamp. Address

REV. MARION G. COLE.

Fort Edward, N. Y.

A SERENADE BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE[1]

I SAT down by your "Open Fire,"
And warmed me at its genial Flame;
No crackling here of vain Desire,
No Ashes of unholy Shame.

But Love that loves because 'tis Love,
And Peace that passes human Ken.
A Whisper from the Blue above,
A Message of Good Will to Men.

And, hark! they join your high refrain—
Checked from fair Clio's muster Roll—
Compeers with Empires in their Brains,
And Voices like the Oversoul.

With such an Athrivan as Guide,
I pledge me hence to Iran's Creed;
And Hestia take as mystic Bride,
Erewhile I listen to your Rede.

I sit me by your "Open Fire,"
And it has warmed me through and through.
Come, Poet, come and bring your Lyre;
We keep our Open Fire for You.

Christ Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN H. WILLEY.

A MATTER OF BACKGROUND

IN every life there is an indefinable force. It is felt rather than seen. This element proclaims with greater emphasis than words or actions what a man, in truth, is. For lack of a better term let us call this element

[1] The outside world seems to understand that there is a large corps of editors in this office. Communications come addressed to the "Editor in Chief," the "Literary Editor," the "Managing Editor," the "War Editor," the "Automobile Editor," and so on. Some one of these auxiliary functionaries must have inserted Dr. Willey's verses here in the absence of the modest Editor. This is the first time he was ever serenaded by the Muse. The inspiration or provocation of Dr. Willey's verses was an editorial on "The Open Fire" in the METHODIST REVIEW for January, 1913.

the background of a man's life. The artist in his landscape paints the background in harmonious contrast with the more outstanding scenes of the foreground. A depth of emotion, a significance of thought, is often expressed in the shadowy recesses that is lacking in the more prominent features. The same principle is true of life. It is in the background that the mysterious elements of personality reside. These are the forces that make the man; and they should blend by way of contrast with the outer expressions of his life. Without such a contrast life becomes flat, without tone, and without depth, and the power of personality is lost.

This is not an age of ostentatious emotionalism. Men feel as deeply to-day as they ever felt. The finer emotions are as strong to-day as they ever were in the past. There is this difference, however: the inner life is withdrawn from public gaze. Men do not speak openly of the sacred things of the heart. The home life is surrounded by a zone of silence. There we find precincts too sacred to be violated by the presence of the rabble. The finer emotions of religion are, also, carefully guarded. A man with a deep religious experience may regard it as too sacred to be flaunted in public. Accordingly he speaks of it only with reserve. The man who makes public the sacred things of his heart is more apt to receive criticism than sympathy. An emotional display does not appeal very strongly. It is accounted vulgar. This silence with reference to the inner life is a modern tendency. Merely because it is modern we cannot therefore conclude that it is evil. Perhaps, after all, mere surface agitation does not indicate great depth of character. And it is this latent power beneath this reserve with regard to the holy things of the heart that we refer to as the background of life.

Consider, now, this principle with reference to the life of the preacher. As preachers we are inclined to overlook it. Many ministers of the gospel cultivate an attitude of great religiosity. Every article of dress proclaims their profession; every mannerism is designed for pious effect; and every intonation of the voice is modulated to express the holiness of the speaker. Such a preacher may be surrounded by a group of admiring friends at the Ladies' Aid, but he is not found where men congregate in the affairs of life. The demand of the pulpit is for manhood. Neither the strong men nor the strong women of the church desire effeminacy here. If the preacher of to-day is to hold his grip on the masses, he must possess the most sterling qualities of the true man.

It is here that the principle of the background applies. Truly the man who preaches the gospel of Christ should possess in his life a distinctive spiritual power, and, in equal truth, he should maintain an attitude of reticence toward it. He should realize, in himself, all the graces of the gospel he preaches; but he should be too sensitive of these graces to advertise them in any way. His character should be a living reflection of the divine manhood of the Christ; and yet he should not proclaim that fact from the housetops. Such a spiritual power in a man will shine of its own light; it will burst through the common and transform the whole life. This indefinable force will become the magnet of his personality.

Such a man may act very much as he pleases and he will not be misunderstood. He can afford to be perfectly natural and human, and can dispense with the studied effect of religious mannerisms. Other men will make room for him in their councils and friendships. They are first attracted to him for his own manhood, and then, as they come to know him better, they see the spiritual force down deep in his heart—the Christ abiding in the background. And thus as he wins their friendship for themselves he will win them also for the Master he serves. There is no danger of such a man losing the secret of his personal power; for the depth of his life will never be fathomed. New qualities will constantly reveal themselves; and his friendship will never pall.

The principle of the background was well defined in the life of Phillips Brooks. He was one of the most spiritual of modern preachers. He lived a life of wonderful communion with the divine. Yet he carefully cultivated a lightness of touch, almost a triflingness of manner, to conceal his inner life that was too sacred to be made common. But when he arose to preach a look of pain shot across his countenance, for in his sermon he was to reveal to his people all the wealth of his inner spiritual life. In the Saint Gaudens statue of Brooks he is represented as standing beneath a canopy in the attitude of preaching, and just behind him in the shadows is a figure of the Christ with an outstretched hand touching his shoulder. The man is first seen, and then, back of the man, and in touch with the man, is the Master. And what a symbol of the ideal preacher's life it is.

We have a gospel that has never failed, and its power is unabated today. But if it is to continue to draw the multitudes, it must be interpreted ever anew, not in words merely, but in the more significant terms of life itself. It is in the terms of one's own personality that the Christ must be interpreted. The world will ever look for such an interpretation in the lives of the men who are preaching the gospel. And it is to those who would so interpret the Christ that we suggest the principle of the background.

LOUIS WATSON.

Adair, Ia.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE STUDY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE

THE topic which we propose to discuss is not the English Bible, but the study of the English Bible. There has never been a time, perhaps, when it has been studied so broadly or so systematically as it is done to-day. Professorships have been established for its exposition in most of the leading universities and institutions of the country. The English Bible affords abundant opportunity for discussion as to its sources, its characteristics, and its influence upon the world. Writers

of all shades of thought and all degrees of culture have vied with each other in showing the value of the English Bible. It has been at the basis of our literature and has stimulated and ennobled our civilization as has no other book; it is the fountain of our modern English as well as the embodiment of our religious life. No one who is interested in the education of our age should ignore or can ignore the value of the English Bible as a textbook of study. In these days, when the study of the Scriptures is commanding such universal attention both from those who accept it as God's revelation to men and from those whose attitude toward it is at least critical, if not unfriendly, the study of the English Bible assumes special significance because it is in the language in which the great mass of our Anglo-Saxon race must read it. It is said by those who have investigated the subject that there has never been so much study of the Bible as there is to-day. Our summer schools, our universities, as well as our theological seminaries, realize the necessity of its study both for the scholar and for the men in the everyday walks of life.

The English Bible should be studied as the history of human redemption by Jesus Christ. It is only when we grasp this great purpose that we can reach its deepest meaning. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom he also made the worlds" (Heb. 1. 1, 2). The culmination of all the sacred writings is in him whom the revelator declares to be the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. The student must go back to the beginnings and note the unfolding of this divine plan. The patriarchs and prophets, the evangelists and the apostles and teachers, all bear their part in this progressive history. God in his great love for the human race has condescended to unfold the great plan to men as they were able to receive it. This sublime plan, the highest that could be possibly conceived of, should be held by the reader before his mind in clear perspective. The Bible is a great picture of human progress under the divine guidance, and in this picture each historic event and each great character has its fitting place. This picture should constantly be before him as he studies its pages. The first duty, then, of the student of the English Bible should be to hold before his mind its great outlines and their bearing on the great subject which forms the basis of its sublime teachings.

This method of study will require that it should be pursued consecutively, and not in a fragmentary manner. It will help our understanding if we follow the Bible in its order, and when we consider each individual book we should study that book as a whole; no fragment or single section must be severed from its connections. It is only thus that we can see the meaning that it is intended to convey. This can be done only by its frequent repetition. Only when one has gone over a book perhaps for the hundredth time does this deeper meaning dawn upon the soul. The first reading often leaves the view dim and

uncertain, but a closer study shows how part is related to part, how one sentence bears on another, until at last the reader sees the harmony of the whole and has entered into its profound spiritual meaning. It is necessary that he get beyond the mere letter in order that he may see the deep things which God has revealed in his Word.

The view that we are now presenting is specially applicable to those parts of the Bible which are prophetic and those which contain its doctrinal implications. It is in the study of its broad outlines and its repetitions that one can read with satisfaction the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Suppose one takes, for example, the prophecy of Isaiah, or of Obadiah, or Nahum, or any of the prophets, how little he will gather at the first reading. How obscure Zechariah is until one has given it closer study and gets an impression of the purpose of its rich symbolism. Matthew Arnold, with his fine literary taste, edited an edition of Isaiah which appealed so deeply to his cultural spirit, even though he did not accept all its evangelical contents. Anyone who will take his English Bible and read these great books time and again will find treasures of which he never dreamed and pearls well worth the search. Turn to the New Testament books, we will find the same to be true. How little does the one who reads the Epistle to the Romans for the first time comprehend its wonderful argument. It is Paul's gospel, and is permeated by Paul's profundity of thought, logical power, and deep spiritual experience. The Epistle to the Ephesians illustrates the same need of studying a book as a whole and grasping it by repeated study until every part takes its proper order in his mind.

It is also desirable to study the English Bible topically. Indeed, the Bible is not written like a systematic theology, but is the expression of the mind of the Lord through its various authors and in its practical applications. It is not intended as a theological treatise, but it is rich in theological thought. The great subjects of the Christian faith can readily be found in the various books, and its proof-texts have been carefully collated on almost every subject. There is the teaching of the Scriptures concerning regeneration, sanctification, the atonement, the resurrection, and the ascension. In these matters the Bible becomes a biblical theology. It is a mistake to overlook the theological bearing of its various texts, for it is clear that underlying it there is a great system of truth which permeates the whole Bible. It is, further, true that each book is more or less a topic. Most of the New Testament writings have a particular object in view and are intended for a particular class of readers. Every passage in the book is more or less related to the main topic. The Epistle to the Romans sets forth the great doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ, and its illustrations and arguments are subsidiary to this great purpose. The Epistle to the Ephesians sets forth the unity of the faith of Christ: Christ is the head, his people are the members. If one looks at it from this standpoint, the passages which seem inconsistent with each other on the surface seem in their deeper meaning harmonious, and we realize that the Bible is

one and contains the complete history of human redemption, the Old Testament preparing the world for the New, and the New completing and perfecting the Old.

We should also study the English Bible in the way of practical suggestion. The Bible is an intensely real book. It belongs to all circumstances and all conditions. There seems to be no phase of human nature which is not found there and no human need which it does not meet. Written at different periods, by different authors, under divine inspiration, it seems to answer to the needs of all ages, all races, all conditions, all climes. The missionary, as he wends his way through the various civilizations, or lack of civilization, which he is called to confront, is conscious that he bears a message that will meet their particular needs and answer their special difficulties. Hence the students should not only ask, What does this passage mean? but, What does this passage mean for me—what message has it to my heart and to my life? If the reader does this he will find a message on every page; he will find pearls of richest worth. If we would study the English Bible successfully we should study it with careful analysis of its train of thought. The commentaries of John Calvin, John Wesley, and D. D. Wheaton are especially valuable for the clearness with which they unfold the thought. A careful analysis of the thought will help to explain particular phrases and to solve the critical problems that will arise. Different words sometimes with the same meaning, and the same words sometimes with different meanings, will appear. These will take form and significance in the mind by noting their relation to the main argument. No one studies a letter at first hand microscopically; he first reads it through, gets its main points, and then considers anything that may be obscure. In this way we trace the bearing of each part on the main purpose for which it was written.

We must distinguish between the study of the Bible and the study about the Bible. The literature of the Bible is more abundant, perhaps, than any other literature. Commentaries are numberless and the press is teeming with new books on all questions relating to the Scriptures, so that it is literally true, as the wise man has said, that of the making of many books there is no end. Everyone, if possible, should possess a scholarly, well-balanced commentary and Bible dictionary and a complete concordance; but they should be used as references after one has exhausted his own studies and efforts. All knowledge is cumulative, and we must treasure up the gathered history of the ages, but they must be used as helps, and not as substitutes for our own thinking. They may correct our mistakes, and thus be very useful, but they are not the Bible, and should not be regarded as such. One should study the geography and topography of the Bible. The locality of events will add very much to our appreciation of what took place there. The conditions upon climate and soil, its mountains and its rivers, have much to do with the meaning of the passage to which they are related. It is an old adage, "Beware of the man of one book." When one has gone over his Bible until it is as familiar to him as the Koran is to the

Moslem—who learns it word by word and whose education is considered complete when he can repeat it from end to end, when its incidents and its history lie before his mind in their fullness and clearness—he will have secured a storehouse of the treasures of wisdom and knowledge concerning the Scriptures such as can be secured in no other way.

One of the most valuable methods of study for the English student of Scriptures is to study the text of the King James Version, or of the Revised Version of 1881, or of the American Revised Version, and compare it with the earlier versions, notably that of Tyndale. The King James Version was the fountain of our modern English, and the finest writers of the English tongue have drawn their inspiration from its use. It has been to the English language what Luther's translation was to the German: it has molded it and transformed it.

The writer of this regrets that the study of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written, the Hebrew and the Greek, is held in such light esteem by many who acknowledge themselves to be deeply devoted to the study of the Scriptures. It will be a sad day for the church if the time shall come when they shall be regarded as unnecessary for the gospel minister; but it is to be remembered that the study of the Bible for the great mass of the people must ever be in the vernacular, and, therefore, the English Bible, among English-speaking people, must ever hold the study not only of our preachers, but of our people. Its grammatical structure and its linguistic peculiarities growing out of the style of different books, its profound arguments, and, above all, its revelation of Jesus Christ, make it a perpetual study of the finest scholarship and the profoundest thinkers. But the English student, as well as the student of the original languages, must, above all things, master that part of the Scriptures which reveals Jesus Christ. He is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. He illuminates the whole book from Genesis to Revelation, and the study of his life will not only make clear the way of redemption through his sacrificial death, but will reveal that blessed character who has been and is the center of our highest civilization and who is the model, the Saviour, and the aspiration of humanity for all the ages that are to come. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

EXCAVATIONS IN JERUSALEM

Since the article on the above topic in this Review, some additional facts have been brought to light which are of considerable importance to the archæologist.

The work done by Captain Parker and his associates was more or less of a mystery from the beginning, especially since the utmost care was taken not to let the public into the secrets of the excavators. It is now, however, known beyond doubt that the work was executed not only under the protection of the municipal officials in Jerusalem, but also with the full knowledge and consent of the Turkish authorities in Constantinople. In some sense of the word the English party superintending the explorations was nothing more than the agent of the Sultan of Turkey. This being so, and added to the important fact that no objects discovered by excavators or archæologists on Turkish soil may be carried away from the Sultan's territory without special permission from the government at Constantinople, disposes of the suspicion that Captain Parker and his fellow workers engaged in the excavations had surreptitiously taken valuable treasure with them when they left the Holy City. It is true that the departure of the English excavators from Jerusalem seemed precipitate, especially to those who were not in the secret of the company. Then the hurried embarking at Joppa served to increase the suspicions of the Moslem fanatics, who at this very time happened to be in attendance upon the Feast of Moses. The fact is Captain Parker did not leave Jerusalem an hour earlier than he had previously planned. He left on that date because he had finished the work which had been mapped out by him and his associates. The unfortunate thing about the matter was that he had invaded one of the most sacred spots—with the permission of those in power, to be sure—at the very time when Jerusalem was filled with Moslem zealots from near and far.

It is now perfectly evident that few, if any, finds of commercial value were brought to light, notwithstanding the fact that such a vast amount of money was spent in looking for such treasures during the steady work of three years. This no doubt was a disappointment to both English and Turks, for there can be no doubt whatever that the principal reason for the expedition was the hope of recovering lost treasure. The desire to add to the world's knowledge, if it existed at all, was secondary.

Not only were there no objects of commercial value brought to light, but as far as now known there were but few finds of any scientific or archæological worth. Besides, whatever was found must have been taken at once to the imperial museum at the Turkish capital. Thus the glowing accounts published in European and American newspapers regarding the finding of the Ark of the Covenant, the Tables of the Law, the crown of David, the sword of Solomon, and what not, were mere inventions of enterprising correspondents. Equally unfounded were the reports of discovering the tombs of David, Solomon, and other Hebrew kings. All this has to be relegated to the realm of the legendary and mythical.

Another thing that led to these wild reports was the arrests made at Jerusalem shortly after the sudden departure of Captain Parker. These arrests and the transfer of some high officials to Beirut were mere expedients resorted to by the Turkish authorities more to protect these officials from violence and to gratify the fanaticism and prejudices of the Moslem pilgrims who happend to be in Jerusalem at that time, but who were in

complete ignorance that permission had been given the "infidels" by the Ottoman Government itself to explore the holiest spot in the Holy City.

The expedition, bare of immediate results as it was, did accomplish some things of real and permanent value. Mr. Mastermann, writing in the May number of The Biblical World, points out some of these. Though those at the head of the excavating party were neither trained nor well-read archæologists, nor yet scientific biblical students of note or experience, they were expert engineers. "The excavations on Ophel have been conducted with wonderful engineering skill. The shafts have been more like those in a mine than the temporary tunnels of antiquarian excavators."

The tunnel of Siloam underwent a thorough cleaning and careful examination from one end to the other. The rubbish and dirt have been carried out so that we now know the correct dimensions. Captain Parker's data must now replace the less correct ones of Sir Charles Warren, given nearly fifty years ago. According to the latter, the height of the tunnel at places varied from sixteen to twenty inches, which made it almost impossible for a man to crawl through it. When Sir Charles Warren wrote, he failed to notice that the dirt of ages had been accumulating at the bottom of the tunnel. Captain Parker and his men removed immense quantities of this deposit, and thus restored the height of the tunnel to its original dimensions.

Let us quote the words of Dr. Mastermann: "This is entirely changed now; all the silt has been removed to an average depth of three feet six inches throughout, and when I last waded this tunnel, I did so upon a surface of solid rock and scarcely needed to bend my neck at any point. Almost the entire channel was high enough for me to walk upright. At the Siloam Pool (the lower end) it is over sixteen feet high."

The Pool of Siloam, too, has been reconstructed in such a manner as to make it of much greater value than for generations past. The same is true of the Virgin's Fountain, at the other end of the tunnel. In working at this point it was discovered that the water issued from a huge crack in the solid rock. This was kept in the pool by means of massive masonry, which served as a dam to keep it from passing out at that place and thus escape to the Kidron Valley. "At this spot arise no fewer than three aqueducts. The highest of these is an entirely new discovery." During centuries of neglect silt and rubbish had accumulated and almost completely filled up this naturally deep channel. Numerous passages were also discovered, which those entitled to an opinion regard as of pre-Hebrew origin. It is possible that in gray antiquity the prehistoric inhabitants of Jerusalem were able by means of tunnels and subterranean passages to get a supply of water, in time of siege especially, from outside the walls of their ancient city. A similar system of water supply has been discovered at Gibeon and Gezer. The subterranean passages at the latter place are supposed to have been constructed about B. C. 2000. As early a date must be sought for the similar ones in Jerusalem.

But what must be regarded as one of the most important results of Captain Parker's expedition is the additional evidence that Ophel, and

not the Western Hill, was the original site of Zion. The antiquity of Ophel is evidenced by the abundance of very ancient pottery, of which the ground is literally full. "Whatever may have been the condition of the Western Hill, the traditional site of Zion—and there the pottery does not appear to be very ancient, nor the depth of rubbish nearly so great as elsewhere—it is quite certain that upon the hill of Ophel a civilization flourished for at least one thousand, and for probably more than two thousand, years before David captured the site and called it after his own name."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SOME RECENT BIBLICAL COMMENTARIES

In the issue of this Review for November, 1910, some account was given of three fresh contributions to the interpretation of the Bible: Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments, explained by various scholars, J. Weiss being editor (second edition, 1906-1907); Die Schriften des Alten Testaments in Auswahl, explained by Gressmann, Gunkel, and others; and the Handbuch zum Neuen Testament, edited by Lietzmann. The last two works are now nearing completion. In connection with the wider survey now proposed there is occasion and reason to mention them all again, for in form and method these works, together with others yet to be noted, clearly exemplify an altered conception of the task of the interpretation of the books of the Bible.

Not that our modern scholars have repudiated the good old principle of grammatico-historical interpretation, the ideal of a Meyer and an Ellicott, or even of a Franz Delitzsch. There is nothing absolutely new in the modern conception. The difference is a matter of a change of emphasis, the getting of a new perspective. Formerly the stress was laid upon the explanation of the language in detail, and that, of course, meant "in its historical sense." The newer biblical science is nowise disposed to slight the task of a grammatical, philological explanation, but it would lay all possible emphasis upon the larger historical problem. The full task, the final aim of biblical interpretation, as now conceived, is to obtain a clear and sure historical understanding of the life and thought of the biblical epochs in their genesis and development. Each particular book, accordingly, is viewed not only as an expression of the mind of its author, but also and especially as a document of the religious life of its age. Once, it would almost seem, the historical setting was studied chiefly in order to throw light upon the language of the book; now the book is studied with a view to the reconstruction of the religious history of its time. This religio-historical principle of exegesis was more or less recognized long before our day, but we have witnessed

a mighty development in the way of giving the idea full scope. If the "history-of-religion school" has done the most to emphasize this conception, we should not fail to see that scholars of all schools, even those who most vigorously oppose the fundamental and controlling principles of that school, are cordially agreed that the real aim of biblical interpretation is to understand the life and thought of biblical epochs and persons. No commentary of the older type can hereafter satisfy the wants of the student.

Among the chief characteristics of the commentaries of the older type were the elaborate introductions dealing chiefly with the problems of the origin of the writing and the state of the text, followed by a running commentary, a "glossatorial" elucidation of the text. The typical newer commentaries profess to omit nothing that is important in the old introductions, but they seek to grasp and to solve the problems pertaining to the life and thought—especially the religious life and thought—of the writer and of his age as reflected in and related to his book. And as for the specific elucidation of the text, the tendency is everywhere noticeable to put a psychologico-reproductive interpretation in place of the running comments and glosses.

Among English commentaries imperfect yet significant beginnings of the new conception appeared more than half a century ago in the works of Jowett and Stanley. A further development in the same direction is marked by Lightfoot. Yet the exegesis even of these men was predominantly grammatical. Had they not been also something more than that they could not have the abiding interest for us that they have. The almost purely grammatical commentaries of Ellicott, in spite of their fine scholarship, are now dead books. Some—decidedly not all—of the volumes in recent or yet incomplete series of commentaries, such as the International Critical Commentary, the Westminster Commentaries, the Bible for Home and School, are fair examples of the modern type. The volumes by George Adam Smith on Isaiah and the Minor Prophets in the Expositor's Bible, although not properly "commentaries," are excellent illustrations of the development of the conception of the religio-historical principle of biblical interpretation. Among German commentaries the great change in scope and method may be well illustrated by examples from the Meyer series. Let representative volumes in the "new Meyer," such as Haupt on the Imprisonment Epistles, von Dobschütz on First and Second Thessalonians, Johannes Weiss on First Corinthians, be contrasted with the treatment of the same Epistles in the "old Meyer"! Instead of the old grammatical method, we find here a large historical perspective, a fine psychological understanding of the apostle's personality and religious development, together with a profound appreciation of the religio-psychological and religio-historical conditions of the people with whom he had to deal. A still more striking contrast is that between Delitzsch's New Commentary on Genesis, 1887, and Gunkel's epoch-making treatment of the same book, 1901 (third edition, 1910). The "grammatico-historical exegesis" of the epoch lately past—this in justice we must recognize—marked a great advance over the

prevalent dogmatic—or sometimes allegorizing and spiritualizing—exegesis of the time that went before. The design was to overcome the dogmatic abuse of the Scriptures by recovering the original sense of the language, the sense intended by the writer in the original circumstances. The new conception of exegesis fully recognizes the indispensableness of such exegesis. F. D. Maurice was right when he said: "The literal sense is the spiritual sense." We cannot advance farther until we have grasped this. The new exegesis is the religious interpretation of the Bible. It must not be merely grammatical and it must not be directly dogmatic at all, although Christian dogma rests upon the revelation attested in the Bible. There is, of course, a vital connection between biblical interpretation and Christian dogmatics. But this is not saying that the Bible itself is a dogmatic book or that its utterances may, without meditation, be transferred into a dogmatic system.

We shall briefly mention some of the most noteworthy German commentaries of the most recent years. In the Meyer series entirely new treatments of the several books have been substituted throughout for the original Meyer. Indeed, in several instances even the substitutions have been replaced by new works by other hands. On the whole, the work is now thoroughly abreast of the times. A more recent enterprise of unusual importance is the commentary on the New Testament edited by Theodor Zahn, of Erlangen, with the collaboration of Bachmann. Ewald (died, 1911), and Wohlenberg, professors in Erlangen, and of Riggenbach, professor in Basel. Zahn is a man of simply stupendous learning and of great exegetical acumen. Both in matters of historical criticism and in theology his position is decidedly conservative. In his many works on the New Testament his conservative tendency seems sometimes to have carried him beyond the limits of a sound criticism. Apropos of his commentary on the Gospel of John, that moderate conservative Bernhard Weiss could write: "This book, so rich in inestimable exegetical matter, shows everywhere an ideally penetrating and keen exegesis in details, where the author is not bound by dogmatic or traditional presuppositions." Herein Weiss doubtless lays his finger upon the one weakness in Zahn's work. But the merits of that work are very great indeed, and the fault itself is of such a nature as to contribute directly or indirectly to the solution of many of the problems of criticism. In the series of commentaries now before us Zahn himself has written the volumes on Matthew, John, Romans, Galatians, and, finally, on Luke. They are unquestionably extraordinary productions and have attracted the widest attention. Zahn's collaborators—they have all been his pupils—are not his equals in learning, yet they, too, have done really important work in the series. Wohlenberg, in his commentary on Mark, has caused general surprise by denying the priority of Mark among the Gospels. Bachmann's treatment of the Corinthian Epistles is characterized by a very pleasing personal warmth, which lends no little charm to his work.

Concerning a new series of commentaries on the Old Testament to be edited by Sellin, we can now speak only in anticipation. Sellin is the

most stirring of the "positive" Old Testament scholars of Germany, and he is thoroughly modern in the best sense of the word. The two well-known series of commentaries edited by Nowack and by Marti represent in the main a liberal standpoint. The work entitled Die Schriften des Alten Testaments in Auswahl represents the religio-historical school. Sellin recognizes much of value in the work of this school, but yet occupies a very different position regarding the fundamental view of revelation in the Old Testament. We may be sure the new commentary will be anything but reactionary, though written from a genuinely positive, evangelical standpoint. The series begins with Genesis, by Procksch, of Greifswald, which probably will have been published before these lines are read. Much may be expected of this series.

Among the recent exegetical works in German none deserves more particular mention than Gunkel's Ausgewählte Psalmen (Select Psalms), third edition, 1911. The book is writen for the general public, yet it has positive significance also for the scholar. Abundant learning underlies the exegesis, but the results of research and criticism are presented in a manner clearly intelligible to all educated people. Gunkel has selected forty-three psalms from the Psalter, together with the Psalm of Hannah (1 Sam. 2. 1-10) and the Psalm of Jonah (Jonah 2. 3-10). In each case he has given a metrical version followed by explanations. A few critical notes and references are added at the end of the book. The work is done in a most artistic way and with a profound religious appreciation. It is doubtful whether another work can be mentioned which is so well calculated as this to give to the modern man a sympathetic understanding of the religion of the psalmists.

Omitting for the present any specific mention of the most recent volumes in Lietzmann's Handbuch and in Die Schriften des Alten Testaments in Auswahl—they are in the main exceptionally good—we conclude this rapid survey by calling particular attention to Schlatter's Erläuterungenzum Neuen Testament, completed in 1910 (complete edition in 3 volumes, M. 21.50 unbound, M. 27.50 in half leather). Schlatter has undertaken, on the basis of thorough scholarly research, to interpret the New Testament "for Bible readers." In a period of twenty-one years he has covered the whole New Testament. It is a wonderful accomplishment, for the expositions, in spite of their untechnical form, show immense and profound thought; and they represent only a lesser part of the author's literary productivity during those years. But it is the rare quality, not the quantity, of the work that chiefly holds our admiration. Everywhere the reader feels the force of the remarkable Christian personality of the author, while almost every page attests his deep insight and originality. In respect of historico-critical knowledge of the New Testament one might naturally place Zahn and Jülicher—possibly also some others—above Schlatter, but for profound appreciation of the contents of the New Testament writings, we should be inclined to give the palm to Schlatter.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Afterglow of God. By Rev. G. H. Morrison, A.M. Crown 8vo, pp. 387. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.35, net.

Thirty-three Sunday evening addresses in a Glasgow pulpit, of which the preacher says: "These brief addresses, like those of the former volumes of this series, have been prepared from week to week after the more severe preparations for the forenoon diet of worship were completed. It has been my habit at the morning service to handle the greater themes of the Christian revelation, and then at the evening worship to allow myself a wider scope, putting essential things in a somewhat different setting, and calling to my help every interest I could command. My great aim in this has been to win the attention, in honorable ways, of some at least of that vast class of people who to-day sit so lightly to the church. I trust I have not altogether failed in this endeavor; and I gratefully acknowledge a pretty steady inflow of these quiet acknowledgments which are among the most precious seals of ministry." Dogmatic statement is avoided; practical spirituality is the aim; divinity is found in the common things of life; a somewhat unusual setting is given to the essentials of the inner life; the keynote is the sweet reasonableness of Christianity as applied to modern living. The style is simple and direct, without rhetorical flourish or embellishment. Take one sermon, haphazard, about the church under the simile of a garden. It begins by quoting T. E. Brown's lovely verse:

> A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot,
> Rose plot,
> Fringed pool,
> Ferned grot.
> The veriest school
> Of peace, and yet the fool
> Contends that God is not.
> Not God? In gardens? When the eve is cool?
> Nay, but I have a sign.
> 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

And then he says: "In the Song of Solomon we have the church likened to a garden: 'A garden inclosed.' That mystical Song is not just an impassioned love-lilt; there is something deeper here. First, then, in a garden we have *order* along with a sweet and beautiful *variety*. In some of our old English homes, like that one which is described by Charles Lamb so exquisitely, there lay, outside the garden wall, a tract of land which was called the wilderness. It was only a wilderness in this respect that it was left disordered and unkempt. It was a device, rooted in laws of contrast, to increase the pleasure which the garden gave. Men saw more vividly the garden's order, and its design, and the arrangement of it, when just beside it was this tangled thicket-land. Always, as con-

trasted with wild nature, this is the first mark of any garden. It is the scene of perfected arrangement; it is laid out with wisdom and with skill. And yet along with that and in the heart of it there is a wealth which even nature lacks. Along with that and in the heart of it what an infinite variety there is! Yon court where the slum-children play—there is order in it, but there is no variety. Yon yard, in which the prisoners exercise—it is designed, yet how monotonous! But this is the very genius of a garden that everywhere you have the stamp of order, yet everywhere an infinite variety that is a joy to the beholding eye. Here is every shade of coloring. Here is every variety of shape. Here are the sturdy children of the soil, and here are those who have to cling and creep. And some lift themselves up into the sun, and take the light and heat as if they owned them, and others hide themselves away as if afraid. Now does not that union of order and variety at once suggest to you the church of Christ? Think of the order of church government—of all that it has meant for Scotland. Think of the order of our public worship—not iron-bound, but reverent and seemly. Think of the beautiful order of the sacrament, when the bread is broken and the wine is drunk—how simple it all is, yet how expressive. The church of Christ is a designed place. It has its pattern shown it on the mount. It has its offices, its ordered polity, its hours and seasons, and its ritual. And then within all that, as in the garden where every kind of flower is blossoming, what a variety of life and of experience! The child is there, admitted in its baptism. The man is there in the midtime of his days. The aged saint is there upon whose face the light is falling from Immanuel's Land. There is the young man in his joy of strength, there the mother praying for her children, there the merchant with his large sagacity, and the quiet dreamer of poetic dreams. Wherever to-day the church of Christ is living, and is the bride of him who was the Son of man, there is still room for all within her borders. Room for the savage from the heart of Africa, and for him who is cultured to his finger tips; room for the rich from palaces of royalty, and for the poorest from the city slum. Every shade of experience is there, from the crudest fervor to the ripest sancity. Every color is there, from every country, bowing in loyalty at the feet of Christ. *Secondly*, in a garden we have *human service* along with entire dependence upon God. Every garden is the scene of labor. It reaches its beauty only through human toil. And it is there that the perfection of the garden differs from the perfection of wild nature. One of the finest descriptions of wild nature in all literature is the description of the Trossachs in Scott's Lady of the Lake. With what a delicate, yet splendid touch does Scott describe the scene in all its tangled wealth. And yet no human hand was busy there, planting that eglantine or sowing that warrior oak. It became beautiful without the care of man. But in the garden there is human service as truly as in the building of a house; yet always, with that incessant toil, the sense of entire dependence upon God. You might build a temple though no dew should fall, and though all the weary summer should be rainless. You might build it though the storm came sweeping down, and the wild floods descended

with the storm. But in a garden service is in vain, unless with service the unseen is working, giving the gentle rain in its due season, and the clear shining after hours of rain. It takes night and day to make the garden flourish. It takes the ministry of warmth and dew. Were these withheld, then the most earnest toil would be barren as the sowing of the sand. So in a garden, more than in most scenes, we have the constant need of human service, and then the utter futility of service without the gracious ministry of heaven." And then comes something of great significance: "We all know how *the church of Christ has awakened wonderfully to the thought of service.* Never, I take it, since the days of Pentecost has the church been laboring as she is doing now. With an enthusiasm that is very noble and with a patience that is very Christlike, *wherever there is need or want or misery, the church to-day is going out to serve.* At home in every slum of every city; abroad in every country of the world, the church is among men as one who serveth. Never forget that when men decry the church. There is nothing like her service in the world. It is so freely given—it is so lowly—it is so hopeful when everything seems hopeless. But I would to God that we always realized that here again the church is as a garden, and that the finest service is but a futile thing without the attendant ministry of heaven. I tremble when men say to me, 'Yours is a splendidly organized congregation.' We are so apt to rest on our organization, as if in *that* there were one spark of power. Touched by the fire of the Holy Ghost, you cannot have enough organization. Untouched by that, though it work perfectly, it is the mother and the nurse of death. *Thirdly*, in a garden we have protection along with liberty. Now a garden is always a protected place—a garden *inclosed.* A wall is built—a hedge is set around it—and wall and hedge are there just to protect it. You know the gardens in our old country houses, and how you can distinguish them at once. Through the trees, looking from the highway, nothing is visible save the high brick wall. And yet you say at once *that* is the garden, though not a flower or fruit tree may be seen—it is the wall that tells you what it is. It is protected from the foot of cattle. It is protected from the hand of thief. It is protected from the blighting wind that would sweep down and make havoc of its wealth. Yet that protection—what is the end and aim of it? Is it repression? No, it is not repression. Its aim is that everything which grows within should have larger liberty to be itself. When you shut up prisoners within prison walls, you do not give them liberty; you take it from them. Deliberately, for the welfare of the state, you deprive them of their freedom for a season. But when you shut up flowers in a garden, it is not to deprive them of their liberty. It is that, so protected and encompassed, they may be beautiful and may bear fruit. Destroy that wall, and in a week you may have havoc in the garden beds. Destroy that wall, and when the autumn comes you may look for fruit, and look for it in vain. Here is restraint, and yet it makes for freedom. Here is protection with a view to liberty. Here in the garden is a strong defense that everything which grows may reach its best. Well now, when you think of it, does not that again suggest the church? I question if we

think enough of the protection of the church of Christ. We recognize the protection of the home. We know what it means for childhood and for youth. Without it and all the discipline it brings, what a poor affair were human life! But never forget that God, who in his mercy has given us the protection of the home, has given us, too, the protection of the church. It guards us in our infancy by baptism, and by all the keeping which baptism implies. It guards us by its congenial fellowship, and by its constant opportunities of service. It guards us by its recurring worship, nowhere more needed than in town and city, where men are so apt to lose in crowded days the vision and the voice of God. You can do something to protect the church; but the church can do far more to protect you. Just as you needed the home when you were children, do you need the church till the last hour you live. And the joy of that tender guardianship is this, that it checks nothing which is good and beautiful, but fosters everything that has been planted there, helping it to the glory of its growth." Just here we are impelled to quote as not wholly inconsecutive nor irrelevant Kipling's patriotic verses in which he sings of England as a garden and sets forth The Glory of the Garden:

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds, and strawberries, and lawns and avenues;
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by,
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old, thick laurels grow, along the thin, red wall,
You'll find the tool and potting sheds which are the heart of all;
The cold frames and the hot houses, the dung pits and the tanks,
The roller carts and drain pipes, the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys,
Told off to do as they are bid, and do it without noise.
For except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden, it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias, and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows.
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By saying, "O! How beautiful," and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white nor yet a heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth everyone.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders
If it's only netting strawberries or killing bugs on borders.

> And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
> You'll find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.
>
> O, Adam was a gardener, and God, who made him, sees
> That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees.
> So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
> For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away;
> And the Glory of the Garden, it shall never pass away!

We quote those verses at this point because in large measure they are no more applicable to England than they are to the church of Christ considered as a garden, a place for labor and for service. The glory of the one is like the glory of the other. Here is a passage of a different sort: "I know few sentences in literature more touching than the closing sentence of the ninth chapter here. 'I keep under my body,' says the apostle, 'lest I myself should be a castaway.' I keep under my body is our version, but the word in the original is far more graphic. It is a word borrowed from the prize ring; it means, I beat my body black and blue. Now, whatever Paul was, he was no ascetic, and certainly he never preached asceticism. I can imagine the scorn he would have poured on the wild asceticism of the Middle Ages. Yet here, lest he should be a castaway, lest he should be rejected at the end, deliberately, and in sternest fashion, he limited his large liberty in Christ. Think of it—this great apostle haunted with fears of being cast away: never quite sure of himself—never quite certain that he might not be tripped some day and overthrown! It seems incredible; and yet to Paul it was so far from being incredible, that he crushed his body down in terror of it. 'Stand fast therefore,' he says to the Galatians, 'in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free.' Cherish as a principle that is inestimable the fullness of your liberties in Christ. But then remember that you are only human, and weak, and very liable to fall, and use your liberty as not abusing it." And now, when we have no more room for quoting, we are impressed in looking through this volume that about the noblest sermon of all is the one entitled "Vision and Ornament" from the text (Revised Version) Exodus 33. 6: "And the children of Israel stripped themselves of their ornaments from Mount Horeb onward." In that sermon is this illustration: "There is an exquisite scene in Adam Bede where Hetty Sorrel, in her bed-chamber at night, decks herself out in her cheap finery. She has stolen upstairs and locked the door and lit the bits of candle at the lookingglass. And then she lets her glorious hair fall down, and throws her scarf on, and puts in her gaudy earrings. And so she sits gazing at herself, thoroughly happy and self-satisfied, dreaming her foolish, childish little dreams. But a day was coming when the great deeps would be moved all around her, when she would find herself face to face with the tremendous realities of life and death; and when that day came Hetty stripped herself of all her ornaments. Trifles and trivialities, things silly and shallow, fell from her, and she realized the greatness, the solemn splendor, the dignity and glory of existence."

The Heart of the Christian Message. By GEORGE AARON BARTON, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College. 12mo, pp x+218. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THE essential gospel of Christianity proclaims the privilege of personal union with God through Christ. This has practically been insisted on during all the centuries, though form and expression have differed. Dr. Barton has written in a devotional spirit which is very acceptable, but we are compelled to differ from him in questions of scholarship. When he says that the eschatological teaching of the Gospels is "diametrically opposed to the teaching of Christ himself," he goes beyond the facts. It would be more reasonable to say with Streeter, in Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem, edited by Professor Sanday: "The argument must not be pushed to the length of entirely eliminating the apocalyptic element from the authentic teaching of our Lord. The beliefs of the early church may have modified and did modify the records of his utterances, but it is too great a paradox to maintain that what was so central in the belief of the primitive church was not present, at least in germ, in what the Master taught." Paul's doctrine of the mystic union of Christ and the believer was a living experience which did not consist of any impractical absorption into the ineffable, but was an inspiration for the most self-sacrificing toil. This same message was worked out differently in the Johannine writings. When we leave the Apostles and come to the Fathers it is to enter an arid atmosphere. "One feels," says Barton, "as though he had passed from the fertile tropics far toward the sterile country of the poles." He then traces the spiritual decline in the succeeding centuries. The Eastern church was interested in speculation and it found expression in creeds; but bitter controversies had destroyed her faith in the continual presence of the living voice of God. The Western church was keen about organization, and her emphasis on things institutional was a virtual discrediting of her inspirational functions. The exhibition of ecclesiasticism in Jerusalem, where both these churches exercise control, is a tragic commentary on the corruptions that exist within them. "In no place in the world," says our author, "are knees more often bent, or prayers more often repeated; but probably in no place in the world is there less of that broad Christian charity and gentle goodness which we instinctively associate with the name of Christ. In its place one finds a hatred fostered by ecclesiastical rivalry which not infrequently results in fighting and sometimes in murder." The chapter dealing with the Reformers is very inadequate. The distinction is not made clearly enough between Luther the theologian, who had not wholly freed himself from the errors of Romanism, and Luther the Christian, who had a thrilling experience of the redemption of Christ. Herrmann, in his book Communion with God, well states: "Luther's witness to that which makes a Christian to be a Christian is a treasure not yet sufficiently valued, and it is incomparably more precious than his theology." We cannot agree with Dr. Barton that "the message of the Reformers lacked most of the elements which had made the Christian message powerful in the first century." His treatment of Zwingli and Calvin is superficial. No mention is made of Melanchthon, the great

systematizer of Lutheran thought, whose moralization of Christology owed not a little to his humanism. The chapter on the "Early Friends" introduces the reader to the quiet testimony borne by the Quakers concerning the Light within. The presence of this chapter is explained by the fact that the lectures in this volume were originally delivered before the Friends' Summer School at Sagamore, Mass. The concluding chapter is optimistic, as well it might be, since the author is persuaded of the complete sufficiency of Christ for all the needs of the twentieth century. Though we differ in matters of interpretation, here and there, this book can yet be commended because of its insistent advocacy of the rights and privileges of the fullness of spiritual life in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Ethics and the Family. By W. F. Lofthouse. Royal 8vo, pp. xvi+403. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $2.50, net.

We are living at a time when the searchlight is thrown on everything. The spirit in which this is done is at times questionable, but the whole situation is a challenge to the church. The family has been recognized as one of the oldest institutions of civilization and the nucleus of society. Wherever its sacredness has been conceded the best progress has been made. The home is the bulwark of Christian civilization, the center whence have sprung the best ideals for the uplift of humanity. It is truly "a shrine of moral culture and a temple of divine communion." The rights, privileges, and benefits of even this institution are being called in question. We therefore welcome this book by Professor Lofthouse, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It is a very suggestive discussion of the influence exercised by the family in the history of the race. The central position which it has always occupied is impressively set forth by an exposition of the relation of the family to all the interests of life. Its bearings on ethics, biology, economics, and religion are thoroughly worked out. In certain parts the book has in mind conditions which exist in the British Isles, as in the chapter on "The Evidence of the Social Problem," but even here the discussion throws valuable light on our own problems. The thesis is that the family holds the key of the situation that makes the character and destiny of individuals and communities. This proposition is convincingly proved. The purpose of the book may be seen from the following sentences: "The course of our inquiry will lead us to consider the history and origin of the family as an institution; we shall next try to discover the beliefs from which it has sprung; we shall look to see whether any distinction is to be made between the general type or idea of the family and the actual forms under which family life has appeared at different points of history. We shall consider how far the family itself and the spirit which has given it birth are essential to the well-being of society at the present day; and we shall then be in a position, finally, to forecast the place and functions for which it must prepare in the future." This is an ambitious program, but it is carried out, for which the author deserves our thanks. He points out impressively that in all the leading types of the civilizations of the world the family has been the pivot of life, the real unit in

society, economics, and religion. "A healthy nation can be made in the first instance out of healthy families. . . . The true wealth of a nation can be measured by the number of healthy and loyal husbands and wives, parents and children and kinsfolk, neighbors and friends, who form her citizens." We heartily agree with the writer's conclusions that "the family spirit and the family institution are essential to the *esse* as well as to the *bene esse* of humanity." Of course the reference is to the Christian family. The reader who desires to have a comprehensive survey of this subject should consult the series of articles on the "Family" in the Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics, Volume V, pages 716-754. The comparative study by these experts leads one to the agreeable and responsible conclusion that the Christian family is the fittest survival of the various world types of domestic unity, and that it enfolds in itself the promise and potency of all social progress and pure human happiness. If marriage, according to the teaching of Jesus and his apostles, is a vital union of "complementary personalities," the modern attacks that are made on this central institution of society are nothing short of suicidal. Divorce, for instance, may well be regarded as a species of abnormal individualism, inspired by heartless selfishness. Dr. P. T. Forsyth in his little book on Marriage—Its Ethic and Religion (George H. Doran Company) faces just this particular phase and courageously declares that "the chief practical ground for the indissolubility of marriage among the people of Christ is this, that Christianity opens moral resources which enable men and women to overcome the difficulties and disillusions of married life." Professor Lofthouse, in a chapter on the "Development of the Virtues," states that "Christendom has weathered many a storm which would have proved fatal to the races of antiquity; and the purity of household life, which is her gift, if we can but preserve it, will be the seed from which the virtues will spring up afresh in every generation." Indeed, there is no subject that demands more serious consideration than this of the place which the family should hold in our midst, because it is not an end in itself, but a necessary and invaluable contributor to the welfare of our complex life.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Pathos of Distance. By James Huneker. 12mo, pp. 394. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2. net.

"A Book of a Thousand and One Moments," "Promenades of an Impressionist," a kaleidoscopic volume of papers, mostly critical, on literature, art, philosophy, and the drama, produced in various periods of a brilliant critic's career. After William Winter, who is at the head of his class, stands James Huneker, a critic of similar brilliance if not of equal poise and unvarying soundness of judgment and moral convincingness. Whether one cares for Huneker's subjects or not, the vivid animation of his writings constitutes a sparkling fascination; for, whether handling things trivial or tremendous, his style resembles the flashing facets of diamond rings on a woman's fingers sweeping the piano keys

with music grave or gay. Whatever fault the reader finds, he has no chance to complain of dullness and insipidity. "James Huneker," says the London Daily Chronicle, "has a tongue with a tang." A fair sample of his piquancy is the last of the fifteen essays in the book now before us. Four years ago we noticed Huneker's volume entitled Egoists, made up of studies of various authors, artists, musicians, *et cetera*. He writes now and here A Belated Preface to Egoists, for the purpose of replying to some of the criticisms which were made upon that previous volume. Having been rudely twitted for the lack of "general ideas" in that book, he now says that he does not believe in the famous "general ideas." What he is after in that book and in this is the individual human with his unique peculiarities, as in all the "jostling personalities in Egoists, those madmen, wits, sinners, and saints." We jot down disconnectedly some bits of his talk. Of Anatole France, this: "He is a pagan. He is Hebraic. He adores the fathers of the Church. He is a latter-day expression of the Eternal Mocker, a French Heine without the lyric genius of that Jewish Aristophanes. He is so various and inconsistent that he cannot be classified." Huneker calls Huysmans an extraordinary soul: "One morning he awoke and thirsted for God; gods in some shape have been always a necessity for mankind; though there were atheists before the invention of mirrors. It is impossible for some men not to believe in a god when they are shaving themselves. O the starry music of self-esteem!" Of the mystics he says: "To me they seem the sanest folk in a world full of futile sounds and gestures. They write with more precision than the rationalistc thinkers, because they have the vision." He says the explanation of Nietzsche is neurosis, and that in his case the sufferer, himself treading the dark and narrow path of pain, was the first to diagnose his own trouble as spiritual decadence. Possibly he saw certain terrible truths that would not have been realized if his brain had remained normal. Fancy a man mortally wounded registering with rectitude his symptoms. This Nietzsche did. "His sickness was of the soul. The pride of Nietzsche became a monstrous atrophy of the Ego," says Huneker. But did not his egotism seem more like a monstrous hypertrophy of the Ego? Think of the insane vanity of the man who set himself against Christ so that our author says: "Nietzsche was a neo-pagan who defiantly cried: 'I have conquered, O Galilæan!' . . . The pathetic side of the Nietzsche case is his naïve belief in the power of his own written words. He thought that his verbal dynamite had blown Christianity to fragments." Why should a man as crazy as that have any followers, or hold the serious attention of sane men for an hour? As a specimen of rank heresy in this day of democratic altruistic doctrines, listen to the raillery of Huneker about "the goose-land of altruism, a land filled with the discordant sounds of equality quackery. Brotherhood of man? Brotherhood of fudge and hypocrisy! No one sincerely believes in it; it's a catchword for gulls and politicians. Rousseau invented that lying legend, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'—that seductive three-voiced Cerberuslike fugue, which has led millions sheepwise over the precipice of false hopes." Huneker issues this temperate warning against

Walter Pater's commendation of intense living: "If you want to follow his poetic injunction and 'burn *always* with a clear hard flame' of some enthusiasm, go ahead and burn, but watch yourself—that way neurasthenia lies. Nearly all the thinkers in my book on Egoists lived that way, lived their lives 'to the fullest,' and were generally unhappy. Only those who returned to belief in religion seemed happy. It is an act as wholesome as it is holy to retire into the 'seven solitudes' of your Ivory Tower and there come face to face with *the one reality* in this world of fluctuating images, *your own soul.* John Henry Newman, in his Apologia, spoke of 'the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator.' For dolorous souls, disenchanted by the illusions and deceptions of life, those words of Newman light the strait and difficult pathway to the veritable Ivory Tower. But for those to whom the world is merely a place to collect bric-a-brac, a reputation for respectability, other people's money, and earthworms, Nietzsche's aphorism must suffice as an epitaph: 'Some souls will never be discovered unless they be first invented.'" Henri Bergson, the French thinker, who has been listened to recently with extraordinary interest in America, is not to be allowed to go free from criticism and even flat contradiction. George Santayana, of Harvard, in his volume, Winds of Doctrine, brings his materialistic naturalism to bear on Bergson, who, in the opinion of the Harvard professor, stands for things not true. He is most displeased at Bergson's attack on the application of materialistic science to life, and is at war with the Frenchman's Vitalism, which is what might be expected from a materialist who thinks that thought, aspiration, insight, and all the variations in the life of the spirit "are perfectly explicable scientifically"; which notion is so far from being original with Santayana, or in any way modern, that old Thales, many centuries before Harvard, made his similarly wise suggestion that not mind, but water, is the cause of all things! James Huneker is no materialist, and his criticism of Bergson is from an entirely different angle, as well as far keener. Whatever you have read on Bergson, you get from Huneker something quite different. He calls Bergson the "Playboy of Western Philosophy" and explains his reasons for giving that derisive-sounding title. He begins thus: "Robert Louis Stevenson in an essay on style, charming notwithstanding its discussion of technical elements, describes a conjurer juggling first with two, then three, finally four oranges, keeping them all aloft with seemingly small effort. Stevenson employed this image to explain certain qualities of literature. After rereading the books of Henri Bergson, in the admirable English translation, I couldn't help thinking of the conjurer spinning his four oranges in mid-air, so deftly does the French philosopher keep in motion his images, with a *leitmotiv* which he has named the *élan vital*, the vital impulse. It is no mere coincidence that in every successful philosophy there may be found a boldly coined image which serves not only to stamp the entire system, but also as a handy catchword for its disciples. We know that there is much more in Kant than his *Ding an Sich*, the famous Thing-in-itself; yet shorn of that phrase, the Kantian forces would no

longer be as terrible as an army with banners. Hegel, that old cloud-compeller, the Jupiter Pluvius of metaphysics, for what would he stand if not for his Absolute and his theory of Negatives? Yet they are not altogether Hegelianism. And Schopenhauer, whose Will-to-Live image brought his philosophy safely into port through a muddy sea of pessimism; or Comte and his Positivism, the skepticism of Renan, the agnosticism of Spencer, or the foggy Unconscious of the Berlin thinker, Hartmann—each of these schemes for a new *Weltanschauung* has as a sign, a symbol, an oriflamme, an image that sticks to the memory long after the main lines of the various philosophical ideas are forgotten. A philosopher is often doubled by a poet as an image-maker. And many sport Siegfried's magic Tarnhelm, that not only makes them quite invisible, but invisible too their thought. Now a happy image captivates. When the poet Nietzsche declared that the gods were dead in the firmament, the world was not particularly shocked, but much more interested when he forged his significant phrase, Will-to-Power. Henri Bergson is a man with exceptional literary gifts. He has an ingratiating manner of saying things, of weaving them into golden loops of prose. As a lecturer he woos the ear with the rhythm of his musical cadences. How persuasively, yet how calmly, he juggles his orange-concepts, his Vital Impulse, his Intuition, his Instinct, his Life pictured as a swiftly flowing stream, his Time as a stuff both resistant and substantial, with his Creative Evolution. But, who knows, perhaps the image that will make his philosophy unforgetable is his comparison of human consciousness with the mechanism of the cinematograph. He contrives to make a definite and logical pattern out of his theoretic oranges and literally in the air. I recall a lecture of his at the Collège de France, though the meaning of his talk has quite escaped my memory because I was studying the personality of the man. The Chinese have a saying that an imagemaker never worships idols. Bergson is a mighty maker of images; nevertheless his sincerity, his faith, is unquestionable. He is intensely in earnest—one would say passionately if it were not too strong a word for a thinker whose bearing and gestures betray perfect equipoise. He is bald, with a beaverlike brow, the brow of a builder born; his nose is slightly predacious, his features cameolike, his deep-set eyes are dark, the eyes of an oracle, though there is nothing of the pontifical in his attitude toward his audience. A modest man, because he knows so much, Bergson is more of the *petit-maître*, the diplomat, even the academician, than the popular notion that all philosophers are bearded old men, their eyes purging amber and plum-tree gum. Alert, even vivacious, M. Bergson is yet self-composed, far from a dreamer, and while he shows his Oriental stemming, he is less Jewish-looking than Anatole France. (It is said that Celtic blood flows in his veins as well as Semitic.) There is an ecclesiastical suggestion; you look for the *soutane*. As he spoke in that *legato* fashion of his, so unlike the average French orator, I thought of him as a Jewish Renan, a master-sophist, more dogmatic than the author of the Vie de Jésus—himself a Hebraicized thinker—and one not averse from the 'mania of certitude,' which

his master did so abhor. . . . Bergson plays with his dialectic as does the Playboy of the Western World with his competitors. Not precisely a 'vicious' circle of reasoning is his; rather let us say, in medical parlance, a 'benign' circle; which simply means telephonic 'central'; that Intuition is superior to cerebration, and all the rest of the gorgeous bric-à-brac of this Parisian jeweler in philosophic phrases. But he has only set up one more conceptual idol in the metaphysical pantheon—the idol of Time, so long neglected for its fellow-fetish, Space. Time is an Absolute for Bergson, who otherwise detests the Absolute, even insinuating that Nature abhors an Absolute. Time is the *idée mère* of his work. It is also his one noteworthy contribution to contemporary thought. It's magnificent, but it's metaphysics. All metaphysicians are mythomaniacs, though their myths are as a rule more verbalistic than conceptual. However, Bergson is not altogether the victim of his own verbal virtuosity; the faulty method of appraising him is to blame. He has been adjudged an absolutely original thinker. He is not; indeed, the poet and myth-maker that is in him runs a close second with his metaphysic. All said and done, he is as much of an idealist as the next one, and to alter good old Sir Thomas Browne, he sees men not as trees, walking, but as images, flowing; and he also declares that 'the mechanism of our ordinary knowledge is of cinematographical kind.' Truly, a 'mechanistic' image!" Huneker closes his essay thus: "Bergsonism is riddled with paradox, yet it is stimulating as just another multicolored picture of the universe by a man in whom the philosophical play-instinct (in Schiller's sense) is elevated to a fine art. For him the vast hinterland of metaphysics, the 'unknowable' of philosophy, the Fourth Dimension of Space, is a happy hunting-ground where with his highly burnished metaphysical weapons he pops away at Time and Space and other strange fauna of that misty and tremendous region. He exhibits the daring of the hardy adventurer and he occasionally returns with a trophy worth while—but always heavily laden with the flora. All the rest is metaphysics. As his philosophy is mainly an affair of images—delicately fashioned mosaics, fairylike structures, and dazzling mental mirages—its study naturally begets images. That is why I call the imagemaker Henri Bergson the Playboy of Western Philosophy." We add some brief bits: George Moore said of George Eliot (who was never "Mrs. Lewes," but became Mrs. Cross): "She continued to stir a sticky porridge, all her life long—a substance compounded of rationalism and morality without God." (We are constrained to add that, in the one sad blunder of her life, she illustrated how poor a morality it is that results from rationalism without God.) Huneker speaks of George Meredith as a man "in search of a human document over which he could play his staccato wit and the sheet-lightnings of his irony." Of Richard Wagner, the famous musical composer, as revealed in his autobiography, our author says: "All that was noble and poetic he kept for his art and put into his scores. In his private life he often behaved like a malicious monkey. He lied. He whimpered when he begged, and he was always begging. He invariably deceived women. He abused every friend he ever had.

He made enemies daily because of his venomous tongue." Chopin was "capable of flights into the azure, where he sang in company with the morning stars." This which he did in his music the human spirit is capable of doing in its worship. A sense of the unity of the universe made Paracelsus say that he who tastes a crust of bread thereby and therein tastes all the stars and all the heavens. Huneker says that in a certain sharp conflict "William Butler Yeats found his soul, and that is the main business of a man's life." Here is what the author says concerning the mystic: "Your true mystic abhors the vague; with crystalline clearness his vision embraces the minute and magnificent things of the world about him. And equally real is the life of the spirit. A very wrong notion it is that the mystical man, let him be artist, priest, statesman, or poet, possesses a rambling intellect or stammers enigmas or deals in the minor black arts. The mystic is eminently practical. Clairvoyant in spiritual matters, the very intensity of his inward vision when applied to mundane affairs enables him to solve problems which puzzle practical persons. All men of action are dreamers. Little need to offer examples. Saint Teresa, a mystic of fiery imagination, was an astounding organizer. Many other names come to the memory." Writing of the art of Arthur B. Davies, the mural decorator, "a painter-visionary," Huneker describes one of his mural paintings, its "panels covered with radiant creatures moving in processional rhythms to some unknown goal. Great art is an instant arrested in eternity. These men and women are enigmatic, their secret is in the skies. One woman of noble contour walks as in a dream through a delicious landscape. (A Measure of Dreams, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum.) She has come from a dream and is crossing the bridge of transition; soon she shall be enveloped in the splendors and terrors of a new dream. She is ever in motion. As you look on her you have the sense of something vanishing, like music overheard in sleep, or of a beautiful face that melts into the chambers of your brain, elusive, yet more real than the noises of the naked day." Such is the soul's passage and progress; from vision to vision, through splendors and terrors, ever in motion, with a music overheard—elusive, yet more real than the noises of the naked day.

The Daffodil Fields. By JOHN MASEFIELD. 12mo, pp. 124. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

OLD FARMER NICHOLAS GRAY is dying, and knows it, in his Shropshire home, Ryemeadows Farmhouse. He sends for two friends whose farms adjoin his—Charles Occleve, whose place is called The Roughs, and Rowland Keir, whose farm is named The Foxholes. Gray is dying bankrupt, leaving not a shilling for his boy Michael, now away at school. One favor he asks of these neighbors of his—to help his boy complete his course at school. With a dying man's awareness of Divine providence and Divine judgment, he says:

> O make
> This sacrifice for our old friendship's sake,
> And God will pay you; for I see God's hand
> Pass in most marvelous ways on souls: I understand

How just rewards are given for man's deeds
And judgment strikes the soul. . . .
Life is the daily thing man never heeds,
But it's ablaze with sign and countersign.

The two neighbor-friends promise him they will do their best to help the boy. Then he remembers that once temptation had brought his boy "near to hell, aye, to the very brink," and he warns his friends to keep close watch over the lad:

There is a running vein of wildness in him;
Wildness and looseness both. . . .
He is a fiery-mettled colt to break,
And one to curb, one to be curbed, remember.

And then the dying man's conscience clutches him, reminds him that he sees only his own early sins and wildness running riot in his boy; and he confesses piteously:

Our youthful sins take body in our sons.
He is as I was. Beauty like the sun's;
Within, all water; minded like the moon.
Go, now. I sinned. I die. I shall be punished soon.

And this anxious father dies without knowing that at that very moment his Michael, whom he has mortgaged his farm to educate, having been expelled from school and sent home in disgrace, comes whistling and singing up the farmhouse hill, reckless of his shame, without respect for or fear of his father, defiant of all authority; rather glad to be freed from school tasks and confining rules, ready for rough, wild riding near and far. "Young April on a blooded horse, with a roving eye," the poem describes him. Neighbor Occleve has one boy named Lion, a clean, fine, noble fellow, earnest, steadfast, fond of books; while Neighbor Keir has a daughter, Mary, a beauty of a girl, with great gray eyes, high color, scarlet lips, gentle, pure-natured. These three young folks, Michael, Mary, and Lion, played together as children in the "short-grassed fields which the springtime fills with the never-quiet joy of dancing daffodils," along the winding brook which "sparkles on, babbling its pretty chatter" from farm to farm. There in those very fields, in sight of the smoke of the three farmhouses rising in the air, Death's red sickle, at the story's end, reaps a passionate harvest under those hills in the quiet fields among the daffodils. Two boys, one girl, growing up together on adjacent farms; naturally enough both lads fell in love with that fair maid, and became rivals for her favor: a possible heaven-and-hell situation for all three, holding in solution all the elements of limitless tragedy. The stage is small—three little English farms in a quiet corner of Shropshire, with only a far-off glimpse of South American cattle ranches; the real actors are few, only two lads and one maid. A scanty outfit, one thinks, for a tragedy; but all hell is there—the devil and his fiend-angels, playing fantastic and malicious tricks with human hearts. Mary Keir gives her inexperienced little heart to gay Michael Gray, the less worthy man, a fellow too selfish, fickle, reckless, and unprincipled to care deeply for or

be true to anybody. Chafing against civilized restraints, his rebellious blood and roving imagination long for some land "where there ain't no Ten Commandments"; so he soon departs for the rough life of the cattle ranches on South American pampas, leaving her behind without one genuine pang, with a promise to return to her at the end of three years—a promise "as false as dicers' oaths." The lonely, loyal-hearted girl, waiting in vain for letters from him, learns after a while that her affianced, Michael, in that rough, distant, lawless land, is living in a hut with a native woman, "a dark-eyed Spanish beauty"; and poor Mary's heart breaks with cruel anguish and with utter shame. Young Lion Occleve, always her honorable and manly friend, gave her such comfort as he could; and when time had somewhat soothed and calmed her agony, offered her again himself, his life, his all. With what heart she could, she yielded, let herself be married, went to his home, and was a blameless wife. Some quiet, peaceful years pass by, and then the roving, rotten-hearted Michael reappears in Shropshire. At dusk he walks the roads and prowls about the fields near Lion's home to catch sight of Mary. Seeing her crossing the daffodil fields, he intercepts her at the stile as the darkening dusk drops down. There they remain together from twilight till the church bells chime for nine. Then she enters her home, where her husband waits wondering why she does not come, flings down her wedding ring upon the table and says: "Lion, I have got to go. He has come back and I have got to go. Our marriage ends." She went. "Her footsteps ground the gravel to the gate; the gate-hinge made a sound like to a cry of pain." "After a while men learned where Mary was: over the hills not many miles away she rented a cottage, where Michael visited her every day." In Philadelphia, before the entrance to the Zoölogical Gardens, is a bronze group: an enraged lion stands over the dead body of his lioness, pierced through the vitals with an arrow. Woe betide the enemy whose arrow has deprived him of his mate if the lion overtakes him. Lions are much alike, and the same natural and honorable wrath rose in the heart of Lion Occleve against the destroyer of his home. The winter dwindled by and April came. Lion was at work in the daffodil field, pruning the hedges and cutting the brambles that raggedly overhung the brook. Slashing away fiercely, he looked up and saw Michael standing at the stile watching with "his old contemptuous smile of careless ease. Michael, the robber. A tumult ran like flame through Lion's brain. The golden daffodils trembled in the wind." He strode to Michael, tossing him the pruning hook, seized for himself a stake out of the hedge, and crying, "Now, we two will settle our accounts once and forever," struck at Michael's head. They fight till both lie dying, their heads among the bloodied daffodils. Then to fix up the stage completely for the closing scene, Mary comes, blubbers over Michael's body, "O, my love, my beauty, my golden-headed Michael!" and reproaches the dying Lion for killing her sweet lover. When the two bodies were laid out side by side in the Occleve house, this infatuated fool-girl does the first really sensible thing recorded of her: She droops her soft and silly little head and dies beside them like a daffodil cut by a scythe. After that the daffodil fields where these three

played as children had peace. That in brief is the outline of this vicious sordid story so dressed up with flowers. The case is covered by Rom. 6. 23: "The wages of sin is death." This book is John Masefield's latest. His versified tales have appeared in swift succession: The Tragedy of Nan; The Everlasting Mercy; The Story of a Round-House; The Daffodil Fields. His work is sensational. It gives a new sensation. It is something different. His genius is floral and picturesque. His stuff is often vulgar and vicious. He comes like a reformed tramp, his heart changed, but with hair still unkempt, mud on his shoes, and his mind not yet cleaned of the coarse things it once was filled with. As to Masefield's work, there are to-day "many men of many minds." It seems not the work of a literary man, but the literary work of another sort of man. Alfred Noyes, being cornered by an American reporter and obliged to say something, says: "He is a great poet, there is no question of that. He is one of the great men of our time. But one notices in his work a certain brutality, an occasional striving after the grotesque, the appalling, that is unpleasant. It is as if he were overanxious to make one feel uncomfortable. And then he is unscrupulous in his use of slang. That is the difference between him and Kipling. Kipling uses slang to great effect, simply because he never makes his slang carry his verses. It is only so much color worked in. But Masefield is just the opposite. He thinks nothing of forcing in a phrase, at no matter what cost in rhyming and effect. It is unfortunate." In these words Mr. Noyes is overgenerous in his praise and gentle as usual in his criticism, friendly and magnanimous toward a contemporary, compatriot, and alleged compeer. But the New York Evening Post, a journal of rare ability, dignity, penetration, and critical power, protests as follows: "We are asked to look upon Mr. Masefield's doggerel as portentous of a new and higher order of poetry. Not that Mr. Masefield cannot write as respectable verse as any one when he pleases. Much of his 'Story of the Round-House' would pass muster in any collection. Indeed, to a sane criticism the sea pieces in the latter half of that volume, together with a few descriptive passages in 'Dauber'—for Mr. Masefield, be it said, is as descriptive as any decadent of them all—constitute his best work. But it is not such matters as these—nor even his odd fancy for the rhyme royal, which reappears in his latest volume, 'The Daffodil Fields'—it is his violence, his licentiousness, in a word his barbarism, which is gleefully hailed as the first fruits of a genuinely modern English poetry by a chorus of enthusiastic admirers, who point triumphantly to his poetic atrocities as though they were so many spiritual qualities. It is all very bewildering. But it would be much more so were it not for certain characteristics of the time, which serve in a manner to define if not to explain the puzzle. In the first place, there is the current optimistic fatalism which is closely allied with the modern doctrine of progress. On the one hand, we cheerfully prate of eugenics as though the race, like a superior breed of cattle, were capable of indefinite improvement by its own efforts, and by taking thought we might add any number of cubits to our stature. On the other hand, we sigh despondently over Socialism as though, however undesirable, it were ineluctable by any

exertion on our part. And all the time for the physical development of the species we can do but little, while the growth of Socialism is entirely within our control. But in whichever way our interests or the accidents of the moment lead us to express ourselves with regard to any particular subject, we all agree with Hegelian fatuity that whatever happens must happen for the best, since it happens fatally—that every step is necessarily an advance, that all motion is promotion—in short, that anything and everything is progress. It is no wonder, then, that those whose daily thinking is pervaded with this genial philosophy should apply it to Mr. Masefield as well as to Socialism. You may not like him, they declare with exquisite irony, his halting stanzas, his limping versification, his vulgarity of expression, his indecency of theme; but there he is, and that is the end of it. And yet may it not be permissible to suggest that, after all, Mr. Masefield is not inevitable; he is not one of the great elemental forces of nature? On the contrary, the success of his writing depends entirely upon our indulgence; and if we indulge his work, we do so, not because it is either fatal or superior, but because it is agreeable with our own temper and disposition. That it is in harmony with certain ideas of the day it is impossible to deny. Above all, it falls in with the prevailing conception in accordance with which the term human has come to suggest all the vices, frailties, and errors of mortality. When we use the word humanity nowadays we imply, not the dignity of a creature made a little lower than the angels, but the debility of a species which has evolved a little from the brutes. Such is the connotation, a connotation little different from animal, with which science has gradually familiarized us—science, be it said, for it would not be fair to incriminate the sciences in detail, though some of them, pleasantly termed moral, are doing their best to confound the confusion and discredit even our noblest attainments by raking them back indiscriminately into the rubbish heap of our brutish origins. In this sense humanity has grown to signify the lower, baser, more instinctive elements of the race. And it is just this besotted humanity of which Mr. Masefield's verse is the living figure and illustration. The mean, the sordid, the degraded—these are the aspects of life with which he is the most concerned. In some respects, it must be acknowledged, his vision resembles Crabbe's; but it differs immeasurably in being totally devoid of moral atmosphere. His puppets are twitched by instinct, and by instinct alone. They seem to have no inhibitions. Whether they are in for murder or conversion, they proceed spasmodically and without scruple, compunction, or reflection. Like the lower animals, they act out of the immediacy of their nature; their pathos, for there is a kind of crude pathos about them, is the pathos of brute or insensate things. One and all they might serve as demonstrations of Stirner; they are examples of 'instantaneity.' For this reason there is something curiously automatic and machinelike about them. In this respect again Mr. Masefield flatters the inclinations of his time—in particular, its hankering for passion. Like every weak and febrile individual or generation, we have developed an ardent admiration for the more convulsive and elementary emotions. Nietzsche is an instance.

Strength for us has become a paroxysm; the most fitful and headlong impulses have come to exercise an uncanny fascination over our imagination. Witness the research of what our current literature calls passion. Under these circumstances we may congratulate ourselves that Mr. Masefield has rescued us from decadence by a resort to violence: the fact is that we have but exchanged one form of decadence for another. There are many forms of decadence; and if we are to have decadence at all, it is better to have the 'comely decadence' of Walter Pater than the obscene and unseemly decadence of Mr. Masefield." A recent dispatch from London informs us that Masefield will not be made Poet Laureate because he "is the poet of the hard, strenuous, dramatic things of life, rather than an inditer of courtly odes." His preparation for writing The Story of a Round-House was in the fact that he once shipped before the mast and knows the ocean and the ways and lingo of sailormen. His description of his ship's rounding of Cape Horn has been called one of the most terrific passages in the literature of the sea. The fact that he has worked among English agricultural laborers, and knows the Shropshire roads, farms and villages and all the rustic life, enables him to paint the pictures in his pastorals. We think his day will not be long. He is a sort of wayside weed blooming like a flower. For the most part he puts in verse such sordid narratives of squalid life in town or country as a certain school in fiction has made much of within the past decade or two.

America's National Game. By A. G. SPALDING. Pp. 542. New York: American Sports Publishing Company. Price, cloth, $2, net.

THE writer of this notice was walking along the board walk at Atlantic City with a young professor of English in a notable American College. The talk turned on the books he had brought with him to the seaside. One was Arthur Christopher Benson's volume of charming essays, Along the Road. Another was William Hazlitt's essays on The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. "And," he added with a whimsical smile, "I have A. G. Spalding's book on America's National Game." "That, too, is a classic," was the quick reply of the teacher of English. For hearty wholesome Americanism, for a sturdy sense of honesty and fair play, for an enthusiastic and graphic account of the place of baseball in the life of a great people, for an unconscious revelation of much that is characteristic of present-day American manhood—for all this in one volume of racy vivid narrative, the reader is recommended to go to America's National Game. Baseball began its real career with the Old Knickerbocker Club organized in 1845. New York and its environs first cultivated the sport. The Civil War made baseball a national institution. Soldiers North and South learned to play the game, and, coming home, they introduced it everywhere. At first an amateur game, it was realized that only as a professional game could it reach its true proportions. So began the evolution which has resulted in the great National and American Leagues. Hard battles were fought to deliver the game from gamblers and unscrupulous men of wealth who would have controlled it. These battles were so waged that baseball has become

the cleanest of the great sports. A quotation from an interview with Mr. Spalding, published in the last chapter of the book, will give an indication of its temper and its point of view. "The professional baseball player is doing more for his native country than anyone engaged in any form of sport has ever done for any country in the past. They say horse racing has resulted in improvement in horse-breeding; well, baseball has done something better, it has resulted in improvement in man-breeding. Aside from giving outdoor recreation to the public, the professional baseball player is by his example encouraging the boy to healthy sport with which not one unpleasant feature is connected. Little gambling is associated with baseball. When the game first started as a professional sport there was an effort made to saddle it with all the gambling features which beset the race tracks—pool-selling and all—and from 1870 to, say, 1875, the gamblers practically had control of our professional baseball. Every baseball park had its betting ring. This made decent people stay away, and interest in the game fell to a low ebb. Every error made was charged to crookedness upon the player's part, and not always probably unjustly. William A. Hulbert, of Chicago, had become interested in the game, and I explained all this to him. I was actually afraid the game would have to go. He wanted me to take my winning club from Boston to Chicago, and I told him that I would if he'd clean out the gamblers, and not otherwise. He said he'd try, and he did try, to mighty good effect. That saved the game, undoubtedly, and in the winter of the following year the National League was organized, and has been getting more and more important to the life of all America with the passage of each day since then." The following incident shows the loyalty of the professional baseball players to other players at its best. The brotherhood war was in progress, and Mr. Spalding had been delegated to make the effort to carry off one of the leading players and induce him to leave the players' organization. "I sent a note to Mike Kelly, the 'king,' then at the zenith of his popular career, whose sale I had manipulated at Chicago, to whom I could talk unreservedly and whose defection from the ranks of the enemy would cause greater consternation than that of any other, I thought. I invited Kelly to meet me at my hotel. He came. We passed the usual conventional civilities, talked about health, the weather, and kindred exciting topics, until at length I opened the ball with the question, 'How are things going with the game, Mike?' The conversation revealed that Kelly was completely dissatisfied. I thought the time was ripe. Placing a check for $10,000 on the table, I asked, 'Mike, how would you like that check for $10,000 filled out payable to your order?' 'Would Mike Kelly like $10,000? I should smile.' 'But that's not all, Mike. Here's a three-years' contract, and I'm authorized to let you fill in the amount of salary yourself.' His face blanched. 'What does this mean? Does it mean that I'm to join the League? Quit the brotherhood? Go back on the boys?' 'That's just what it means. It means that you go to Boston to-night.' Kelly declared that he must have time to think. He was given an hour and a half and departed. At the appointed time, I was awaiting him—and he came,

true to appointment. I didn't see much of encouragement in his face. His jaw was set, and there was a bright sparkle in his eye that somehow seemed to auger ill for the success of my mission. 'Well, Mike, where have you been?' I asked. 'I've been taking a walk,' he announced. 'I went 'way up town and back.' 'What were you doing?' 'I was thinking.' 'Have you decided what you are going to do?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, without hesitation. 'I've decided not to accept.' 'What?' I ejaculated. 'You don't want the $10,000?' 'Aw, I want the ten thousand bad enough, but I've thought the matter over, and I can't go back on the boys. And,' he added, 'neither would you.' Involuntarily I reached out my hand in congratulation of the great ball player in his loyalty. We talked for a little while and he borrowed $500 of me." Mr. Spalding illustrates the American interest in baseball by his estimate that there is an attendance of twenty-six million at various kinds of baseball games during the season. He tells stories of players and gives fascinating pieces of information about the development of this game. He has written a book in which baseball enthusiasts will take delight. If the old word of Terence, "All that pertains to humanity is of interest to me," applies to the preacher, he may well read this book. If he would understand the supreme interest of many of his boys, if he would be able to tell them things they do not know about their favorite sport, he should read this book. It will provide an open door to the friendship of many a boy who is hard to reach. But deeper than that, baseball provides a new vocabulary for many deeply important social and Christian truths. If you say to a young college athlete, "Be unselfish," he may listen with respect. He will not be greatly moved. If you say to him, "All your life think more of the success of the team than of your own batting record," he will be impressed. The baseball player is constantly learning lessons in practical unselfishness. The nine is his teacher in the meaning of a social organism. Professor Deissmann has made it clear that the New Testament was written in the vernacular of the time. Such books as this will help a man tempted to be too exclusively a man of the books of culture to speak in the vernacular of many men and boys about him whom otherwise he might never reach. The American boy will understand when he is asked if he does not want to sign up with the Big League in the Game of Life, with a Captain who never loses a game.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Battle of Gettysburg. By JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG, an Officer in the Campaign. Crown 8vo, pp. 463. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $2, net.

"BATTLE of Waterloo, madam? Well, we pounded the French and they pounded us, and we pounded the hardest; so we won the day." That was the Duke of Wellington's reply to a lady who chanced to be seated next him at a dinner table and who, with cheerful readiness to make the most of her accidental proximity to the Iron Duke, had briskly asked to be told all about the battle of Waterloo—between the courses of a formal dinner! The tremendous story of Gettysburg can no more

be told at a dinner table than could that of Waterloo. Concerning Gettysburg General Slocum said truly: "A battle greater than Waterloo, greater in the number of men engaged, greater in the loss of killed and wounded, and far greater in its effects upon the destinies of mankind." A still larger statement is that of Dr. Benjamin J. Lossing when, after referring to Professor Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World from Marathon to Waterloo, he adds: "To that record a sixteenth should be added—Gettysburg—for it was more decisive, solved a greater and more momentous problem of human history than any battle ever fought before or since." Andrew D. White declared it the most significant battle ever fought. That it was decisive of the issues of the Civil War is declared by such high Confederate authorities as Generals Longstreet and J. B. Gordon. It is exactly true that when Lee retired from Gettysburg overwhelmed with defeat, retreated from the soil of Pennsylvania, and crossed the Potomac, various things were practically settled; "it was settled that the American Union is indissoluble, that the Constitution of the United States is the organic law of the people, that no State has the right to defy the national power, that slavery must perish, that the whole land should be dedicated to human liberty; that there should be but one government, one flag, and one destiny for the whole American people." The story of that gigantic struggle requires this volume of 450 pages, in which a strong and brilliant writer, himself an officer in the campaign, a military critic of no ordinary capacity, gives with careful accuracy and intense vividness a comprehensive narrative of the awful conflict. It is not too much to say that the Battle of Gettysburg is reproduced to the reader's imagination upon these pages. The author has every possible qualification for his task—the advantage of his personal participation in the fight and in the whole campaign before and after, his perfect familiarity for many years with every foot of the ground fought over and marched over by the two contending armies, his mastery by long and critical investigation of the whole military history of the war, his exhaustive study of the records on both sides, and added to all these the diamond-pointed pen of a highly accomplished writer able to portray with clearness, solidity, and power. The comparison of Gettysburg with Waterloo recalls Victor Hugo's picture of the greatest European battle. That was not a history, but a drama constructed by a playwright and staged in the enormous theater of Hugo's lurid imagination: an exciting entertainment which communicated little knowledge. *Per contra*, the volume before us is informing as well as thrilling, and produces the more forceful, convincing, and lasting effect of truth and reality. The author begins with an account of the reasons which influenced Lee to move north and invade the State of Pennsylvania. General J. B. Gordon, one of the ablest of Confederate leaders and one of the manliest of men, in his very great lecture "The Last Days of the Confederacy," told on thousands of platforms North and South why the Southern army came North, partly as follows: "We needed fresh horses for our cavalry and artillery; we needed supplies of meat and grain; and we knew that the big fat farms of Pennsylvania were richly supplied with these. But

also social etiquette required us to visit you. Your armies had been down to visit us in our homes, many times, and had stayed a long while. It was high time for us to return your courtesies by paying you a visit in your homes. We were unwilling to seem ignorant of the rules of polite society, so we came to see you." Dr. Young names seven motives, as operating to decide the Confederate invasion of the North. So much of history, in fact the history of the first two years of the war, is brought to view in his statement of the seventh reason that we take space for it here: "A further element in the case, which, although not hinted at by General Lee in his report, had tremendous weight in the decision to enter upon the campaign, and in deciding certain phases of its policy, both tactical and strategic, deserves consideration just here—namely, the almost contemptuous estimate which the Southern leader and his officers and men had come to cherish concerning the fighting ability of the Army of the Potomac and the skill of its successive commanders. Since the battle of Fair Oaks, on the Peninsula, May 31, 1862, when Joseph E. Johnston was wounded and Lee was summoned to command the Army of Northern Virginia, the latter general had repeatedly met his opponents in battle. He had measured McClellan, tested him at all points, and taken his true weight. Indeed, one of Lee's most valuable assets—until Gettysburg—was his accurate insight into the methods, character, and skill of his antagonist. He had been taught to respect McClellan's skill in carrying out the retreat from the Peninsula; he had keenly felt the terrific punishment directed against the Southern Army by the Army of the Potomac, standing at bay at Malvern Hill; and he conceded McClellan's scholarship and engineering and organizing powers. But he had quickly come to recognize that general's constitutional defects—his lack of aggressive force, his disposition to manifold in his estimates the numbers against him, and his utter inability to recognize and use exigent opportunities. These qualities were all revealed at Antietam and South Mountain, where the Union commander's incapacity to see his opportunity (when by a singular chance he had secured a lost copy of Lee's order of march and battle, and thereby had it in his immediate power by expeditious action to destroy in detail the then widely separated Confederate army corps) must have awakened Lee's amazement, if not his scorn. When McClellan passed off the scene Lee played with Burnside in a tragic way at Fredericksburg, and made him and his great army the laughing stock of the Confederate forces. Then he measured swords with Hooker at Chancellorsville, and showed so little respect for him and his forces that in full light of day, having not half as many men as his opponent, he divided his little army in two, sent Jackson on his flank movement, breaking to pieces thereby in his audacity all the scientific canons of strategy and tactics as laid down by the masters of war for centuries, to fall on the Union right flank and beat it to fragments; then he united the two wings of his army and forced Hooker back into his entrenchments; and finally he turned to smite the struggling Sixth Corps at Salem, while Hooker, in seeming imbecility, with thousands of men eager to pitch in, was left to occupy

the woods and listen to the guns which testified that the chief part of the Army of Northern Virginia was concentrated on Sedgwick. Such utter contempt had he for Hooker that, before Hooker finally withdrew from Chancellorsville, Lee had made his plans, with his depleted force, to attack the Army of the Potomac in its strongly fortified position in the woods, with the avowed purpose of driving the Union Army in dismay into the swollen river in its rear. When one recalls the tragic story of the brave but discomfited, humiliated, mismanaged Army of the Potomac, a splendidly disciplined force, magnificently outfitted with artillery and equipment, well fed, well clad, ably officered, made up of the flower of the Northern States, and then led by incapacity and blundering into multiplied defeats and disasters, one does not marvel that the Army of Northern Virginia and its commander had reached that point of view in which they concluded that, in undertaking the movement into Pennsylvania, their opponent might just as well be left out of the reckoning. This spirit, pervading Lee and his army, made an element which must be considered in any discerning study of the campaign. Testimonies confirmatory of the view set forth in the foregoing paragraphs abound on every side. Colonel Fremantle, of the British Army, who spent some time with Lee's forces before and during the Gettysburg campaign, says in his Three Months in the Confederate States that the 'universal feeling in that army was one of profound contempt for an enemy whom they had beaten so constantly and under so many disadvantages.' One of Lee's best generals has suggested that in his opinion 'Lee's superb equipoise was threatened' by the remarkable successes he had won. Another one of his subordinates, Fitzhugh Lee, declares that his uncle's judgment 'was controlled too far by the great confidence he had in the fighting qualities of his troops, who begged only to be turned loose upon the Federals.' Mr. E. A. Pollard in his Lost Cause animadverts on this phase of the situation, and says that 'the Army of Northern Virginia, flushed with victory, was supposed to be equal to anything short of a miracle.' Captain Cecil Battine, the masterly English critic, in his Crisis of the Confederacy, pages 115 and 118, says: 'The horses had rested, the men were eager for action; confidence indeed ran to the dangerous excess of contempt for the foe—a foe by no means to be despised. . . . One thing seems certain: from the soldiers in the ranks to the chief of the Confederate armies a feeling of undue contempt for the adversary engendered a want of that caution which should mingle even in the most audacious enterprises of war.' The Comte de Paris, in his third volume of The Civil War in America, in opening the story of this campaign (page 451), after depicting the matured, disciplined, veteran army which had been brought together under Lee's command, specifies this particular feature which we have been dwelling upon: 'The extreme confidence which animated it, as we have observed, imparted to it immense strength on the field of battle, but it also inspired it with an imprudent contempt for its adversaries.' Another putting of this aspect of the case is made by Nicolay and Hay, who in opening their account of the invasion of Pennsylvania (Abraham

Lincoln: A History, vol. vii, p. 202) declare that the 'most audacious and ambitious hopes ever entertained by the Confederate government' were involved in this proposed campaign. 'They expected no less than to conquer a triumphant peace in this campaign of General Lee. They looked upon their army as a machine so perfect in composition and in discipline that it could go anywhere and do anything. If the Army of the Potomac stood in its way, they expected to beat it as they had done before.' The Confederate chieftain and his army had come to judge the Army of the Potomac, as well as its commanders, in respect to courage, fighting capacity, steadfastness, and enterprise, by the shortcomings and blunders of the Peninsula, the Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville campaigns, not discerning what the Union Army had understood from the beginning of its woes, that its only weakness was the lack of proper leadership. Never for one moment, in its darkest hours of dismay and depression—after Malvern Hill, and after Chancellorsville, for example—did the Army of the Potomac in its inmost thought question its own strength, courage, or temper; never did it lose faith in itself or in its heroic fighting capacity. It felt always that its only need was a commander able to appreciate its caliber and force and to handle it in battle. And at Gettysburg, with Meade at the head of the Union forces, the habit which Lee and his troops had formed of pluming themselves on their superiority to their opponents became finally a delusion and a snare." It is impossible in a book notice to follow the course of this volume. We cannot resist the temptation to quote some quaint bits of Lincoln's advice to General Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac. Warning Hooker not to attack Lee at Fredericksburg, the President writes: "In case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments and have you at disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting the advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs, front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river, I would keep on the same side, and fight him or act on the defense, according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own." When Hooker again proposed to cross the river at Fredericksburg, cut Lee's army in two and fight the fragments, and from there advance on Richmond, Lincoln replied: "I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your true objective point. If he comes toward the upper Potomac, follow on his flank and on his inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stays where he is, fret him and fret him." A little later the sagacious President added this suggestion to Hooker: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the Plank Road [a hundred miles away] between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very thin somewhere. Could you not

break him?" Here is a glimpse of General O. O. Howard, the devout soldier-Christian at Gettysburg: "Years afterward, in telling the story and reviewing the emergency, we heard Howard say: 'As I saw the present peril and foresaw the impending danger I bethought myself of the resources of Him who has all power, and I said to myself, God helping me, I will hold this hill until Meade and the rest of the army shall come.'" We quote a bit of Dr. Young's account of the heroic exertions of the Army of the Potomac, weeks before Gettysburg, when Lee's army was heading north: "The marching done during those early days of the campaign was accompanied with heroic exertions never surpassed in the history of that army. A single bit of experience from those strenuous days and nights may serve as a type of the burdens of toil and heat and prostration borne by the marching host in order to make sure that no possibility of advantage should be allowed to Lee in the campaign. Our division—Humphreys's—of the Third Corps, after three days and nights of marching and countermarching, digging rifle-pits, and doing picket duty along the Rappahannock, started on the evening of June 14 to march to Manassas Junction, following the course of the railroad. We marched all night, rested for a few hours in the morning, began again at noon, the heat being dreadful in its intensity and sultriness, and continued our journey until midnight of the fifteenth. General Humphreys in his report says of this task: 'The march was painful in the extreme, for, owing to the long-continued drought, streams usually of considerable magnitude were dried up; the dust lay some inches thick on the roadway, and the fields were equally uncomfortable. The suffering from heat, dust, thirst, fatigue, and exhaustion was very great.' The writer of this narrative had command that day over the rear guard of the division, and strove with his noncommissioned officers and provost guard in vain to keep the ranks closed up. Hundreds were smitten with exhaustion and sunstroke; the ambulances in the rear were crowded with soldiers taken desperately ill or stricken into insensibility, while many who at midnight contrived to get to Manassas Junction fell to the ground in their bivouac more dead than alive." That is war. Here is a glimpse of the fighting done on the second day at Gettysburg by the famous Ninth Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Captain John Bigelow, aged twenty-two: "This battery had done notable service in the defense of the Peach Orchard, and at the last of that fight had to retire firing 'by fixed prolonge,' a maneuver used only *in extremis*, when no horses remain to pull the cannon, and when it is impossible to stop firing the guns without losing them while being withdrawn from the advancing foe. Under such circumstances the limber and the gun fastened together for the time by the rope called the prolonge are dragged toward the rear in retirement, the men loading and firing off the piece while moving. By this movement the sharp-shooters of the enemy were for the time kept at bay. In the Trostle yard, back toward the line which McGilvery was trying to form, Captain Bigelow was directed to mass his guns in battery and hold that point at all risks until other batteries could be planted in the rear. Only four guns could be used—the other two were

sent to the rear—and for almost half an hour Bigelow and his men, under a terrible fire from the Confederates, served their four pieces in the effort to keep the Confederates back. When notified that the line in his rear was completed, Bigelow, severely wounded, and the men who were left alive, fell back to the rear, leaving their guns for the time—these were brought in later that night. Bugler Reed won a medal of honor by his gallantry in rescuing his wounded captain from the foe, mounted on a horse and holding the officer on another while they rode to the rear. When the oncoming Confederates, including Barksdale's Mississippians, had driven Bigelow's men back from the Trostle House, they found themselves facing what that little band of men had for the time sheltered—a line of thirty cannon, now blazing in their faces. Longstreet withdrew most of his men from the region in front of Little Round Top to the region beyond the Peach Orchard for their bivouac when the night had closed in, after his terrific but unavailing assaults had proved abortive." We cannot refrain from quoting our author's recollection of the close of that awful second day's fighting: "Out of the tumult and confusion of that final hour there remains in my memory one indelible impression. In the very crisis of the fight, while we were struggling to press back the temporarily victorious Confederates, I happened to be facing south, toward the Devil's Den, when out against the sky, darkened by battle smoke and the oncoming night, there flashed the spectacle of an exploding caisson, the wheels, the arms and legs of dismembered human beings, and detonating shells, all mingling together in the instantaneous picture—and then the darkening heavens covered the awful scene with its merciful veil." That is war. The only drawback to this valuable history, this powerful book, is the difficulty of laying it down, when one ought to be going to sleep or attending to other matters; as our experience with it proved to us one June afternoon at Tilton Seminary in New Hampshire. An entirely adequate and satisfying book on a tremendous subject, the greatest conflict of armed hosts recorded in human history, the fiftieth anniversary of which is being celebrated on the battlefield this very month by the survivors of both armies and by official representatives of the reunited republic.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1913

Art. I.—NEC TIMEO

The death-fear of great-heart Sam Johnson plows a deep furrow in his burly history. How that fear cut at his face like a sword which never sought sheath! Nor need we wonder. Death is a sinister figure ever in sight and ever in everybody's sight along all roads of life. Death will not hide himself from view. He swaggers; modesty is not in his mien. He has an exaggerated opinion of himself. Just because no one may elude him, he thinks greatly of himself. He is only a barnacle attaching himself to everybody's ship, though anybody knows the barnacle is no advantage to the ship. Quite otherwise.

In the pages of the gruff old literary dictator the haunting fear of death constantly intrudes in the deeper moments and movements of his soul. Death peers grimly down and the great brain and the great heart are beaten down by it. Beasts have no fear of death. They solely strive for life. A wounded animal or bird is a pathetic fearlessness. Death-fear comes from thought: the passing out into the insufferable space where all is sightless as a mist slanted through by a cold and drizzling rain! It is amazing to be alive; it is amazing not to be alive. To look at one's corpse lying cold, pulseless, white, majestically wept over, but not wakened by the weeping—who of us but is hit hard by that scene? To have been here in the house of life so long and then to vacate and leave the key in the lock, but never to turn it again in all, *all* the years which smoke along the narrow pathway of the

centuries—that chills the blood of most of us. We have contracted a taste for life. We have fallen into its homely ways: we have camped by its fires lit by our own hands, and cut the wood with which we have fed the homely kitchen fire where our daily meal was prepared, have forded the stream wimpling along the shallows, or have waded hip deep ("Wakarusa," said the Indian wader), and have followed the gentle cattle home, and have regaled the chickens with a meal till they looked on us wholesomely as their givers of bread, when they were, in reality, our givers of meat; have worked the day through till the dark, and have sat down in the gloaming with a quiet voice to listen to the whippoorwills, have gone to sleep, and at the end of the night have risen with the dawn to take up life's same simple tasks anew with gladness and singing; have gone to church and have prayed and hoped and sung and repented, have caught the world's joy to our heart, have listened to the world's quips and joined in at the world's laughter, till nothing of all the doings of this big strong world seemed incongruous—we of it, and it of us; and then some time near by it will all stop like an outworn watch, and others shall light the fire and fare forth to the field and carol with the dewy dawn; and the flowers and winds and woodsides and prairies will not even know we have departed! Such thoughts dig cruel rowels in our sides till they bleed like a soldier to his death. Blessed for most of us that we are so crowded and happy and tired as not to have time to think of these things often, scarcely at all, but it rushes to be gone, to vanish like a swift-flying dove vanishes in the darkening heavens. Death is not neighborly, although ever near. I blame not beloved, wholesome, great Johnson that death smote him in the face like a plowman's hand, so that he winced. It was natural.

His grasp of elemental humanness and moralities did not let him look sidewise at death. It was ever his bluff way to look things and men full in the face, but to look at death he was afraid. It was pitiful to hear his voice tremble and to see his color vanish at the voice of Death—pitiful, but not strange; no, never strange. Death is ever at the advantage; we never at the advantage. Death is as a robber in the dark; you cannot see him, but he can see you

and stab and slash. You fight at random, he with virulent sagacity. His pugnacity is bloody and mortal in intent; hazardless to him, hazardful to you. He never will fight in the open; for aught we know, death is a slinking coward. To flout brave, blunt, boisterous Johnson is singularly easy, but not equally witful. Johnson is as natural as swaying shadows and the falling rain and as transparent as hill air. The adventure into the desert where there is no way is fraught with nescience. We must grow resolute to face it. Death comes hard to the resolute hand and skilled brain and restless and resistless human energy. It seems so like spilling peculiarly precious jewels into the deep parts of the sea, this adventuring of the death. What advantages it that we die? Might we not as well stay? Would it crowd the tavern if we stayed? Now that is the sobriety of the doctrine of death. But for him we should crowd the tavern of life. If the Platos, and Pauls, and Dantes, and Shakespeares, and Miltons always stayed, there would be no room for all the rest of us. The tavern keeper would say carelessly to adventurers coming to his hostel, "All the rooms are full; no room for you in the inn," as was once the pitiful case when the Lord of all the worlds there are came and asked a night's lodging and then slept among the cattle! No, death serves a great world purpose. He empties the rooms so that newcomers may be lodged. Yet not the less it is hard on the old lodger who took his ease at his inn to be thus ordered out, and to be turned out in the dark and the hearth-fire and lamp extinguished in his room. Why should we not be afraid? The method of death is ruthless and we cannot get used to it. I have seen it so often, have heard the tear plash and have seen the tearful hand leap to the heart that was in pain like a sword thrust because the beloved should open the door no more. *No more!*

Dying seems so like stepping into a void, like walking off a sea cliff to whirl into a shrieking, shambling sea, and the place that knows us knows us no more, but there shall we struggle in the regurgitant waves, that tiger about us in the stifling void. In the Titanic disaster there was something frankly horrible when the cold Labrador sea, without anger and in placid peace, sucked

the floating humans down, nor paused to listen to their cry. I saw them; I see them now; bubbles that floated a moment and broke, and left but a drop of wet breath on the ocean's face. And that was how death looked as old Johnson peered into its face. I do not wonder that he shivered and drew the kindly coverlet of loving companions over his head to shut out the fearsome look.

And yet—is not this essay entitled "Nec Timeo"? Has the author forgotten his theme? He has in his lifetime forgotten much, and we shall not be surprised if his theme has been forgotten, though, in good sooth, it has not. He has been writing on the horror of darkness; the bleak moor where, wading in the sullen dark, the morass catches the traveler's feet and sucks them slowly, and then swiftly, down, but sucks down while the road winds on and the stars go out and all sobbing is as silent as the dead. Brains cannot ignore death nor his crude laceration, and we all so helpless and forlorn! This is not a chapter, rather a half-chapter in the serious drama which could readily eventuate in a tragedy with blood and swords and sobs and calls of force and fear and great dying, the slaughter of the mightiest battle man ever knew. We need not try to pull ourselves into saying Death is not grim and horrible. He is both, and more. This writer recalls having spent nearly a week with Daniel A. Goodsell a scant fortnight before he died. That it was a golden week goes without saying. That quick mentality was at ease and in poise and his foil was never sheathed. His conversation was scintillant. He spoke out of his heart. "I never felt better, nor so well in years," said the deep voice; and in a fortnight he was as dead as earth, though his memory is like the fragrance of growing things at every blossoming spring.

Dr. Johnson was as robust a moral intelligence as our race has ever known and has spoken as witful words concerning eternal righteousness as any man since the apostolic days. He believed in God; he believed also in Christ, but had not caught the Sun full on his face—the Sun called Christ. He was not quite master of the daylight. The valley of the shadow of death darkened his noon. He was an earthly mortal; he was of the earth; earthily, but

not regally, could he see the Lord from heaven. When we watch Johnson we can never do so with a sense of rancor nor with gelid soul. He was so human, so humorous, so child of the clod, so winged and so broken-winged, one of the most human humannesses ever begotten on the ground. He smelled the grave breath, but not the lily breath. He felt the winter of death, but not the spring, with bird call, with flower call, with Christ call. The voice of Jesus on a tossing wave of the sea in the night, calling cheerily above the toil of rowers and the crush of waves and the creak of oar-locks, where hid sailors leaned at the oars, "Be of good cheer; It is I; be not afraid"—that voice Johnson did not quite hear, though he needed to hear it, as we all need to hear it. What a brave light in the darkness—and how quenchless! "Be not afraid." That is our luminous word, and needed. Without it life is bound to become hysterical at sight of death and the grave. "Nec timeo"—Neither fear I—grows out of Christ's "Be not afraid" as a tulip grows out of its bulb. It is not that the grave has been denaturized, but that Christ has shown a way out of the grave. We are on a road and we cannot be stopped. "The grave is an inn of a pilgrim on the way to Jerusalem" are sweet words which mark an apocalypse. To meet death, then, with an habitual smile is a great deliverance, and no sane man can deny it. Brave people have ever died bravely. But there has been much dying which has been as the dying of a criminal at the scaffold, more than a little spectacular. Christian dying has been putting on the wedding garment and going in to the marriage. Said an aged and beautiful minister of God as he lay dying, and thanking a preacher friend for having come to see him one other time, "I shall soon see God." Frankly, talk like that is too deep for tears and too high for stars. It springs above the head a sky quite out of all human devising or human revising. A faltering breath, a broken speech, a failing sight, so that, with a sob of Tennyson,

> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,

and at that moment of dusky vision, upon the man rushes an apocalypse of the very far off to which one flash of wings will bear the soul! That is glorious, glorious! "There is a way out" is

what the Christ-version of death has to say. No trepidation, only a waiting until God shall give us a good-night kiss.

In Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is seen a hesitancy like that of Johnson's, but looking a little deeper into the breaking day. That poem has the light turned low and then a sigh at the dark, a half sobbing and hesitant setting forth into the boat called "Death." And here is a normal expression of our earthly life touched gravely by the Christ, but not washed with the sunlight of the Christ. It is an accurate rendering into speech of the twilight of faith, which would yet advance and not retrace its dull steps on the wave-washed sands. It is Tennyson all through and through, half hesitant, half unhesitant, lit with the gloaming—but still out toward Christ. Brave and strong and hushed his poem is, and lonely. In it is no triumphant rush of voice, no angel's song, no abundant morning where "bloom the lilies of eternal peace."

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

So Tennyson's twilight just passed a little beyond Dr. Johnson's fear and frankly expressed horror of the grave, yet with a wild clutch at the pierced hand of Christ. And the relationship between tavern-haunting old Sam Johnson and the lonely, solitary Tennyson is alluring and very heartening to thought and faith.

Two manly souls, both looking in the same direction, both knowing they could not stay for always here, both knowing they could not live alone and that they dare not die alone, both broken into in their mental and spiritual fervors by the voice of God, both looking askance at death; and the face of Johnson is pale and the face of Tennyson is quiet; and yet I will profess that old Johnson minds me of brave Peter, feet sinking in the weltering wave, and who cannot disengage himself from the cumbering death, but with a wild cry brings himself help, "Lord, save, or I perish." The collocation of the death-mood of Johnson and the death-mood of Tennyson greatly moves my soul.

Howbeit, the unnamed preacher's "I shall soon see God" has a spaciousness which neither lexicographer nor poet knew. His words had wings for flight and sky which theirs have not.

Paul's death-mood is like trumpet's blowing—is like Enoch Arden when his voice lifted and sang, "A sail, a sail!" Paul had learned what he knew from Christ. He said so; and we know so. And an *aside* of John touching Jesus is like a sun-up; that aside is where it is remarked that "Jesus knowing that he had come forth from the Father and must return to the Father." What a transcendent view of death that is! How shall we grovel after hearing talk like that, or know darkness after having had sun-up like that? In a word, Jesus's view of death was, He was going home. And people are not afraid of going home, only homesick for it. And Paul, whose schoolmaster was Christ, sings, but does not sob, "The time of my departure is at hand." The boat is ready and the sea is here and, as regards death, it is to him only "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Paul is not acquiescent, but triumphant. He wants to try the sea. "Now we know in part"—but then! but then! !

And into this version of *nec timeo,* the "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," strides great Browning's very great "Prospice," quite the most triumphant march tune to which death has ever been set since the sayings of Jesus and Paul. The poem requires silence as a comment. It is too triumphal for commentary. The rush, the shout, the absence of fear, the fight, seem to say there is fun in death.

This poem has no kinsman. One poem like "Prospice" suffices while the earth grows hoary. We shall be singing that tune when time makes voyage to eternity.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall come first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Nec timeo!

William A. Quayle

Art. II.—GEORGE ELIOT

Marian Evans, known to all students of English literature as George Eliot, was born in Warwickshire, the county of Shakespeare, on the twenty-second of November, 1819, the natal year also of Queen Victoria and John Ruskin. The scenery of the Midland shires has little of the wild and romantic grandeur of Wales or of that of the Derbyshire Peak and the Lake district, yet it possesses its distinctive charm, a serene seductive loveliness peculiar to the pastoral landscapes of the valleys of the Avon and the Trent. We journey along quiet roads, beneath o'ershadowing oaks and elms, past villages with black-timbered and white-paneled cottages where ancient manor houses, deeply thatched barns, and quaint farmsteads present those exquisite gradations of color for which time and weather are the artists. Their roofs are cushioned with rich mosses, their summer gardens ablaze with the abundant blossoms of the marigold, the hollyhock, and the dahlia. The churches, in a ripe, yet vigorous age, repeat the story of Plantagenet and Tudor times. Around their square stone towers and blunted steeples cluster hamlets and towns on whose side streets one may discover the humbler chapels of the Puritan and the Methodist. The highway built by the Roman masters runs through the center of this peaceful province, the road which Shakespeare trod when he passed to renown in the huge city to the southeast. It crosses ancient bridges spanning brimful streams where lines of willows fringe the water courses bordered by lily pads. Here is a posting house such as Dickens loved to sketch, and there a castellated residence encircled by an extensive park in which nodding antlers arise from the bracken. The hedgerows are full of unmarketable beauty; the purple nightshade, the many-tinted honeysuckle, and the delicate brier roses ramble and climb over the hawthorn bushes, casting a subtle penetrating fragrance on the passer-by. True, there is nothing magnificent or overwhelming in the scenery of the Midland counties. It has no break of the hills, no bold dip of the valleys, but its tranquil restfulness has nourished once and yet again the genius of intro-

spective thought, of large-minded and equable contemplation. And here the peasant and the plowright retain in an unconscious genealogy the speech of the Elizabethan period, using in their dialect the grammatical formations and case endings of Marlowe and Jonson. Future years, with their merciless haste, may relegate "Loamshire" (George Eliot's name for Warwickshire), its people, its ways, and its language to the dim recesses of the past. Prompted by the present tendency to substitute elaborate analysis for direct representation, the novel of to-morrow may sweep away such delightful relations; and Mrs. Poyser's conversation eventually become as archaic as that of Chaucer's characters. That the great moral incentives which were inspired here will ever be swept away is not an admissible speculation.

Robert Evans, the father of Marian, was of typical yeoman stock, a man of sterling worth, successful in business, the trusted agent of the local gentry, and an expert whose valuations of leaseholds, mines, and agriculture were widely known and respected. His famous daughter was the youngest of three children born of his second wife, Christiana Pearson. The first twenty-one years of the future novelist's life were spent at Griff House Farm, on the Arbury estate, near Nuneaton. The experiences of those years are woven into the stories of *The Mill on the Floss* and *Scenes from Clerical Life*. The dingy little town of Nuneaton is the "Milby" whose political, social, and theological history has become an essential part of literature. Maggie and Tom Tulliver are to a large extent embodiments of George Eliot and her brother Isaac. Their home has remained in much the same condition for nearly a century—a substantial dwelling of warm appearance, with a luxuriant tangle of ivy flung over the gables and its casement windows hidden by creepers and jessamine. A pathway runs the length of an old-fashioned kitchen garden, ending in the arbor with the stone table suggestive of that summer house at Lowick where Dorothea found Mr. Causabon sleeping his last sleep. The Arbury woods mantle the horizon with somber green, the woods in which little black-eyed Catherina discovered the dead body of Anthony Wybrow in the rookery of Cheverell Manor—the Arbury Hall of Mr. Evans's employer,

which is described with such tender and lingering familiarity Attleborough, Nuneaton, and Coventry were the places chosen for the education of the future authoress, who was easily the favorite pupil of her mistresses. The excellence of her mind was enhanced by correct tastes in literature and a passion for music. Her peculiarly shaped face, with its appealing eyes, the low even tone of her voice, her retiring demeanor and modest bearing impressed those who were admitted to her friendship, and caused them to remember her long after she had disappeared from their personal observation. In 1835 she finally left school to attend her mother in her last illness, and after the marriage of her sister she assumed entire charge of the domestic arrangements at Griff House. These were admirably managed, upon her own principle that dinners should be eaten and debts should be paid without discussion. But the earlier glamour had vanished; the making of cheese and butter offered no outlet for the powers which cried aloud within her. Her brother Isaac, the companion of her imaginative childhood, was now a grown man, quite remote from her tastes, who found his satisfaction in crops, corn, and hunting. Intellectually she was alone, and she keenly felt her position. "The only thing I would care to dwell on in regard to this period would be the absolute despair I suffered from fear I should never be able to do anything. No one could have felt greater despair; and a knowledge of this may be a help to some other struggler." Such was the confession of after years. Thrown upon her own resources, she devoted every available moment to study, advanced her musical acquirements, and secured a further knowledge of Italian and German.

Her removal to Coventry requires emphasis, since it marks the beginning of an epoch in her strangely varied career. Mr. Evans had retired from active life and his daughter was now brought within reach of the culture she had so ardently craved. She became intimate with the Brays and their brother, Mr. Hennell, who resided at Foleshill, a suburb of Coventry. Their friendship was destined to effect radical and far-reaching changes in George Eliot's beliefs and general outlook. These recently discovered congenial spirits were tinctured with skepticism. They had revolted against the current orthodoxy of the evangelicals

and advocated the aggressively social side of Christianity, then widely neglected, basing their plea upon purely intellectual notions. Both Mr. Hennell and his sister, Mrs. Bray, had published their contention that the Christian religion could be explained by normal causes which had their origin in the fundamental needs of human nature. These publications were read and accepted by George Eliot at a critical juncture, not so much for what they were in themselves, but rather because they fostered the doubts and interrogations which beset her own mind. The narrow formulas of the exclusive and intolerant creeds in which she had been reared were cast aside, although it should be carefully noted that she always retained the essential temper of her training. At Hennell's suggestion she undertook the translation of the *Leben Jesu* by Strauss; a formidable task for one scarcely twenty-five, whose right hand was perceptibly larger than her left because of the discipline of the dairy and whose entire life had hitherto been spent in surroundings and occupations of the most prosaic kind. The physical and mental strain incurred by the task of translation gave her friends considerable anxiety. The work, however, was done, and well done; the English version appearing in 1846 and winning her the thanks and compliments of Strauss himself.

Curiously enough, Sir Walter Scott seems to have aided her release from the Procrustean bed of dogma on which she had been racked since she awoke to reflection. In after years she named the novelist in this connection, together with her allies, the Coventry Socinians. That Scott profoundly influenced the Tractarian exaltation of mediævalism is familiar to students of that movement, but how he could have given direction to George Eliot's very different development is not so apparent. Yet he undoubtedly did, and this after her previous distaste for novels and novelists. She had once conceded that both he and Cervantes had solid merits, adding, however, that they must be read with discrimination. But now the romances of Sir Walter, which are said never to have made one young man doubt nor one young woman blush, refreshed her jaded condition by reason of their catholicity. For Scott is moral as nature is moral. He holds no distinctly moral truth in the con-

stant view of the reader. He does not stop, as Thackeray did, to enforce an ethical lesson nor allow his art to be disturbed by an interjected homily. Neither does he associate all possible good with one sect or all possible evil with another. Cavaliers and Roundheads, Romanists and Protestants, Anglicans and Covenanters, were alike grist for his mill. He leaned toward the aristocracies whose persecutions he depicted and was compelled to admire the heroism of the stern sectaries whose divisions and strifes he deplored. George Eliot reveled in his breadth, and after swallowing his eclectic treatment of human nature in reptilian fashion she rejected the straiter notions of those puritans who asserted that there could be no goodness and no virtue apart from an acceptance of their own doctrinal standards.

In moving toward the regions of untrammeled thought her exultant sense of relief and freedom was followed by a proselytizing impulse. She strongly desired to sound forth to other imprisoned spirits the tidings of deliverance. But the purpose was quickly abandoned and her enthusiasm sobered by the sentiments she recorded at this moment: "Intellectual agreement seems to be unattainable, and we turn to the truth of feeling as the only universal bond of vision. . . . It is quackery to say to everyone, 'Believe my opinions and you shall be whole.' . . . Ought we not, then, to seek to have our feelings in harmony, though not in union, with those who are richer in the fruits of faith, though not of reason, than ourselves?" This was her attitude throughout her entire course; in an attenuated sense she exemplified the doctrine of final perseverance. While insisting on the necessity for free discussion and honest confession of all beliefs, she was careful not to ridicule the faith nor the creeds of others. Perhaps so timely and courteous a hearing was hastened by a temporary yet painful estrangement between father and daughter. Marian's theological and social radicalism was a heresy intolerable to Mr. Evans. He refused to encourage such extravagances in any way, and left the home rather than be suspected of favoring them. Ultimately a reconciliation was effected, after which they clung to each other with renewed devotion until death separated them. During his remaining days she was employed at intervals in translating

Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.* At this time, 1848, the French uprising against King Louis Philippe was watched by her with consuming interest, and she made some pungent comments on the international situation of Europe. Her fear was that a similar overthrow of monarchy in Britain would be detrimental rather than helpful, since British politicians were too much swayed by self-seeking and too lacking in logical perception and love of justice to follow in the wake of Lamartine and Louis Blanc. She raged against "the loathsome fawning, the transparent hypocrisy, the systematic giving as little as possible for as much as possible that one meets with in England at every turn." Like Matthew Arnold, she sought the French classics for her consolation, according fulsome praise to Rousseau and George Sand. "Despite all that has been said of the former," she writes, "his genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual frame which has awakened me to new perceptions, which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me. The rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim shadows in my soul." Of George Sand, her superior as an artist, her inferior in everything else, she says: "It is sufficient for me, as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that great power of God manifest in her, that I cannot read six pages without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results, and some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such truthfulness, such a nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and withal such gentle, loving humor, that one might live a century with nothing but one's dull difficulties and not learn as much as these six pages suggest."

In the meantime her father, the honest, sturdy Englishman who dwelt far from these more recent objects of her submissive reverence, and whom she afterward immortalized in Adam Bede, was rapidly nearing the end. She soothed his last hours by reading the Bible to him. Its words, so divine, so sustaining, contained in a version equally untouched by the splendor of Elizabethan and the excess of Jacobean prose, and marked by the noble simplicity of ancient days, were the last that fell upon his ears and bade him

be of good cheer. Death released him on May 31, 1849. "What shall I do? It seems as if part of my moral being were gone!" she ejaculated. The cry came from the heart of her searchings and her sorrows. It revealed her dependency, her constant clinging to protection, her womanly need, despite her marvelous gifts, of some strong silent nature on which to lean. Journeyings to and fro with the Brays and a year at Geneva with the D'Alberts somewhat lessened the poignancy of her grief, but she was bereft indeed, deprived of that better part for which she incessantly longed. She returned to London without any expectation of finding it there. Yet England was the place of her duty, despite her wounded affections. The hope left at the bottom of the chalice of which she had deeply drunk was, that in her future life she would be granted some task, some possibility of self-development, where she might see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the lives of others. Certainly she had attained a notable stature. She had enlarged her intimacies with the world of varying ideas and beliefs, while in her spirit lay a residuum of evangelicalism which nothing could volatilize or destroy. After 1851 her native shire and its primitive rusticities were to become memories she could neither escape nor neglect, however prolific the future might prove to be. But that she realized the aspirations of her new venture could scarcely be affirmed without considerable qualification.

George Eliot's translation of Strauss had already obtained for her an entrance into the literary circles of the capital. She was offered and accepted the assistant editorship of the *Westminster Review,* to which she contributed the essay on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness" and additional articles in which recur those gleams of wisdom and insight which had a fuller setting elsewhere. The newcomer was not dazzled by what she found among the celebrities. She retained a judgment and a sense of proportion which were absent from her criticisms of the French writers. Toward Mill and Thackeray she was cold and distant, and she shrank from avowing the extent of her dislike for Carlyle. The defects of Dickens were as abundant as his merits. She had parted company with Harriet Martineau, and her admiration for Ruskin was tempered by an opposite feeling. Both the Newmans

she highly esteemed, and lost no opportunity to hear the illustrious convert in his pulpit at Edgbaston. At this period Herbert Spencer was her mentor, and while measurably aware of his shortcomings, she foresaw the position he afterward reached. The quiet little lady, who seldom joined in the conversation at Foleshill—but when she did was heard with consentient respect—showed her independence and poise in the larger realm. It seemed strange that a woman who had spent her formative years in a static sphere, among inert forces which were socially stable, and away from the flux which helps to make ideas and history, should be so authoritative. But thus it was, and thus it remained. She was still as affectionate, sensitive, and proud as when she lived in Maggie Tulliver. Her talents ripened successfully and slowly. No literary reputation of the century rose so high after having begun so late. The even fullness of her powers, original or acquired, lasted only thirteen years. Imagination was already fading when observation and reflection were at the zenith. Seriousness was the one constant and uniform quality which never failed her. Everywhere she perceived elements of her childhood faith and studied them with amazing intensity and exactitude. Vital experiences, and not hearsay, had witnessed in her the profounder meanings of grace, conversion, fellowship, and communion.[1] What differences ensued in her spiritual evolution have been characterized by Lord Acton as a change, not from external conformity to avowed indifference, but from earnest piety to explicit negation. "The knowledge of many devout secrets accompanied her through all her vicissitudes. She drew the best of her work from her religious reminiscences, treating them neither with learned analysis nor flexible curiosity, but with a certain grave sympathy and gratitude." These outstanding traits increase the difficulty of presenting even a fragmentary analysis of her inner being. No spirit's loss or gain is fully revealed save to the All-Seeing One, and why George Eliot entered into an unmarried relation with George Henry Lewes is still a baffling problem. This fatal mistake was committed in 1854, and over it she afterward hovered uneasy and distressed.

[1] The Theology of Modern Fiction, by T. G. Selby, pp. 9–65.

It plunged her into an inevitable conflict with society, which could not forgive so bold a defiance of the accepted canons of Christian ethics. Her own view of the issue has been well stated by Lord Acton, and can hardly fail to be of interest:

> The sanctions of religion were indifferent to her after neglecting its doctrines, and she meant to disregard, not the moral obligation of marriage, but the social law of England. Neither the law which assigned the conditions of valid marriage, nor that which denied the remedy of divorce, was of absolute and universal authority. Both were unknown in some countries and inapplicable in certain cases, and she deemed that they were no more inwardly binding upon everybody than the edicts of Louis XIV upon a Huguenot or the penal laws upon a Romanist. George Eliot can neither be defended on the plea that every man must be tried by the canons to which he assents, nor censured on the plea that virtue consists in constant submission to variable opinion. The first would absolve fanatics and the second would supersede conscience. It is equally certain that in this alliance she acted in conformity with that which she esteemed right at the time, and in contradiction to that which was the dominant and enduring spirit of her work.

The distinguished historian's explanation is more able than convincing. Justice and charity demand its insertion here, but the plain facts, as the sequel substantiated them, are as follows: she had to deny herself to old friends, to pass among strangers under a name which belonged to the injured wife of Lewes, to earn with her pen an income for the woman whose place she usurped, and to endure a moral bondage which dragged at each remove a lengthening chain. She urged with pathetic gravity that she knew what she was losing. It is more than doubtful that she did. The Alsatia of poets, painters, and musicians in which she was then a habitant supplied no such clearness of perspective or atmosphere as the crisis required. Ostensibly she had parted with an uncongenial family, resigned a small group of acquaintances and a still obscure position in the world of letters. What she really sacrificed was liberty of speech, the undisputedly foremost rank among the women of her time, and, last and greatest, her own peace of mind. Her ill deed was, at the least, selfishness, and selfishness in a most repulsive form; its consequences ran athwart her best work. She expounded all phases of the love of the sexes, but her expositions were cramped by the limitations of

her illicit union. It made her indulgent toward sentiments which were repugnant to her better self. Where in her pages love looks downward and away from the ethereal and the pure, her presentations are masterly; where it wings an upward flight toward its true home, she follows with uncertain and waning motions. There are two notable exceptions to this generalization, otherwise it remains intact and conveys its own lesson.

Lewes's fortunes were at a low ebb when she met him, and although he stimulated her genius for fiction and dispelled her melancholy, he undervalued the prize he had lawlessly secured. He did not realize until it was too late that she was worthy of a better fate than that to which he had helped to consign her. A boisterous iconoclast, with little confidence in the generous aspects of humanity, and a positive aversion for Christianity, he attempted to repress her love for the Holy Scriptures and alienate her reverence from solemn ritual and ceremony. Happily, in these efforts he failed, and her religious life, such as it was, she maintained against his adverse pressure.

Step by step, for good or evil, her pilgrimage had now brought her to a chilling solitude. Detached from former associations, estranged from the best and noblest human intercourse, secluded with a man whose views she could not entirely accept, yet to whom she was forced to look for intellectual companionship, she found all too late that the renunciation had severed her from the better half of the world. Still, that which was left to her after the catastrophe she saw the more clearly because of its appalling diminution. Her frequent references to marriage and the powerful and eloquent passages in which she expatiates on the momentous significance of the conjugal relation reveal the emotions which shook her to the center. Sir William Robertson Nicoll says, as I remember his words, that George Eliot comprehends in some measure the vastness and variety of human life. She sees beyond individual personal relations the larger activities of the race, she understands that all souls are linked, and that the separation of the life of the individual from the life of the mass ends assuredly in a blind and cruel isolation. We cannot recall any perfect marriage in George Eliot's books. There are happy marriages,

but they are not the blissful wedlock of completely matched and mated natures. Dinah was content with Adam, and Mrs. Barton dearly loved her poor husband, yet much was wanting. Perhaps the authoress would have argued that it was better so, and that love finds its coveted opportunity for concession and sacrifice in such imperfections.

The mental and moral import of her output has been widely praised. The men and women of light and leading who met under the acacia tree at Foleshill had predicted her achievements, and eventually she became the common interest of widely separated groups. The two Scherers, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Hutton, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. F. W. Myers have united in declaring that she possessed a combination of qualities and gifts seldom, if ever, exceeded by man; that her books were the high-water mark of feminine genius, and that she was among women what Shakespeare was among men. Frederick Denison Maurice cited *Romola* in his Cambridge lectures on ethics. Few teachers or preachers had her opportunities or her power, and her influence was as pervasive as it was paramount. She gratified the novel readers who sought entertainment and the thrill of sustained interest. She provoked the deepest speculation of many who never looked into any work of fiction save hers. The general characteristics of the mid-Victorian period were reflected in her books. They are replete with the ideas and throbbings of the life of the people. The sacredness of the humdrum was always one of her strongest convictions. She felt it a duty to check the restlessness of that large portion of mankind which seeks an escape from vocations she knew to be intrinsically lofty. During the latter years her methods were very high and somewhat remote from the average understanding, but no taint of intellectual exclusiveness polluted her sympathies. Her vital creations are those village saints and worthies who have never been properly regarded by lesser lights in literature. The shadowy Jew whom she sketched as an ideal man is dim and lifeless; even the last hours of Savonarola as she depicts them exemplify the word of Saint Paul, "whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away." But Adam Bede, Caleb Garth, and Dinah Morris are typical of the simple home-

loving beings who labor honestly till the end of the day and seek to make others blessed and happy. Such human groups she thoroughly understood, and drew them with clearness divine. She had an extraordinary apprehension of the natural dignity and even majesty of the good who are also the obscure, proving thereby the genuine grandeur of her own mind. For only intellects of the first order estimate the ethical value of righteous and self-sacrificing men and women who enjoy no earthly rank or consideration. Miss Wedgwood ventures the assertion that if George Eliot had been a mother she never would have written novels. However this may be taken, it is certain that she most esteemed, even among her few peers, the qualities they shared with the race at large. No writer of equal power has taken so little pains to depict the life of genius or more richly lavished its gifts upon the causes of the God-fearing and the humble. As an ethical teacher she moved within the boundaries of skepticism. Nevertheless, allowing for all which she omitted and differences regarding some vital issues, there are few more ennobling contributions than hers to the elucidation and instruction of the conscience. She was aware of the necessity for a rule of life to supply the place of the creeds she had disavowed. With awful and pitiless reiteration she elaborated throughout her volumes the fundamental principle that the wages of sin is death. The trustworthiness of the moral instincts which bespeak retribution is one of her chief affirmations. Neither contrition nor oblation could defeat the consequences of wrong-doing, and it would be infinitely better for transgressors if they realized that the penalty grows on the same stem with the offense. She impeached the gospel for its clemency toward the repentant, and declared it an attempted evasion of the processes of righteous judgment. Slippery villains like Tito, and even vain and frivolous creatures such as Hetty Sorrel, could not escape the inexorable law that what they sow they reap. This was her altar and her pulpit, her scientific persuasion and the underlying motive of much of her art. Conduct was imperative, duty instinctive and obligatory. Both were seconded by a mysterious authority they did not create and could not destroy. The evolutionists who surrounded her were accustomed to derive the moral organ from sea

slime, or some other equally impotent origin, but they found no support in her theories, although they sought it carefully. The characters upon whom condign punishment fell were not the puppets of fate or heredity. They went down into the pit with open eyes and hardened hearts. She metes out this treatment with the gravity of a religion, and by reason of her witness to the verities of human experience in regard to willful and repeated sinfulness she obtained a place among the seers of her time.

So long as she could draw upon the opulent reminiscences of her childhood and of her early contact with Methodism she was assured of plentiful resources. Movement, grace, freedom, spontaneity, humor, and actuality abound in *Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss,* and *Scenes from Clerical Life.* The weight of learning and the pedantic allusion which cumbered her later pages are not found in these earlier works. Her touch was then warm with sympathetic feeling and her execution superbly untrammeled and satisfactory. They are transcriptions from actual life, portrayals replete with power, admirable for fidelity, realistic in structure, and romantic in setting. Maggie Tulliver is her representative woman, and her complex, sensuous, passionate nature is that of the authoress herself. Where is there a more beautiful or masterly story than Maggie's, with her adoring dependence, grieving indignation, and bewildered, yet disciplined, maturity? It is also a matchless study of that sisterly affection which is not often honored by literature.

One of Wesley's innumerable company of unpaid evangelists who covered every nook and corner of the country with their labors is the center of interest in *Adam Bede.* She says that Methodism was a primary culture for uninstructed people, that it suffused their souls with the sense of a pitying, loving, infinite Presence, sweet as summer to the homeless and the needy. Doubtless some of her supercilious readers were astonished at such handsome treatment of a despised sect. They had associated Methodism with dingy streets, little Bethels, sleek and sanctimonious tradesfolk, sponging itinerants, and a hypocritical jargon. Dickens was somewhat responsible for the perils of this contemptuous ignorance. His shallow estimates and misleading caricatures reflected the

opinions of polite and vulgar society. The philosophers and literary savants among whom George Eliot moved were inclined to look upon the Wesleyan Revival as a debauch of emotionalism or a phenomenon of morbid religiosity. But she knew better, for she had once tasted the powers of the world to come, and her profound seriousness and sincerity were largely the result of that brief, but unforgettable, visitation. The dark drama of life she staged and enacted was lightened by the radiations of heavenly compassion. The final interview of Dinah Morris with Hetty in the condemned cell shows that the evangel of divine forgiveness had a place in her troubled reckonings. Self-revelations, confessions, supplications for pardon from a higher and a juster power convey their moral to the reader. *Romola,* which followed *The Mill on the Floss,* is of a piece with the preceding novels in its fundamental assumptions. The erudition she displayed was amazing; the labors the book exacted were prodigious. It found her a young woman and left her an old one. It was never again glad, confident morning with her. Yet, great as were the painstaking efforts evident in *Romola,* Dante Rossetti and Negri assure us that it did not succeed in realizing Florentine life and customs. The Latin is dubious, with one or two exceptions the characters are lay figures, even Savonarola is not impressive. "As an historical romance the volume was more difficult and ambitious than *Henry Esmond,* since Thackeray embodied no theory and made no pretensions to philosophy. But will anyone say it was more successful?" Contrasted with the Warwickshire stories, its deficiencies are not only palpable, they are such as we should expect when a writer deals with a foreign land and language and a distant age. In her previous books the personalities are alive in every limb, and, notwithstanding their scope and variety, they are convincing. So much for criticism. It should be added that the moral standpoint of *Romola* is not only correct, it is austere. The insight—yea, more, the intuition—shown in the revelation of Tito's progressive degeneracy would carry any book to a high rank. After repeated opportunities for repentance and restitution she lets the lifted thunder drop, the treacherous and sordid rake is suddenly destroyed, and that without a remedy. She was

less successful when she dealt with problems of political economy in *Felix Holt,* or those of racial antipathy in *Daniel Deronda. Middlemarch* was the last flash of her expiring fires, so perfect in its conception and completion that many have given it the first place. It is weighty without heaviness, and does ample justice to the authoress both as an artist and a thinker. Her philosophical bias was preponderant in the last phase; she began and ended life as an essayist. Those teachings which she had enforced upon her constituencies when they were held in the solution of fiction were largely ineffective when propounded as part of a metaphysical system. Many who complain of her doctrine as detrimental to her art have a strong case, which should, nevertheless, be adjusted by the further consideration that the art without the doctrine had no significance. Superior artists are bound to be didactic, but they must have skill enough to conceal the granite beneath the mantling verdure. In George Eliot's latest efforts it crops out with depressing frequency. Her poetry, like that of Goethe, was not inevitable, the full and flowing river of song was not hers to command at will. Yet her fame is secure in many directions, and it has little to fear until some rival appears whose philosophy inspires finer fiction, or whose fiction instills a nobler sense of duty in the breasts of humankind.

At length the long winter following her union with Lewes gave place to a more congenial season. Reverence for her genius and for her indefatigable toil broke down to some extent the barriers which that tragedy had erected. Her Sunday afternoon receptions were attended by the elite of the literary coteries. In a letter dated January 29, 1869, and addressed to George William Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton gives a description of a visit he made to her home at this time:[1]

> The Leweses live in the Saint John's Wood district, not far from Regent's Park. Their home, called The Priory, is a little, square, two-story dwelling standing in a half garden, surrounded with one of those high brick walls of which one grows so impatient in England. Lewes received us at the door with characteristic animation; he looks and moves like an old-fashioned French barber or dancing master, very

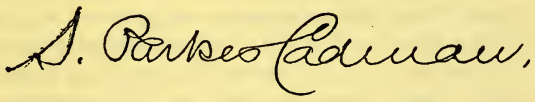
[1] Scribner's Magazine, April, 1913.

ugly, very vivacious, very entertaining. You expect to see him take up his fiddle and begin to play. His talk is much more French than English in its liveliness and in the grimace and gesture with which it is accompanied—all the action of his mind is rapid, and it is so full that it seems to be running over. "O, if you like to hear stories," he said, "I can tell you stories for twelve hours on end." It is just the same if you like to hear science or philosophy. His acquirements are very wide, wider, perhaps, than deep, but the men who know most on special subjects speak with respect of his attainments. I have heard both Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell speak very highly of the thoroughness of his knowledge in their departments. In fact his talents seem equal to anything. But he is not a man who wins more than a moderate liking from you. He has the vanity of a Frenchman; his moral perceptions are not acute, and he consequently often fails in social tact and taste. He has what it is hard to call a vulgar air, but at least there is something in his air which reminds you of vulgarity. He took us into the pleasant cheerful drawing rooms which occupy one side of the house, where Mrs. Lewes received us very pleasantly, and we soon had lunch, the only other person present being his eldest and married son. . . . The works of art in the house bore witness to the want of delicate artistic feeling, or good culture, on the part of the occupants, with the single exception, so far as I observed, of the common lithograph of Titian's Christ of the Tribute Money. . . . The portrait of Mrs. Lewes reminded me, not by its own merit, of Couture's drawing of George Sand, and there is a strong likeness to this drawing in her own face. The head and face are hardly as noble as George Sand's, but the lines are almost as strong and masculine; the cheeks are almost as heavy, and the hair is dressed in a similar style, but the eyes are not so deep, and there is less suggestion of possible beauty and possible sensuality in the general contour and in the expression. Indeed, one rarely sees a plainer woman; dull complexion, dull eye, heavy features. For the greater part of two or three hours she and I talked together with little intermission. Her talk was by no means brilliant. She said not one memorable thing, but it was the talk of a person of strong mind who had thought much and who felt deeply, and consequently it was more than commonly interesting. Her manner was too intense. She leans over you till her face is close to yours and speaks in very low and eager tones. Nor is her manner perfectly simple. It suggests that of a woman who feels herself to be of mark, and is accustomed, as she is, to the adoring flattery of not undistinguished admirers.

Lewes died in November, 1878, and in May, 1880, she was married to Mr. John Cross. She referred to this second venture as "a wonderful blessing falling to me, beyond my share, after I had thought my life was ended and that, so to speak, my coffin was waiting for me in the next room." Its enjoyment was of short duration. During that summer her health was fatally impaired.

and unexpectedly, on the following twenty-second of December, she passed to the choir invisible.

It is not the object of this article to inquire what governance in the hierarchy of letters will be ultimately assigned to George Eliot by those judges whose verdict, sifted from the ephemeral, will remain an unassailable deliverance. As it now appears to us, in surveying the list of names adorning imaginative English prose, one alone seems worthy to rank with hers for a unique, intimate, and sympathetic knowledge of the mysterious and hidden motives of the human spirit. *The Egoist,* by George Meredith, and *Middlemarch* stand together as divinations in the psychological realm; the most illuminating books of fiction we know for the preacher who desires to find and understand in any degree the secret springs out of which proceed both good and evil. We leave her, knowing, as Miss Wedgwood has remarked, that we must return to her again, that her best books were first written on the red leaves of her own heart, and wondering why such teaching should have been hampered by justifiable doubts as to her personal merit.



Art. III.—GREAT WORDS OF THE AGE

The desire for earthly immortality, as well as heavenly, is widespread and strong. The longing to do a piece of work which will be monumental is in itself both natural and good. How is it to be satisfied? To those who are not giants there is encouragement in remembering that the men who, after all, have survived in history not merely as names, but as living powers, have done so because linked inseparably with some great movement in human thought and life. Moses, Paul, Phidias, Savonarola, Lincoln—do we not know them by that to which they belonged through self-dedication? Lincoln *might* have been a towering personality anywhere, at any time; but more likely, even he would have been only a shrewd and popular Western lawyer if it had not been for his cause. Here is the one best chance for most of us to win the earthly immortality which we crave. Those identified with the great forward sweep of human history, even if they be not conspicuous, are to be numbered among the immortals. Anything that I or any ordinary man may accomplish in a lifetime is a trifle in itself; the hurrying feet of coming multitudes will trample my pygmy monument into the dust. But if I can make my little to become part of some great; if instead of a tiny monument for myself I can make my life, my labor, my means, a part of some enduring structure of God, so that I may sing,

> One stone the more swings to its place
> In the great temple of thy worth,

then have I immortality indeed. There was a whole philosophy of success in the words of the wise and noble prince consort, husband to England's great queen, spoken to young men: "Find out God's plan in your generation, and then beware lest you cross it; but fall promptly into your own place in that plan." What more fitting, then, than that we should be asking, "Which way turns the road to enduring achievement? What are the great causes of our own day with which, or with some one of which, the eager aspirant should identify his life?" One can but choose the few

great interests which seem to himself most significant. Others doubtless are as great, as age-long, as these. I content myself with six as illustrations.

The one world-wide tendency of our time which at once occurs to every mind is *democracy*. The age of the common man, if not already here, is fast coming. The watchword of the last generation came to us from natural science, and "evolution" was the key which unlocked many a door to new areas of thought. So to us of this day through social science comes the magic word which sums up within its scope many and varied activities which are changing the face of the earth. Russia gets its Douma; Persia overthrows its Shah; Turkey gropes blindly, desperately, after some way of expressing the people's will; Portugal establishes a republic; China—China!—elects a president; Mexico, in the throes of repeated revolution, still seeks the man who can represent the new Mexico, the Mexico that is to be; India seethes with national longings; Germany padlocks the mouth of its Kaiser and speaks for itself; England shackles its House of Lords and extends its suffrage. And what of America? While autocracies elsewhere are being replaced by representative governments this republic moves on to wipe out the defects of representative government itself; demanding more immediate, more frequent, more controlling expressions from the great body politic. Government of and for and by the people is not yet fully achieved, but every change is in the direction of its complete attainment. The popular election of senators, the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall—all are efforts to vindicate the right of the people themselves to rule themselves. Everywhere old governments and parties and institutions are cracking wide open, sometimes tumbling in ruins, because of the heaving beneath the surface of irresistible popular forces. The same process for a larger recognition of simple human rights is going on likewise in the home, the school, the college, the church. The demand for self-government is heard; the opinion that it is safe to trust the people prevails. Within the church hierarchical privilege is giving way and the laymen are coming to increasing power and leadership. It is a question of individuals rather than of office.

The religious democracy which is essentially Christian, and which was vindicated anew in the Protestant Reformation, is now being worked out to its logical conclusion. If the democracy which obtains in religion and in politics has not yet established itself in industry, it is only because the progress of man is slow, not because it is uncertain. The denial of the right of capital to the sole control of business is no longer an economic heresy. Insistence upon the fact that all who contribute to the success of an enterprise have a right to a share in the management of that enterprise, whether their contribution be money or brains or manual labor, is growingly regarded as a sound industrial principle. What form of coöperation, of profit-sharing, of stock-holding, democracy will finally employ in business, one need not prophesy; but that in some way or in many ways industry and commerce will finally come under the sway of democracy cannot be doubted.

We need not blind our eyes to the weaknesses and the faults of democratic government, whether in the church or the state or business. No form is best for all times, all places, all peoples. A monarchical form may be pervaded by a democratic spirit. Public opinion is by no means infallible; the voice of the people at any particular moment is not invariably the voice of God, though God is more likely to speak through the many than through the few. Democracy is sometimes envious of its leaders and seeks to level down rather than to level up. It may even be admitted as true to a degree, in the words of Mr. Lecky, that "some of the strongest democratic tendencies are distinctly adverse to liberty." There are many perils in democracy to established institutions. The new-found freedom of the people is sometimes abused. Hereditary privileges, privileges of wealth, privileges of intellect, privileges of social standing, privileges of ecclesiastical dignity, are being rudely assailed. In the assertion of the rights of the individual and the rights of reason there has been a depreciation of, if not an actual assault upon, various institutions which have been counted fundamental to religion and to the civilization which religion has created. The church, the Sabbath, the Bible, the home, the state, the school, have all felt the shock of this assault.

The need of the church, the sanctity of the Sabbath, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the preëminence of the family, the authority of the State, and the sufficiency of the school have all been attacked. Doubtless this is due in part to the undue assumptions made on behalf of these institutions by their friends. To claim too much is to invite robbery. To claim that the church is the sole avenue of approach to God, the sole agency of God in the redemption of the world; to claim that the Scriptures have a verbal and uniform and infallible inspiration; to claim that Sabbath observance of the Jewish or Puritan style is a Christian obligation; to claim that the school as it now exists is the full and final answer to the needs of the day; to claim that a public official is above criticism because he is an official, or a legal decision because it is legal—to put forward such claims is to insure denial and reprisal. In asserting the divine we have too much neglected the human aspect of our sacred institutions. We have had not enough of the tender and serviceable spirit of Jesus Christ. We have not kept ourselves reminded that "the Sabbath was made for man," that the Bible, the home, the state, the church, the school, were made for man and find their end and value in him. But, when all allowance is made, it is true that young liberty in its crudeness has reacted against restraints that are wholesome, against institutions that are venerable not only by age, but by truth. We must hope that presently, finding its balance, it will recognize anew the value of its time-honored inheritance, and in the name of man himself will claim and defend what the ages have established.

Let us believe in our great men, our scholars, our poets, our statesmen; let us not wildly denounce the strong, the wise, the rich; but let us also remember the value of the common man and his right to a voice in the world's council. For, after all, democracy is the community equivalent of life eternal, that life of free self-expression and self-surrender, of justice and of brotherhood, which alone in the individual or in the state can be lasting. As one of the truest poets of democracy has written,

> **Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:**
> **Blind creeds and kings have had their day.**

Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for brotherhood—make way for man.

Another of the great words of our day is *emancipation.* It might apply to the deliverance from many forms of slavery, intellectual or social; but I use it with special reference to womanhood. Emancipation is the right word, applied to a process which has been going on through many centuries.

In the home woman has been slowly raised from the position of a plaything and servant to that of wife and comrade, with equal, though diverse, functions in the life of the family. In the church woman has been raised from the posture of a passive worshiper, not allowed even to speak in a religious congregation, until she has reached a large and independent and successful development of church and philanthropic work, has become a member of governing bodies (like General Conferences), and in more than one Christian denomination is allowed not merely to form the majority in the pew, but also to occupy the pulpit. In society woman has been raised from that low legal status which made the great lawyer Blackstone pronounce her "civilly dead" until she is recognized not merely as the junior and silent partner of some "civilly alive" man, but as a free personality with rights well established before the law. In the school woman has been raised from the place of an excluded or tolerated student to the full enjoyment of the highest opportunities offered by the universities of the world. And it has been found, to the surprise of many, that, so far from her womanly character being destroyed in the process and herself unfitted for domestic life, her womanliness has been enriched, her home life broadened and sweetened by the intellectual advantages which have so recently been offered her. In business occupations woman has been admitted not only to the fields and the mills and the stores, but to the offices and to the so-called higher and learned professions. And in politics, yes!—even in politics the emancipation of woman proceeds apace. The most prominent woman in American life takes a leading

part in a national political convention. China shows the way for England and the United States in admitting woman to the right of suffrage. I do not forget how slowly some of us conservatives submit to the inevitable, how we contend that, if once women are allowed to vote, they will be "less helpful mothers and less pleasant wives." I do not forget that the state is not the only or the most important molding institution of society, and that one may contend that the functions of man and woman in the state are to be permanently divided without thereby implying anything in derogation of woman. Yet, on the other hand, I remember that the governing class, the voting class, tends always and everywhere to become more and more inclusive. Disqualification from the suffrage because of race, religion, lack of property, lack of education, while strongly supported, slowly yields; and disqualification on the ground of sex will also give way, because the very stars in their courses fight against it. In nine States woman suffrage is already an accomplished fact. In many others discussion is rife and action impending, even though in some, as in Ohio and Michigan, defeat may come for a time. Even the militant suffragette cannot defeat the coming of woman suffrage! I believe in larger liberty for Russia, despite the anarchists; I believe in Home Rule for Ireland, despite the outrages in Dublin Park; I believe in trades-unionism, despite Frank M. Ryan and his fellow-criminals; I believe in woman suffrage, despite Mrs. Pankhurst, that gentle and terrible fanatic. Nearly always the movement of a great reform develops some adherents so passionately, so intensely persuaded of the righteousness of their cause as to hesitate at no means which might conceivably hasten the victory. But even these cannot reverse a great historic tendency. Some with argument, some with ridicule, some with mistaken violence, would repeat the comedy of King Canute upon the seashore; but even blunders and crimes will not check the flow of the moving tide.

Another of the keywords which open for us the understanding of our age is *socialization*. It applies to politics. Theories of government are no longer in keen dispute; these are but questions of method, after all. The object to be aimed at in govern-

ment is more and more clearly emerging into view. The inaugural of our new President, a classic of English speech, indicated as the thing which parties and administrations must seek the health and the industrial rights of the people. A new large party has sprung up within a year whose platform consists almost exclusively not of political or of merely economic issues, but of vital questions of social reform and social betterment.

The church has also been powerfully influenced by the social impulse. Religion, in reality, has always been social. A solitary Christian, as John Wesley long ago asserted, is an unthinkable thing. But it has happened in our day that, side by side with a new spiritual emphasis and a new ardor for the great evangelistic undertakings of the church, there has arisen a new social conscience and a new social ministry. The church has to-day a broader, a saner, and a truer theology than a generation ago, partly because it is less mechanical and more vital; it is less theoretical and more practical; it is less of the study and more of the street. When the Federal Council of the evangelical Protestant churches met in Chicago last December it listened to a great document from its Commission on the Church and Social Service in which the church identified "these little ones," "these brethren" of Christ (the attitude toward whom was said by Christ himself to be a test of character and of destiny), as the killed and injured in industrial accidents, the children bound down to employment in factories, mill-hands over-worked and under-paid. And there was adopted by this Federal Council, representing its many, many millions of adherents, a platform of sixteen planks, each one of which pointed out the duty of the church to reorganize and transform human society, as well as human persons, one by one. The mission of the gospel will never be fulfilled when individuals, no matter how numerous, have been snatched out of a corrupt order and set off in an unworldly community by themselves; but only when men and women, transformed by the grace of Christ, shall have cleansed and sweetened that corrupt order in which they find themselves, shall have conquered the world, not by fleeing from it, but by staying in it and making a new world corresponding to the new heaven of righteousness and peace.

The fourth great word of the present time is *conservation.* We are hearing much of the conservation of natural resources: of forests, of waterpower, of mineral wealth, of beauty; much of scientific agriculture, to make the most of the opportunities which nature affords; and the movement is one of common sense and of patriotism. But natural resources, after all, are valuable only because of their relation to man. "The life is more than meat." Greater than the conservation of natural resources is the conservation of human resources, and the effort to make life safer, healthier, mightier, is one whose importance cannot be measured. Physical science is making its rich contribution to human convenience and comfort. The motor car and the aëroplane, the X-ray and the wireless telegraph, the investigation into the causes of disease, the work of prevention and sanitation, so notable in Cuba and at the Panama Canal—all are the outcome of a noble struggle for that mastery of nature in the service of humanity to which man was early appointed. Pure food is being assured, infant mortality reduced, blindness combated, tuberculosis, cancer, impurity, alcoholism, all recognized as foes, and conquerable foes. Children are being studied and guarded as never before, their young energies directed into the channels of appropriate study and timely play. Labor is being made more efficient, scientific management brings economy of effort with maximum of result. Hours of labor are being reduced by law or by agreement, wages steadied by organization or by legislation. And, while prevention and preservation are counted much wiser than rescue, there are juvenile courts for the wandering, old-age pensions for the broken, insurance benefits for the sick and the unemployed, compensation for the victims of industrial accident. And the meaning of it all is a higher value upon life, a concern for the weak and the oppressed and the unfortunate—the salvation, physical as well as spiritual, of those for whom Christ died.

Another word which is far from new, but just as far from outworn, is *education.* It would be strange, while looking over the significant movements of the age, to ignore this. I do not by any means refer simply to the maintenance of our church schools, though these are a most important sign and instrument of

Christianized education. The church has led and still leads the way in the higher education of our land. The teacher who gives some segment of his life to the schools and colleges through which the church seeks to serve the world, the benefactor who by his gift makes possible the enlargement and strengthening of that work, these have good cause for self-congratulation that they are putting their lives where they shall count powerfully for the world's uplift. But it should not be forgotten that in some broader sense the Christian spirit is permeating all education: Christian because the education of the whole man, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious, is demanded by our day; Christian because of the increasing sense of responsibility, the individual interest and attention bestowed upon students. Education thus becomes part of the process of salvation, saving from ignorance, superstition, fear, partisanship, bigotry. And the work of education, ancient in its beginnings, is still modern in its development and mighty in its usefulness.

One other word should yet be given, *unification*. The federation and harmony of dissevered forces, whether those forces be ecclesiastical or political, is one of the signs of our times. There are still those who breathe war and talk war. Italy still robs Turkey. Lovers of blood and lovers of money still scheme to rouse a martial spirit and to hurry antagonists upon the field of battle. But, nevertheless, the world is more and more becoming one. A Triple Alliance brings some nations together; a Triple Entente holds others; England and Japan make an inclusive treaty; England and America swear a blood brotherhood; America and Japan, despite racial differences and international trouble-makers, stand fast friends in mutual respect and confidence. The world becomes one. No nation gains a real and lasting good from another's disaster. We are bound together in the bonds of a common life. And if one asks why this increasing sense of essential oneness, why this growth of brotherhood, he may yield due praise to travel, which has found both the north and the south poles; and to sport, which leads us into generous rivalry and new acquaintanceship; and to commerce, which causes the blood to flow through arteries that join nation to nation; and to labor, which

stands on both sides the sea for peace; but he must not forget that the influence of religion is beyond all. The churches are becoming one. Combination and coöperation is the order of the hour. The World's Student Federation, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the Anti-Saloon League, the Sunday school enterprise, the common task of social service, the foreign missionary endeavor, and a dozen more, all tend to wipe out surface differences, and to reveal underlying unities. The church has caught the vision of Christ's universal dominion, and the spirit of religion, working through trade and education and government as well as through the church, hastens on the day

> When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled
> In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

. . . . . .

Now, if he will, one may quarrel with many details of the views here expressed, but no one should be disposed to deny that these great movements which are thus merely touched upon—democracy, emancipation, socialization, conservation, education, unification—are in their broad outlines essentially Christian movements. For every one of them is a movement for human betterment, and the cause of true progress is everywhere and always the cause of Christ. It is his battle which all these armies fight. Every statesman who works for just and helpful laws; every layman, as well as every preacher, who helps to make the church a power for righteousness and love; every pioneer who finds some new truth, and every teacher who instills it; every employer who makes life a fairer thing for those who serve him, and every labor-leader who unites his comrades for the common good; every reformer who blots out some ancient wrong, and every international patriot who loves the world even more than he loves his country—these are among the men who in their varied spheres serve our Lord Christ and help to bring his everlasting kingdom.

Herbert Welch

Art. IV.—EUGENICS VERSUS SOCIAL HEREDITY

The public press has recently heralded the fact that in one of our larger cities the price of young dogs was one hundred dollars and the price of babies was two dollars. To this startling statement the reply was made that it was not surprising, inasmuch as the dog which sold for one hundred dollars had an exceptionally high type of inheritance, being a highly bred dog, while the babe that was sold for two dollars had an inheritance of the lowest type from the lowest grade of society. A good inheritance should be the inherent birthright of every person born. That we are surely coming to recognize this inherent right is evident from the increasingly intense interest that is taken to-day in the discussion of eugenics. A good inheritance is indeed an asset of priceless value, and if a discussion of eugenics can bring about improvement in inheritance, it should be talked about, and written about, and forced upon the attention of the public in every possible way through the public press. But in our eagerness to emphasize this important truth, only recently realized, there is danger that we may lose sight of another truth of equal or perhaps even greater magnitude. There is a phase of inheritance with which the new science of eugenics has no direct relation, but one whose influence in determining what a man shall receive from previous generations is as great as and probably far greater than all of the forces concerned in the principles of good or ill breeding. There is a phase of inheritance that eugenics does not touch. That which man inherits from society is as important as that which he inherits from his parents; but because of its totally distinct nature it does not in the slightest degree come within the reach of the discussions of eugenics.

The development of our knowledge of the laws of heredity has been due largely to the study of animals lower than man. It is with animals and plants alone that experiments have been carried on which have led to the formulation of the general laws of inheritance, and it is from these lower orders of nature that we have gained our present information concerning the condi-

tions under which characteristics are handed from parent to child. It is natural that, having discovered laws of inheritance by the study of heredity among lower animals and plants, we should then transfer these conclusions directly over to man without modifications. This is indeed a legitimate procedure, since mankind, too, is an animal, and the laws of inheritance that control the rest of the animal kingdom doubtless control his inheritance as well. But we are apt to draw another conclusion which is not so legitimate and which lands us presently in a wrong position. We are apt to compare the *evolution* of *man* with the *evolution* of *animals,* totally oblivious of the fact that human evolution involves a new principle, only traces of which show among animals, but which in mankind has become developed to such an extent as almost to override the laws of inheritance. Conclusions as to human evolution drawn from the evolution of animals may be legitimate up to a certain point, but they are sure to lead us astray unless we bear in mind constantly that man has one source of inheritance which he does not share with animals and which more or less upsets and revolutionizes the ordinary laws of inheritance. Man has a type of inheritance which greatly weakens the conclusions sometimes drawn by our friends who are studying the science of eugenics. Methods of breeding that will produce good dogs will not necessarily produce good men; while the laws of eugenics alone might produce good human *animals,* other, even more potent, forces are needed to produce good *men.* This may be made clear if we contrast man and the lower animals in the two following respects: 1. Among animals an individual counts in the progress of evolution only through its offspring. That pair of animals leaving the largest number and the most vigorous offspring is the pair that counts the most in the general evolutionary progress and the one that has the most influence upon subsequent generations. On the other hand, a pair of individuals unable to leave offspring has no effect upon subsequent generations, and consequently has no effect upon the course of evolution. The animal that dies without offspring has, so far as the race is concerned, gone and left no trace, no inheritance. The race that is exterminated leaves no impression upon the animals that

follow. 2. Among lower animals no single individual counts for much of anything in the progress of evolution. Evolution, as we are told by those who have studied it, has been chiefly the result of the progress of the race *en masse*, and single individuals have little or no effect upon the progress of the race, since it is only through offspring, and not through achievement, that one generation affects the next. If we should ask what influence any individual bison may have had upon the evolution of the bisons, the answer would be, Practically nothing. Quite otherwise does it stand with mankind. With man, the individual may have a great influence upon the evolution of the race entirely independent of his offspring, and human beings may have a profound influence upon human evolution even though failing to make good in the struggle for existence. Who can fail to realize the tremendous influence which the Roman empire exerted upon the evolution of civilization? Yet the race that composed the Roman empire, if it did not actually disappear, ceased to have a direct influence in the world affairs, and the civilization of Europe was developed by an entirely new series of races that appeared upon the stage of history after the Roman empire ceased to exist. The Romans did not influence the later centuries by transmitting a good inheritance to their offspring. Yet in spite of the fact that the Roman race was replaced by others, the influence of the Romans has continued through every subsequent century and can be seen permeating the civilization of the world to-day.

In the human race, too, it is clear that the individual counts by what he does and not simply by the offspring he leaves behind him. Luther changed the whole course of thought and the evolution of the human race. Washington brought into crystallization a new conception of human government which has its influence upon every race of man in the civilized world to-day. Lincoln left his stamp upon our civilization in marks that can never be erased. But it is perfectly clear that none of these exerted that influence through organic inheritance; none of them affected the race by the only method which is open to animals for influencing evolution. None of these men affected the progress of the race by leaving a numerous progeny. One of them, indeed,

left no children; and it is a palpable fact in every case that the individual himself influenced civilization through his own direct *acts* and not through the children whom he left to carry on his work. Compare the influence of Washington, who left no children, with that of any other man of his day who may perhaps have left a family of twenty vigorous children. The head of such a numerous family, from the standpoint of organic evolution, was the greatest possible success; Washington a total failure. But when we make such a comparison it becomes evident at once that the development of human civilization is controlled by a different set of laws from that which governs the evolution of animals. A man may permanently influence the race quite independently of any offspring that he may leave behind him; the animal affects evolution only through its progeny. Man stands alone in transmitting to posterity something besides his organic inheritance, and this something he hands onward by methods totally independent of the laws of inheritance. We call this something *social inheritance*, and we must clearly distinguish it from that class of characters handed down from parent to child by direct inheritance. For the sake of contrast we may call the latter by the name of *organic inheritance*.

Social heredity is all the more significant because in one important respect it supplements the action of organic heredity. Underlying the teaching of modern eugenics is the claim, either tacitly or openly made, that acquired characters are not transmitted to one's offspring. If this is strictly true of man, the advance of the race would be possible only by scientific mating, only through the laws which eugenics is trying to emphasize. Those who are so forcibly bringing to our attention the laws of breeding do this on the general assumption that, since the effects of training are not inherited, it is only by proper mating that the race can be advanced. Nay, more, they tell us it is only as the mating of individuals is scientifically regulated that the race can be retained even in its present condition of vigor and activity. Now, while at the present time it has not been absolutely demonstrated that the inheritance of acquired characters is impossible, still it must be recognized that the most careful search has failed

thus far to show that they can be handed on by inheritance, at least among animals. So, for further discussion, it may be well to take it for granted that acquired characters do not count in organic inheritance. But, even granting this claim, we find that when we apply this conclusion to mankind, if we are not careful to make a sharp discrimination, it leads us into a false position. This noninheritance of acquired characters applies only to organic inheritance; it does not in the slightest degree touch upon what we have spoken of as social heredity. Even though acquired characters are not transmitted to subsequent generations by organic heredity, it is perfectly sure that characters acquired by one generation may be and are carried on to future generations by the laws of social heredity. When we come to look carefully into the question we find that those possessions which we have inherited by the laws of social inheritance are perhaps even of more importance than those which we have inherited by laws of organic heredity; and, further, that they are as sure, if not surer, in their results. We inherit from our parents two arms, two legs, two eyes, a set of muscles, etc. These are inherited by organic inheritance, are controlled by the laws of heredity, and we cannot modify this inheritance by any secondary training. Though we might cut off our arms or our legs or put out our eyes, we would not thus change the inheritance that we transmit to our children, for the children of those who have lost such members always develop the proper number. It is equally true, though in a totally different way, that we inherit language from our parents; and we do this just as surely as we inherit our arms, our legs, and our eyes. It is just as certain that a child born to English-speaking parents, and brought up with its parents, will, when it becomes an adult, have the power of using the English language as it is that he will have the power of using his arms, his legs, and his eyes. Indeed, it is even more sure. Many an unfortunate accident in childhood may prevent a child from developing his arms, or his muscles, or his legs, so that by the time he becomes an adult he may be, and frequently is, lacking in some of these inherited characteristics. But that he should fail to possess an understanding of the language of those about him is almost un-

known. Thus, though he acquires language by a totally different set of laws from those by which he acquired his eyes, the certainty of his inheritance of the former is even greater than that of the latter.

The study of the socially inherited powers takes us far into the characteristics of the social individual. Many of the traits of character which we think of as inherited by organic inheritance are really not inherited from our parents at all, but are impressed upon us by the series of forces which we have here called social inheritance. The moral standards which the individual possesses after he becomes an adult are in very large degree due to the surroundings in which he has been reared. It is absolutely certain that a person, no matter what his ancestry, born in the home of Turkish parents and reared in a Turkish family, will develop a totally different set of moral ideas from those developed by one born and reared in an English or American family. A boy brought up from infancy in the family of an American Indian will, whatever be his parentage, be found to develop the same tastes, an appreciation of the same pleasures, and an enjoyment of the same kind of activities as those of his foster parents. Our method of looking at our duties to one another, and the attitude that we take toward all public questions, are not matters of inheritance by organic heredity, but have been developed in us as the result of social heredity and have been determined almost entirely by the conditions surrounding us during the formative period of our life. Our whole system of education is based upon the fact that the conditions which surround the individual during the years in which his powers are growing are capable of molding and modifying these powers and of producing in him an adult differing widely according to the environment with which as a growing child he is surrounded. Even his muscular development, which is clearly a part of his bodily structure, is dependent almost as much upon social as it is upon organic inheritance. Though born with the same muscles and with equal capabilities, the child of a Highlander brought up in the mountains, the child of a laborer brought up under the conditions of manual work, and the child of a society man brought up under

conditions where manual work is not required, become very different adults so far as their physical bodies are concerned. Full-grown men differ less in what they have inherited by organic inheritance than in what they have received by social inheritance. If newly hatched chicks or new-born monkeys could be separated from their parents and allowed to grow to adult life totally without contact with their parents, they would in all cases become adults essentially like their parents, showing practically the same methods of activity. With mankind it is palpably different, for if a new-born child should be separated from all other human individuals and allowed to develop spontaneously without the influence of the society surrounding him, it is perfectly evident that he would never become a civilized individual; he might become a type of those creatures that we sometimes speak of as "wild men." He would have by inheritance the mental and muscular possibilities of a member of a civilized race, but he would not develop in the same way and he would become, when adult, like a wild animal, and not a civilized being. The fact is that the new-born babe is simply a bundle of possibilities. He has not as yet by any means acquired all of his characters, nor is it yet determined what kind of a man he will become. He is simply a possibility, and what he will become when he has grown and entered into his full inheritance will depend upon two sets of facts. The first is, the sum of the inherited capabilities which we call his organic inheritance. These are determined by the laws of heredity. This series of attributes is indeed immensely important; it is these with which eugenics is concerned and which it is trying to improve. The second series of forces comprises those of social inheritance; these mold the attributes that are received from the parents, turning the possibilities of the babe into the actualities of the adult. The first of these two series of factors man inherits from his parents, the second he inherits from society. The first series are fixed even before his birth. For these he is dependent upon the laws of inheritance, since these characters are determined at the mating of his parents. The second series of forces are not fixed at his birth, but are produced by the environment after his birth. The first series of influences are dependent upon the organic laws of

heredity not as yet fully understood; the second series of facts are wholly artificial, and they are within our reach to modify at will. They can be and are modified and controlled by society. By the first series of laws the child receives from his parents a bundle of possibilities, but by the second set of forces it is determined what these possibilities shall become when they are developed in the adult.

When we carefully compare these two sets of influences it seems that those contributed by social heredity are not the lesser, but probably the greater of the two. In the first place, they are as sure in their results as are the factors of organic heredity. It is true that the child does not take possession of all of the powers that social inheritance puts within his reach. There are some things that society would like to have the child inherit that it fails to make its own. But neither is organic inheritance sure; everyone knows that the child will not inherit all of the good or all of the evil traits of its parents. In the second place, the characteristics handed down by social inheritance are far greater in variety than those transmitted by organic inheritance. The latter gives us our bodies, with their various organs and powers, and contributes certain mental and ethical possibilities, or, we may say, tendencies. But the mental and ethical tendencies thus contributed by organic inheritance are few and vague. On the other hand, social inheritance puts within the reach of developing individuals the combined experiences of the race, infinitely greater in variety and extent than those few tendencies which the child inherits from its parents. Moreover, organic inheritance is not cumulative; or at least this is true if we admit that acquired characters are not inherited. Social inheritance, however, increases with successive generations. Even with primitive man, generation after generation of tradition and imitation placed within reach of every individual certain facts of social inheritance. Later, after he had learned writing, the scope of his social inheritance greatly increased; and when, in the last few centuries, printing was at his command, it so multiplied the records of civilization as to increase the scope of his social inheritance almost beyond conception. For we must remember that education means

simply putting the developing child into the possession of the inheritance which society has treasured up for him. By education, the developing powers of the child are, little by little, modified, turned in one way or another, until they become molded in accordance with the particular social idea of the environment in which he is living. While organic inheritance may be practically stationary, social inheritance is constantly advancing. Many of our evolutionists are telling us that in his innate, and thus his inherited powers, man of to-day is no advance over the Greek of two thousand five hundred years ago; but the social individual of to-day, with his social inheritance, is immeasurably ahead of the Greek. That which makes us animals we inherit from our parents; but that which makes us members of society comes from our social inheritance. Even the famous Jukes family probably owed as much, or perhaps more, to the criminal surroundings under which the children were reared as they did to the direct inheritance. If the children of the equally famous Edwards family had been reared in the home of the Jukeses they would probably not have produced so many college presidents and other members of high standing in society.

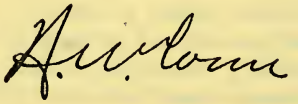
This conception of the influence of social inheritance must thus greatly modify our attitude toward the ideas upon which modern eugenics is based. It is true that social inheritance may not, and probably does not, alter innate powers which the person acquires by the laws of heredity from his parents; but we must remember that the adult man who lives in society is only in a small part made up of these inherited powers. In large degree this social man consists of a superstructure built upon these innate powers by the society in which he lives. If left to himself, so that the powers that he has received by organic inheritance should work themselves out alone, he would not become one who fitted into society. Like a hermit in the woods, he would have no morals; he would have no sense of duty or obligations; he would become a self-centered animal, quick-witted enough, perhaps, but essentially a selfish brute. Those things that man inherits by organic inheritance from his parents would never make him a member of civilized society. What man becomes after he

has grown is far more than what he would be if determined by his organic inheritance alone. The chief factors that separate a Bushman from an Englishman lie not in his innate powers, but in his social inheritance. Of course it is quite probable that the Caucasian and the Bushman inherit different powers. It is probable that the Caucasian has greater capacity and a higher inheritance from his parents; but it is absolutely certain that the chief force that makes the Bushman different from the European is the society that molds him from childhood, and not the innate powers with which he is born. Of the two forces which determine what a man is to become the force of social inheritance is the greater and even more sure in its action. If we analyze and measure the powers and accomplishments of a member of a civilized community, we cannot fail to see that by far the larger portion of his capabilities and functions are those that have been imprinted upon him by the society in which he lives, and only the smaller part can be traced back to the innate powers received by the laws of organic inheritance. This conception of the influence of social heredity greatly modifies also our attitude toward the much-talked-of tendency toward race suicide. The virility of any family or of any race is measured by two factors: first, the power of utilizing the forces of society, and, second, the power of reproduction. If either of these is lacking, the race can no longer rule; and signs are not lacking that the dominating races of our present-day society, while possessing the former in high degree, are surely losing the latter essential attributes. If we remember, however, that the individual can count in evolution quite independently of his offspring, the problem of race suicide becomes less serious and at all events assumes quite a different aspect. Man does not live like the animals, influencing his race through his offspring alone, but, because of the possibilities of the inheritance from society, he can impress himself upon the race through his own activities, through his individual life, without leaving any offspring at all. The ruling race in any generation may indeed cease to multiply. It may have smaller and smaller families until it becomes inevitably doomed to extinction, being replaced by the more rapidly multiplying members of the

lower grades of society. But this we must not regret, because it is perfectly evident that if such a race is unable to meet the condition of society that it has itself produced, without ceasing to multiply, it is not fit to live, and its society is not fit to be preserved. If the ruling race allows its love for ease and pleasure and various other distracting influences of society to prevent it from rearing goodly families, it is manifestly unfit to exist in the world, and it must give place to a more virile race. No one, not even the members of the race itself, can regret that this should be true. Race suicide is simply a confession that the members of the race who are open to the accusation of diminishing reproductive powers have not been able to adapt themselves to the very society that they have created. Under these circumstances the ruling race may disappear; but even thus it has not failed to influence the evolution of civilization. While it has been in existence it has been preparing an inheritance for posterity which will be carried on, generation after generation, even after race suicide may have completely removed the race which produced the treasure thus handed on. With man the individual counts quite independently of his offspring, and while it may not be flattering to any race, or to any family, to feel it is doomed to extinction because it has lost its power of making itself good by vigorous offspring, such a race may console itself by the feeling that its life has nevertheless counted. The outcome is by no means one of pessimism, but one of the highest possible optimism. It means that a race that is capable of carrying on the functions of life must take the place of the one that has lost this ability; and it means, further, that the accumulation of treasure which we have spoken of as social inheritance will be handed on to the coming race, and that the next generation will be placed on a higher plane because it has inherited the teachings of society. By the laws of organic evolution those individuals that fail to leave abundant offspring are absolute and total failures. By the laws of social evolution such individuals or such races may be the greatest possible successes and the most potent influences in controlling all subsequent generations.

Thus man occupies a unique position, and social evolution

cannot be compared with organic evolution. Society is an artificial structure and is artificially transmitted. Social evolution is indeed based partly upon the powers inherited by the laws of organic inheritance, but it is not wholly, or even largely, dependent upon these laws. By social heredity acquired characters are handed on to future generations with an unerring certainty as great as that with which characters are handed on by organic heredity or even greater. Specially inherited characters accumulate generation after generation, and by them the race advances to a higher and higher plane. The outlook is in the highest degree optimistic. Even though our own family or our own race may show itself to be unfitted for carrying on to the future the civilization that we have produced, our influence upon the future will be none the less sure. The races to take our place will be upon a higher plane because of the inheritance that we transmit to them by the laws of social heredity. Of course the race wants a good organic inheritance, and every influence that can possibly be brought to bear should be used to improve the conditions of mating so as to bring about a race with a better and a better inheritance. By all means let us encourage every move that is made tending to produce such an inheritance, and let us everywhere emphasize the principles of eugenics. Let us use every legitimate means to bring about more careful thought in the mating of individuals so that the offspring may be born with a higher and higher heritage, but let us not fail to remember that the birth of the child is only the beginning of its inheritance, and not the end. The adult member of society is largely a superstructure built upon these inherited traits and made up of the accumulative social inheritance of the ages. While we remember that ill-mating may bring evil and undesirable tendencies, let us not forget the fact that *social* inheritance brings into actuality the possibilities that are given the child by organic inheritance.



Art. V.—SONGS OF DISCONTENT

The man on the soap box was not making a speech. In one hand he waved a folded newspaper and in the other a small book with a blazing red cover. Both of them he was vigorously using in the endeavor to get his audience to follow him in this thrilling chorus:

> You will eat bye and bye,
> In that glorious land above the sky;
> Work and pray, live on hay,
> You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

This purported to be the answer of the "long-haired preachers" discoursing about "what's wrong and what's right" to the demand of the working men, "How 'bout something to eat?" It was supposed to be sung to the tune of "The Sweet Bye and Bye." The would-be chorus leader struggled manfully, but the crowd of men, mostly common laborers, stood typically dumb and sheepish, as though they knew they owed a duty to their champion and felt ashamed not to perform it. The preacher on the edge of the crowd caught the eye of the "agitator" and smiled; a sympathetic, understanding, memory-laden smile. But the leader of discontent scowled fiercely and turned the more vigorously to his task. "What's the matter with you stiffs? You're a fine bunch of wooden Indians. You sing like a lot of frozen mummies. Now then, everybody on the chorus!" But around the strident tones of the exhorter there dragged only a few subdued murmurs, their authors evidently afraid of the sound of their own voices. Drawn by the magnet of sympathy, the singer had to catch again the eye of the preacher, and this time the friendly smile was answered by an understanding grin as, closing the book, he abandoned the impossible task of getting song out of an American crowd of laboring men and went to the more congenial and fruitful undertaking of stirring their emotions by spoken invective. The speech was an old story to the preacher, but the song book was a discovery. Its significance must be determined. "Beware the movement that begins to sing," says the French proverb; either because it has dynamic enough to express itself in tone and

rhythm, to sweep the heartstrings that move the crowd to action, or because its music may compel even your heart to disregard your head. In days gone by the Salvation Army stirred the masses with primitive sounds; are the leaders of the new industrialism adopting the same tactics? Has the new propaganda in the labor world force enough to rip through the dumbness of its masses?—for the American labor movement has never sung. At the opening session of a recent International Congress of the working class the chairman called upon each delegation to sing. Group after group, sons of the passionate South and children of the stern North, poured forth their souls and shook the roof beams with songs that bore the hopes and passions and energies of the workers of all lands and yet were of their own soil and nature, blood of their blood. When it came the turn of the American group the mounting passion checked. There was silence. They looked at one another in consternation. They had never sung. The silence grew heavy with wonder, shame, and condemnation. Then one shamefaced man started, and in desultory fashion they followed him in singing—"John Brown's Body." As ever, pathos and comedy commingled. From the issues of a dead past had come this music for the men of the mightiest cause of the new day.

Why is it that no song has come out of American industrialism? Why is it that the Carpenter Christ cannot find his "singing man" in our factories, mills, and mines? Is there no music in the machine? has its roar silenced forever the old labor songs of simpler days? Has the spirit of music departed from life reduced to the automatic dullness of an attachment to a machine? The old ballads of harvest home do not harmonize with the whirr of the binder, the speed and the dust of the thresher. The ancient deep-sea chanties of sailing days do not chime with the clang of steel and steam. Yet England sings, Germany sings—both industrial nations. Are we dumb because we have gone farther in harnessing life to the machine? Is it because we are the most mechanical of peoples, even in our government and our religion inclined to exalt methods above principles, to put more trust in organization than in forces? Is it because we have gone beyond other nations in gearing life up to the speed of the machine, ex-

hausting all its energies in mechanical toil, interpreting life only in terms of work, dooming part of our population to the brutalizing lot of galley slaves? Kipling may get a song out of the mighty ship's engine through the soul of the old Scotch engineer, but its music will never reach the exhausted stoker who sometimes must be carried on deck to be revived, and sometimes leaps overboard in the frenzy of his tortured mind. The melodies of Southern cotton fields, born of the ease and slowness of plantation days, are sometimes spoken of as our chief native musical creation. Yet how much of these is an old-world product, the expression of another race? Is it, after all, our temperament that keeps our workers silent? Have climatic conditions, backed by an extreme industrial development of life, produced a neurasthenic people incapable of real music, relying upon ragtime even for the expression of their religious emotions? Or does the trouble go deeper still: is it the underlying materialism of our people? Have we developed a life that does not soar and touch great notes, but is bound to earth and sodden with the things of the flesh, that is concerned more with output and dividends than with brotherhood and eternity, that defiles God's outdoors with filthy advertisements and attempts to measure religious passion by the size of the crowd and the offering?

Whatever the reasons, the lack of song in the American labor movement and in the wider social movement in this country is a serious handicap. Even now the social service leaders are seeking to develop an adequate hymnology. A few years ago the Christian Socialists sought to loosen the dumb tongue of the later group, but it was a mere copying of the cheap trash that fills our so-called religious song books, whose function it is to debauch the religious sensibilities of our church young people for the sake of the coffers of private publishers. Neither in word or music did the Socialist hymn book adequately express the thoughts that burn and the passions that throb in the mighty movement of the working class. Hence it was with a thrill of hope, despite its sorry sample, that the preacher turned to the book of the soap-box singer. On its flaming red cover it bears the title "Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent." Over this it

carries the sign and inscription of that hated, feared, despised, and outlawed organization, "The Industrial Workers of the World." For superscription it prints two of the ancient battle-cries of the working class—one to stir the mighty feeling of solidarity which is to knit together the new social order: "An injury to one is an injury to all"; the other to rouse the passion for social justice, which is one of the divine forces making for progress: "Labor is entitled to all it produces." Here were big words, big enough to write much history. Were they now to find wings of harmony that would indeed fan the flames of righteous discontent and quicken the dry conscience of the world? The facility of a fine title is too often fatal to both writer and reader. It is the choicest refinement of lying as a fine art. The burden of living up to it sometimes breaks both the back and the conscience of a man. This title shouts lustily, as though the echoes of these songs of discontent would be strong enough to shake down the walls of the citadel of the oppressors of labor and open the way into its Promised Land. Of the forty-three songs in the book, however, only two express conceptions as big as those which appear on the cover, and it is significant that these are of foreign origin. One is our old friend "The Marseillaise," whose wild strains are utterly beyond our unmusical workers. Yet there is on file in the records of a Western State an official report which cites as evidence of the bloodthirsty nature of the I. W. W. this terrible chorus, discovered in their official song book:

> To arms! to arms! ye brave!
> Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
> March on, march on, all hearts resolved
> On Victory or Death.

How Dickens would have delighted in this choice evidence of the literalness of the middle-class official mind! Its next step will need to be the confiscation of all college song books, lest such incendiary sentiments should breed revolution among our students. The other song which is big with a dynamic idea also comes from France:

> Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
> Arise, ye wretched of the earth,
> For justice thunders condemnation,
> A better world's in birth.

No more tradition's chains shall bind us;
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall.
The earth shall rise on new foundations,
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain:

'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place,
The Industrial Union
Shall be the human race.

The words of that refrain are wretchedly unmusical (and the rest of the song is worse still), but it moves the workers with two great visions: the catastrophic idea, that has always bulked so largely in the religion of the common people, and the idea of world brotherhood, of race solidarity, which is one of the conceptions that bring the mind within hailing distance of the idea of God. One of the striking incidents of the Lawrence strike was the singing of this chorus by the women of several nationalities as they sat peeling the potatoes for the common meal of the strikers: "The Industrial Union shall be the human race." And straightway their constricted life was enlarged into a world significance, they moved upon a world plane, were parts of a world struggle, members of a world fellowship, at present undeveloped, but some day to be made a mighty fact. Compare the religious value of such a conception, its appeal for sacrifice, for the life that finds itself in loss and comes to its God by way of the cross, with the religious values in such a chorus as "O that will be glory for me!"

The only other song in the book which clothes a conception of any bigness is a typical example of the false philosophy, the half-truth and that twisted putting of the whole truth which is the intellectual poison in some of the radical propaganda in labor circles. It is an attempt to rouse the workers to the old adage that in union there is strength, to express in dangerously perverted form the historic fact that law has been the expression of the will of the ruling class, though now we make it the will of the majority in a democracy:

Might was Right when Christ was hanged
Beside the Jordan's foam;
Might was Right when Gracchus bled
Upon the stones of Rome;

And Might was Right when Danton fell,
When Emmet passed away—
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

. . . . . .

Might is Right when children die
By thousands in the mills,
When jeweled hands reach down and take
The gold their blood distills;
And Might is Right when maidens give
Their love-dreams up for pay—
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,
The One and Only Right;
And so, O hosts of Toil, awaken!
O workingmen, unite!
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,
'Tis Freedom's only way—
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,
And the Gospel of to-day."

For the rest of it, these "Songs of Discontent" swing no gripping conceptions. They move around in the circle of the trite and commonplace; they handle the same type of thin, stale platitudes that are found within the covers of the song books that one picks up on the chairs of most of the prayer meeting and Sunday school rooms. But in the realm of emotions they deal with bigger things. Here they have the advantage over their compeers that are called religious, for they deal not with the glorified selfishness of extreme religious individualism, but with the majestic passion for brotherhood. They touch the note of martyrdom and stir the spirit of sacrifice. Yet again those songs which reach true emotion come from across the water. One uses vibrant strains of the Welsh national hymn:

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!
Hope within our bosoms springing
Bids us journey forward, singing—
Death to tyrants' might!
Tho' we wield no spear nor saber,
We, the sturdy sons of Labor,
Helping ev'ry man his neighbor,
Shirk not from the fight!

CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,
Would ye win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
God shall help the Right!

Another, of Irish origin, stirs devotion to "The Red Flag" which from the days of Rome has been the emblem of the working class until to-day it stands for the common blood of all mankind and for the hope of the workers to build on that common kinship the world-wide Industrial Commonwealth.

The People's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

The significant thing about such of these "Songs of Discontent" as are of native origin is that they are nearly all parodies. American labor, its energies exhausted in the titanic struggle to subdue and organize our tremendous natural resources, is just beginning to express itself. Its thinking for awhile will follow the minds of the older labor groups of Europe, its songs for a time will be second-hand. It is again significant that these second-hand songs are parodies on the only religious songs that this group has heard, the songs of the gospel singers of the street corner. Wretched doggerel they are, that will not fan any flames nor even stir the discontent of the men who suffer from the conditions they reveal. Yet behind the miserable parodies are some terrible facts. Their ghastly humor is revolting, but do our spirits stir with the same revulsion against the conditions that have created it? Here are broken, blasphemous men, "knights of the road," casual, seasonal laborers, the untrained, inefficient,

wasted, exploited group, which is one of the continuous by-products of our youth-consuming, speeding and starving, unemploying and overemploying industry. And these men choose to drive home the lack of connection between some of our religious emotionalism and the great human needs which the Christ declared to be the call of religious duty by putting the grim facts of unemployment and vagrancy into a form that shocks us. "When the roll is called up yonder" becomes the medium for emphasizing the graft of the employment agency, tolerated by a state not yet willing to face the task of providing for its citizens the elementary right of access to the means of self-maintenance:

Up and down the streets, we walk around until our feet are sore,
For a job, for a job 'most anywhere;
The employment shark will gather easy suckers by the score,
When you buy a job out yonder in despair.

CHORUS:

When you buy a job out yon-der [repeat],
When you buy a job out yon-der in despair.

"Count your blessings," after the employment shark has taken his two-dollar office fee, becomes this:

Count your pennies, count them one by one,
Then you plainly see how you are done,
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a Jap's and get your coffee an'.

The awful condition of vagrancy, and its habit of mind, appears to the tune of another old gospel hymn:

Hallelujah! give us a handout
To revive us again.

The social sin of the average community in treating vagrancy as a crime may come home to the sheltered citizen in the shock of the hardened lightness of these lines, cold as Dante's frozen deeps of hell:

Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of his mother's pride?
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
Or else he's bumming a ride.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
But his clothes are a sight to see.
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do;
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

What appears in these wretched parodies to be a lack of respect for the things that are sacred to the normal middle-class religious life is really something more serious. It is the lack of any sense of the value of these things. The power to appreciate them has been lost. The same lightness appears in the treatment of human life. In one ballad concerning the fate of one "Casey Jones the Union Scab" during a railroad strike, a song which the preacher heard received with vociferous applause at a mixed social gathering, the chorus tells how

> **Casey Jones hit the river bottom;**
> **Casey Jones broke his blessed spine,**

because someone put ties across the track in front of the engine he was driving. Still another ballad tells gleefully how the cheated laborer buys a piece of gaspipe to lie in wait for the employment shark who has robbed him. This is partly the naïve revelation by simple folk of that terrible disregard of human life which is one of the outstanding facts of our industrial process. More than this, we have here the voice of men with whom life is rarely safe. Men who take the constant hazard of the brake beam do not view life with the same concern as the staid citizen of the hearthstone. Men for whose lives society has scant respect may be expected to reciprocate the feeling and to make it concrete. "We care no more for your food supply in time of strike than you cared for ours in ordinary times" was what the English strikers told remonstrant England, after they had tied up transportation. These men whom the I. W. W. is organizing have still less restraint. They are the nomads of our industrial life, and if they turn Ishmaels, crying "No man cares for my soul," it is scant wonder. Homeless, propertyless, how shall they know any of the restraints of the settled citizen? These men are now being aroused to think, and to think largely in terms of feeling. The tramp by the roadside in the West is reading the printed matter of the new industrialism. If the man at the bottom is fed with false conceptions, if his awakening sense of injustice develops into a blind and passionate revolt against the social order, its institutions and moralities, let us clearly realize that the blame

rests upon those at the top who left him neglected in the day of his oppression and untrained in the day of his awakening.

The discontent that is being developed at the bottom of our industrial group by the American Syndicalists is terribly dangerous because it is so purely emotional, so blindly passionate. A European critic has said that the reason that the Syndicalists there claim Bergson is because of their mutual reliance upon instinct. Even more than their comrades in Europe, the American group are trusting to blind instinct to find the impossible short cut in social progress. Their philosophy, their program, their methods, their songs, fling out a warning and a challenge to organized religion. The warning? That we suffer not life to harden over the workers of this country with the adamantine crust of older civilization. The democratic ideal cannot so be contained; it will break through with mighty rendings. It is for all who believe in the democracy of Jesus to highly resolve that such a day of upheaval shall never be made necessary. It is for us to open the doors of privilege to the downmost group. Here lies the challenge—to create a discontent at the top and in the middle of society, a discontent with the restricted life of our brother, a discontent that shall be powerful because it is intelligent, that shall be creative and not destructive, that shall join hands with the discontent of the men at the bottom to establish social and economic justice as the basis for the richer development of life, to make way for the constructive program of the Christian social order by securing to labor the title to all that it produces.

Harry F. Ward.

Art. VI.—THE VALUE OF PROPHECY AND MIRACLE

There is a marked trend among theologians of so-called liberal views to discount, if not to reject, prophecy and miracle as important in maintaining the divinity and authority of Christ. It is claimed that his divinity and authority may be sufficiently maintained by the spiritual truths he revealed and the experiences these truths bring into the human consciousness. Without in the least discounting the dynamic value of this argument there should be added the equally important argument that may be drawn from prophecy and miracle. Our Lord himself appealed to both these when his claim to the Messiahship was challenged. The supreme value of both is found in the indubitable evidence they furnish of the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. In prophecy, he was the seed of the woman that would bruise the serpent's head (Gen. 3. 15); the Shiloh of Jacob, unto whom the gathering of the people would be (Gen. 49. 10); the King that would reign in Zion and to whom the heathen should be given for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession (Psa. 2. 8); who should have universal dominion (Psa. 72. 8); whose kingdom would last forever (Psa. 145. 10–13). Isaiah has so much to say about the one who was his foremost character and hero that he has been distinguished as the evangelical prophet. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to claim that the book that bears his name is largely a biography of the Christ written centuries in advance of his incarnation. He was the light that would dispel darkness (9. 2); the ruler whose government and peace would be universal (9. 5–7); whom the Gentiles would seek and whose rest would be glorious (11. 10); the sure foundation stone (28. 16); the king that would reign in righteousness (32. 1); the servant who would bring forth judgment to the Gentiles, who would not fail nor be discouraged, and for whose law the isles should wait (42. 1–4); the one who was called in righteousness and given as a covenant to the people, as a light to the Gentiles to open blind eyes and deliver from the prison house of sin (42. 6, 7). He was the righteous Branch and King

that should reign and prosper and execute judgment and justice in the earth; whose name should be called THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS (Jer. 23. 5, 6); the one like the Son of man, to whom was given dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him; his dominion an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed (Dan. 7. 13, 14); the restorer of the tabernacle of David, which had fallen down (Amos 9. 11); the one that should come out of Bethlehem to be the ruler in Israel, whose going forth had been from of old, from everlasting (Micah 5. 2); the King who should make a triumphal entrance into Jerusalem (Zech. 9. 9); the shepherd who should be smitten and whose sheep would be scattered (Zech. 13. 7); the messenger of the covenant who should sit as a refiner and purifier of silver (Mal 3. 1–3). These are but a few of the many prophecies contained in the Old Testament which have their fulfillment in the person, life, and death of Jesus, and to which he often referred as establishing his claim to the Messiahship. In the synagogue at Nazareth he read from Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke 4. 18, 19); and then added, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

When about to enter upon his final journey to Jerusalem he said to the twelve: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on: and they shall scourge him, and put him to death: and the third day he shall rise again" (Luke 18. 31–33). Here all that related to his last bitter experiences was declared to have been foretold by the prophets. Then, after the prophetic utterances concerning himself had been fulfilled, as he journeyed with two of his disciples toward Emmaus, he said: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke 24. 25–27). Surely our Lord regarded prophecy of great importance in vindicating his claim to the Messiahship.

Although the miracles of our Lord were so numerous and so often appealed to by himself as vindicating his divinity and authority, it has been recently claimed by a scholarly writer that, "He never seemed anxious to fortify his teaching by intellectual bulwarks of miraculous wonders." Then why so many miracles? Mark records in detail twenty-one, while in numerous instances he declares that many were healed of divers diseases and many devils and unclean spirits were cast out. Mark does not give the genealogy of our Lord, but does give a more complete list of his miracles than either of the other Gospel writers. He seems to have had in mind particularly the Roman world. The Roman cared nothing about a man's origin, descent, or lineage, but attached great importance to what a man could do. Cincinnatus was called from the plow-handles to the dictatorship of Rome. Nothing so appealed to the Roman mind as the ability to perform mighty deeds. Our Lord himself placed great emphasis upon his miracles as proof of his being the divine personality foretold by the prophets. To the messengers sent by John from his prison cell, inquiring, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus answered: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them" (Matt. 11. 3–5). See also John 5. 36; 10. 25, 38; 14. 11. These "mighty works" profoundly impressed the people who witnessed them. When he was in Jerusalem, at the passover, "Many believed in his name when they saw the miracles which he did" (John 2. 23), and Nicodemus, witnessing these miracles, came to Jesus by night, saying, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him" (John 3. 2). "And," Saint John says (20. 30, 31), "many other signs truly did Jesus in the

presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

The miracles of Jesus were all-inclusive, from his own miraculous birth at Bethlehem to his transfiguration on the mount and his resurrection from the sealed and guarded tomb of Joseph at Jerusalem, the instantaneous cure of all forms of human ailments as well as restoration to life of several who were dead; the control of nature by suspending, reversing, and intensifying its laws: the winds were hushed, the sea was calmed, and the loaves and the fishes were multiplied until they "fed thousands and to spare." Unseen spiritual existences were subject to his authority. Upon his invitation angels came trooping from the skies, at his command evil spirits were cast out, and at his rebuke devils were banished to their native hell. In a word, he was Master of all forces, material and spiritual. Bickersteth, in his great poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," says that he was

> No stern recluse
> As his forerunner; but the guest and friend
> Of all who sought him, mingling with all life
> To breathe his holiness on all. No film
> Obscured his spotless luster. From his lips
> Truth limpid without error flowed. Disease
> Fled from his touch. Pain heard him and was not.
> Despair smiled in his presence. Devils knew,
> And trembled. In the omnipotence of faith
> Unintermittent, indefectible,
> Leaning upon his Father's might, he bent
> All nature to his will. The tempest sank,
> He whispering, into waveless calm. The bread
> Given from his hands fed thousands and to spare.
> The stormy waters as the solid rock
> Were pavement for his footstep. Death itself
> With vain reluctancies yielded its prey
> To the stern mandate of the Prince of Life.

Other teachers and philosophers preceded and succeeded him, some claiming divinity, but not one of them could present such credentials from a long line of divinely inspired prophets and

miracles so thoroughly attested. The impact of prophecy and miracle gave, and continue to give, to his doctrines a power that is irresistible and that will ultimately conquer all opposing forces. To eliminate prophecy and miracle is to place Jesus on the same human plane with many other teachers and philosophers without satisfactory proof of superiority. It was because he had made good his claim, through prophecy, miracle, and doctrine, that he could say: "I and my Father are one" (John 10. 30); "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14. 9). Having demonstrated beyond all doubt that he was God "manifest in the flesh," he could rightfully say to his followers, the moment before—in his cloud-chariot, angel-guarded—he mounted the highway of the skies: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen" (Matt. 28. 18–20). Obeying this last command of their divine risen Lord, and sustained by inspired prophecy abundantly fulfilled, miracles unquestionably attested and doctrines that mightily appealed to the deepest consciousness of human need, the disciples of our Lord went forth from Pentecost "filled with the Holy Ghost" to "preach Christ crucified," the "power of God and the wisdom of God," which was to those who received their message "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

To eliminate prophecy and miracles from the authority of Jesus would be to take away two thirds of his credentials and prestige and rank him with Buddha, Confucius, and Mohammed.

A B Leonard

Art. VII.—OUR NEED OF THE PRODUCTIVE SCHOLAR

A radical change has come in our conception of the scholar. In a former time he was regarded as a man concerned especially with information and self-improvement, seeking the largest culture by entering many and various fields of learning; but the modern scholar is not attempting to be an encyclopedia, or an exponent of literary refinements, being animated rather by the desire for truth and the hope of progress. He wishes to pry open some closed door, solve some deep problem, carry the lamp of learning into dark and mysterious places, and thus widen perceptibly the kingdom of the known to the theoretical and practical advantage of the human race. The scholar of the olden time, erudite, versatile, resourceful, is still worthy of admiration, but he has served his day, the call now being for the man who can plow his furrow deep rather than wide, who can gather new facts, deduce new principles, make new discoveries, and lay the foundations for new developments in human progress. In other words, we want not so much the learned as the productive scholar.

The development of the productive scholar is perhaps the highest achievement of an enlightened state or nation, for he, more than any other worker, contributes fundamentally to the advancement of civilization. He is needed from the standpoint of both our cultural and our practical life, the two realms which embrace our essential activities. We need him in our cultural life to develop in us a true intellectual spirit and inspire us with a due sense of the importance of truth. In a commercial age the danger is that men shall come to think that the supreme things in existence relate to the physical side of life; that they will be captivated by material progress and estimate values in terms of material achievements. But the productive scholar is a constant corrective to this tendency by the disinterested spirit of his work and his devotion to pure science. He is not after material emoluments nor personal gain, nor does he think of the use that is to be made of the results of his researches. His motive is higher and loftier: namely, the desire to know, enthusiasm for truth. Said Leibnitz, "Did the

Almighty, holding in his right hand Truth and in his left Search for Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search for Truth." No wonder that his name lives in history as one of the world's greatest scholars and most eminent men. Who of us has not been moved and felt we touched a nobler and higher cord, perceived more truly the loftiest aim in life, as we have read the letter written by Fresnel to Young in 1824, and quoted by Whewell, in which he uses these notable words:

> **For a long time that insensibility or that vanity which people call love of glory is much blunted in me. I labor much less to catch the suffrages of the public than to obtain an inward approval which has always been the mental reward of my efforts. Without doubt I have often wanted the spur of vanity to excite me to pursue my researches in moments of disgust and discouragement, but all compliments which I have from Arago, Laplace, and Biot never gave me so much pleasure as the discovery of a theoretical truth or the confirmation of a calculation by experiment.**

A man with such a spirit throws his light not only across the sea to guide mariners safely to the harbor, as in Fresnel's case, but across the path of every true man to show him where the secret of high living lies and quicken him to an appreciation of what is most worth his seeking.

But not only is the productive scholar an example to us in his love of truth, but in the patience and thoroughness and earnestness of his labor in seeking it. The age in which we live has but little of the element of sacrifice in it. It wants large results for moderate expenditures, and counts that its efforts will bring rich returns in the realm of sensuous satisfaction and personal power. It wants to travel the primrose path of ease, or wealth, or pleasure. But the life of the productive scholar is a fine corrective, and sets before us the large truth that in developing the life of the spirit the divinely appointed way is by struggle. He who attains to true culture and unfolds his soul must be willing to forget his lower self, and sacrifice, and often suffer. The road to high attainments and great service is rough and hard to travel. It is an old legend that an innocent life must be walled up in the foundation of a building if it is to endure; and as we study the patience, the self-

abandon, the arduous toil, and the opposition with which many of our foremost scholars have labored, we have thought that learning also often immures the lives of its devotees in the foundations of its structures. Some one has said that the love of truth finds its highest expression in martyrdom; and while this is a strong word, there is a large truth in the affirmation. The man who does original work attacks problems he has no assurance he can solve, and he often works on for years with a succession of failures before light breaks in—if, indeed, it comes at all. There is no probability of financial gain at the end and no certainty of results which will give a reputation among one's contemporaries. Often the investigator is ridiculed as he toils. Galvani was made much sport of by the men of his day and jocosely called "the frog's dancing master." His invesigations were thought of no value to anybody. He himself was not permitted to know their real significance, but they were the basis of other workers, Oersted, Ampere, Ohm, Faraday, Henry, and others, who continued Galvani's studies and enlarged upon his results during fifty years, and as a consequence we have the galvanic battery and the electric magnet, and a whole body of facts, laws, and inventions which have had the most far-reaching influence on the modern world. All now recognize the value of Galvani's work and see that the germ in his hands has grown to great fruit in modern civilization. But he did not live to have the comfort of this fact. He worked on, misunderstood, discontented, and ridiculed to the end. Often when great principles have been discovered it has only been the beginning of persecution. John Fisk tells us that when Newton published his notable theory he experienced the greatest abuse on the ground that he was substituting blind gravity for an intelligent Deity. Daguerre was actually incarcerated for a time in an asylum because he maintained that he could transfer his likeness to a tin plate. Franklin's paper on lightning conductors was laughed at by the British Academy, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was ridiculed by those who saw no reason why they should overthrow the authorities of centuries on account of "this queer-headed fellow," and Darwin had all the bees in the theological hive buzzing about his head when he published his investigations on the origin

of species. We need not enlarge the list. Suffice it to say, as Bacon remarked, "Truth is without a dowry," and history has been a good deal like the Locrians, who required anyone who introduced a measure for altering the existing laws to appear at the meeting in which it was argued with a rope around his neck, by which he was hung up if he did not convince his fellow citizens of the wisdom of his measure. Thus the world's treatment of the scholar has seldom been cordial; and in that under these conditions he is content to labor on in the pursuit of truth, not knowing what the results will be, expecting no material emoluments, misunderstood, and often ridiculed or persecuted, he sets before our generation an example of idealism, of devotion to learning, of the greatest possible significance to its cultural life. If men will imitate the scholar's spirit, the higher spiritual interests of society will not suffer in the expansion of material civilization.

The productive scholar performs great service to our cultural life also by instructing us in the best methods of intellectual work. Some one has said that the secret of success is in knowing how, and this is as true in intellectual effort as in mechanical achievement. There has been a revolution in method since modern science got a firm foothold. Men long held to the process of deduction. Relying on the suggestions of the creative imagination, they backed up their generalizations and guesses with the most elaborate and cunningly devised fables of logical argumentation. They elaborated opinions and tried to give them the proof of logical consistency. Thus they built up great systems of thought and wisely explained the problems of nature and life, contending with each other for supremacy. They did not see that the final test of theories is facts, not syllogisms; that the best way to test a conclusion is by seeing how it fits in with the data in hand. This the modern productive scholar is showing us how to do. He has taught us how to properly join the deductive and inductive methods. Neither is adequate of itself. To gather information, to accumulate all the facts possible, to take infinite pains in observation, comparison, and experimentation, to make as complete inductions as we can, is the first step in serious intellectual work, whether it be in the domain of natural science, economics, history, sociology, philosophy,

or any other department of knowledge. But this is not sufficient, but must be supplemented by the work of deduction, which has been the successful way to the largest creative results in all lines of human endeavor. It was not simply by the Baconian method that science developed so rapidly in the eighteenth century, as is often stated, but rather by the means of hypothetical investigation, the chief instrument of intellectual progress. We get together the facts that they may suggest the theory. This is why a man who is devoid of a great creative imagination can never be a productive scholar. To do original work in any department of knowledge a man must have the gift of foresight, of prophetic power; he must be a good guesser as to the meaning of unexplained phenomena or an indicated truth. As Professor Carhart has said, as soon as the investigator

> passes beyond the mere elements, he must train himself in the habit of conceiving things which the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man. He must emancipate himself from the domain of the senses and must learn that sense-perceptions should not be projected into the outer world of nature, but that they are only symbols of objective phenomena, presented to consciousness, which the imagination, aided by reason and reflection, must interpret. Not only is the imagination called into activity by the common occurrences of the natural world lying along the level and the horizon of man's experience, but it is powerfully stimulated by the more remote phenomena above him and below him.

Having by inductive methods accumulated our data, and by deductive methods formed our hypotheses, the next step is verification. It will not do to rest in our hypotheses on the reasons which the logical faculty may offer to support them, but they must be tested by experimentation. Probably the erroneous guesses of great men are as many or more than those of men of less expertness and power, but their success is in the care with which they see that the theory is fully supported by the facts. Of this Kepler is a conspicuous illustration. It is said that his mind was peculiarly given to curious speculations; he seemed to revel in

> erroneous and futile trains of thought, and we might fairly think that such a mind as his could not be fruitful in scientific results, and yet the laws he discovered are among the most firmly established. How came this to be? Simply because, in addition to being a dreamer, he was

a critic. With infinite patience and with consummate thoroughness he subjected his dreams and visions to analysis and experimentation, casting out theory after theory, rejecting hypothesis after hypothesis, admitting readily his errors, and retaining only that which stood the test of the most rigid examination.

This has been the method and secret of success of all great discoverers of truth in all provinces of intellectual endeavor. Their victories have been through the number of theories they have strangled in their own brains because they did not stand the tests of logical consistency and experimental verification. This threefold method, of induction, deduction, and criticism, has entered the life of the modern world as a great contribution from the productive scholar and has been productive of the substantial results that are being attained in every department of knowledge. It teaches us the correct method of all original and independent intellectual work.

The productive scholar has also performed a great service to our cultural life in that he has kept alive men's higher interests, extended knowledge, and satisfied the wants of the intellectual class. Human society needs the scholar to renew its life. A merely commercial and material existence is not worth while. A nation that had nothing higher or better than trade and money and high social life would soon become corrupt and degenerate rapidly. In the pressure for the material ends of life, in the bread-and-butter demands upon us, there must be some spiritualizing force which will counteract on these materializing tendencies and keep alive the higher sentiments, instincts, and feelings of men, those spiritual elements in society which are of abiding worth. Communities would lose tremendously if they were solely under the leadership of practical, industry-making men. What society needs to keep its balance is a class of abstract workers, of persons who are renewing literature, restating philosophy, enlarging the application of ethical principles, developing art, studying the deeper problems of nature, and increasing our knowledge of science—men who are leaders in the higher activities of life. These men walk among the masses carrying their ideals with them, setting new standards of public opinion, calling attention to the finer and

higher conceptions, and they are not made by the rough-and-tumble of life, but by research, by a study of abstract problems, by searching for principles, by seeking to learn lessons of other generations, by weaving into the practical life of the people its inheritance of the past and the scholarly achievements of the present.

Not only does the scholar keep alive society's higher interests, but he satisfies the wants of an intellectual class that exists in every community. No people has all of its citizens of a common type. There is as much diversity in the realm of mind as of nature. There are men who get their happiness from activity, from the management of industry, from social communion, and the objective relations of life. Then there are men who care little for all this, but who love the ideal, the æsthetic, the true, and the good. Aristotle would not have found his life in trade, or in politics, or in the useful arts. A mind like his wants the universe to reach out into and for rest goes down to the principles that pertain to the nature of things. But, while far greater than most, he is but representative of a class in every community, and a most important class, which has just as much right to ask that its needs and desires be met as those have who are interested in society's practical activities. As illustrative of the feelings of such persons, take the following statement of F. D. Maurice, one of the most gifted minds of the last century:

> I have no hope of acquiring exhaustively even a small portion of the smallest history, but I feel that I want the light which history gives me: that I cannot do without it. I find that I am connected in my own individual life with a past and a future as well as a present. I cannot make either out without the other. I find that I am connected with a nation having a past as well as a present, and which must have a future. I am confident that our life is meant to be a whole; that its days, as the poet says, should be "linked to each other" in natural piety. They fall to pieces easily; it is hard, often it is impossible, to recover the links between them. But there comes an illumination to us, ever and anon, over our past years, and over the persons gone out of our sight who worked in them. . . . Thus it is with the ages gone by. Every one of them is telling upon us; every man who has thought and worked in them has contributed to the good or evil which is about us. The ages are not dead; they cannot be. If we listen, they will speak to us.

The hunger for truth which this quotation illustrates is something to be provided for; and the scholar in his work, trying to explain

the mysteries of life and the world, trying to peer deeper into the heart of things, brushing away the errors of superstition, extending vastly our information of all the fields of human interest and thought, performs a great service to those who find happiness in knowledge.

But we need the productive scholar not only in our cultural life, but also in our practical life, in the domain of our material interests. It is often thought that the scholar is a dreamer, or star-gazer, of no use outside of his library, his classroom, or his laboratory. There is little thought that he has a message for the world which really does things, which carries on the necessary activities of life. But the scholar is indispensable to material as well as cultural progress, and the great structure of modern civilization is built up largely on his researches. As Huxley once said, "The interests of science and industry are identical; science cannot take a step forward without sooner or later opening up new channels for industry; and, on the other hand, every advance of industry facilitates those experimental investigations upon which the growth of science depends."

In the first place, it needs to be noted that the work of the productive scholar has laid the foundation of applied science, which is achieving such wonders in the modern world. Said Cuvier:

> Those grand practical innovations are the mere application of truths of a higher order, not sought with any practical intent, but which were pursued for their own sake and solely through an ardor for knowledge. Those who applied them could not have discovered them; those who discovered them had no inclination to pursue them to a practical end. Engaged in the higher regions, whither their thoughts had carried them, they hardly perceived these practical issues, though born of their own deeds. These rising workshops, these peopled colonies, these ships which furrow the sea, this luxury, this tumult—all this comes from discoveries in science, and it all remains strange to them. At the point where science merges into practice they abandon it; it concerns them no more.

While there have been great discoveries by accident, and especially previous to the nineteenth century, this is seldom the case, and most of these results are the product of the insight acquired by special training and work carried on in scientific laboratories. No ordinary inventor or practical man could have given the world any

of the great discoveries and inventions which have transformed, and indeed almost transfigured, the industrial world during the past one hundred and fifty years. The steam engine is often cited as an instance where a man made a great contribution to society by a suggestion which came to the inventor while, as a boy, he was looking at his mother's tea kettle. Many, indeed, think this was the basis of this greatest of all inventions. But it is well known by those who have looked into the matter that it was not his mother's tea kettle, but the discovery by Black of "latent heat," and over two years of profound study on "such problems as the specific volume of steam and its law of tension under varying temperatures," which enabled Watt to give to the world his wonderful engine. Moreover, it is not the insight of some practical mechanic or engineer which in the last sixty years has "doubled the speed of its piston while saving at least one fourth of its fuel," but the investigations of Joule and others on the mechanical theory of heat. The same principle can be illustrated from the realm of electricity, whose uses and appliances shine with such dazzling brilliancy. Who made possible the dynamo, the electric light, the telegraph, and Marconi's wireless messages? Who made it possible to lift great loads at the dock, drill the ore in the mine, and separate rock from the metal in the smelter? Who made it possible to extract from ordinary substances one hundred things of value, such as caustic alkalies, bleaching powder, chloroform, chlorates, aluminum, and radium? Not some practical workman or inventor, but a long line of scientific investigators. Says Professor Norton:

> How happy was the thought which designates the various units of electricity by the illustrious names of the masters of research: the volt in honor of the professor in the University of Pavia who one hundred years ago gave the world in his crown of cups its first effective reservoir of new power; ampère, the name of the professor of physics at the College of France, founder of the science of electro-dynamics; ohm, in memory of the professor of experimental physics in the University of Munich, discoverer of the law of the strength of the electric current; and farad, in honor of the greatest of them all, Michael Faraday, professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution of England, the prince of experimenters, whose researches, resulting in the dynamo, connected the industries of the world with the first economical source of electrical energy.

Illustrations could be gathered from every field of man's practical activity to prove the point being made; but it would be a waste of time. Enough has been indicated to show how the industries and business of the modern world are a direct result of the work of the productive scholar, and but for him we would be living on practically the same basis as men in primitive conditions of society. Our boats would still be hugging the shore, fearing to lose sight of land, for no one would know how to compute longitude; the strain would still come on human muscles instead of derricks and various machines; flour would still be ground by hand between stones instead of by turbine wheels, engines, or dynamos, and, in brief, all would be lacking which makes modern life progressive and great.

But if the scholar has been of such service in the past, let us not suppose that we are through with him yet. There has never been a day when nations which will keep to the front in the competitions of trade, which want their industries to thrive and their commercial prosperity to continue, were so dependent on the scholar as they are to-day. As natural resources become more exhausted, and as other peoples put their business on a scientific basis, no nation, however prosperous, can hold its place by mere enterprise and practical sagacity. This is the great lesson that our own business men must at once learn. In an article published in the London Times of 1886 Mr. Huxley pointed out that the English people had "entered upon the most serious struggle for existence to which they had ever been committed," adding, "the later years of this century promise to see us embarked in an industrial war of more serious import than the military wars of its opening years." He spoke of the competition of Germany on the east and of the United States on the west, and declared that the only way England could hold its industrial and commercial prestige was to at once avail itself of the help of scientifically trained men in all its manufactories and forms of business. His article so aroused the English people that technical schools were established in various cities to prepare for the struggle. It is an illustration of what must become increasingly true in our own land. Germany waked up to the fact years ago; and, no matter what his business,

the German manufacturer is seeking to improve his process and his product by availing himself of the services of men scientifically trained, men who have served their apprenticeship in the school of research. The value of this is seen in many concrete illustrations. Take the case of Carl Zeiss, of Jena. Some forty-odd years ago Mr. Zeiss, a small optician, desiring to perfect to greater efficiency his microscope, consulted Professor Abbe, the physicist of the University of Jena. Abbe brought his mathematical knowledge to bear and so greatly improved the efficiency of the instrument that Mr. Zeiss invited him to become a partner. He resigned his professorship, and, "taking up the theory of optical instruments, completely remodeled it, bringing out points never appreciated before, and inventing new lenses that were beyond competition." As a result, every user of the microscope and every photographer knows the superiority of the product of this firm, which has made possible the achievements of instantaneous photography. This is by no means a single illustration, but rather indicates a prevailing custom. One German firm engaged in the manufacture of coal-tar colors, employing some fourteen hundred men, has some fifty scientific chemists, every man of them trained to do research work. "These men are engaged to make investigations, to discover new compounds of value, to see that the product produced is kept up to standard, and, in short, to put the work on a scientific basis." The result has been a remarkable growth in the business and returns of the factory. In the United States we must come to the same basis of work. We have hitherto made our success largely by the organization of trade, and by great push and energy in distribution. We have united capital, and done business on a vast scale, but we have not been careful to improve our output, and already our best products, like our locomotive engines, are being much surpassed by those made in Germany. Our manufacturers as yet do not know what it means to employ men to do research work in their line of industry. They depend on men of experience and practical sagacity, but the time has come when we must make use of the scholar in the practical activities of life, and our future success as a commercial and industrial people will depend on our coming soon to realize this.

We need the scholar in practical life also to alleviate human suffering and promote the public health. There is nothing which creates so much suffering, economic waste, mental depression and ruin, as disease. It is the enemy man has had to contend with from the beginning and which is not conquered yet. No home escapes, and where science has not gone communities are often depopulated by its ravages. The pain and suffering occasioned by disease cannot be imagined, let alone be computed. Superstition and fraud have here found a rich field for exploration, for there is no place where credulity works more readily than in the sick-room and among the afflicted. Human wisdom also seems to have been especially tardy in bestowing its benefits in this most needed domain. We must not forget that even in the days of Washington the powdered skins of adders and similar remedies were used for diseases. But to-day medicine is becoming scientific. The past one hundred years have witnessed the most remarkable advance. The researches of our laboratories have given us a new surgery and a new medicine and prolonged the average of life one half above what it was three hundred years ago. Epidemics like those which swept over Carthage and Alexandria in the third century, and like the pestilence which in the fourteenth century destroyed more than twenty-five million people in Europe, are no longer possible. Think of the pain that has been saved tens of thousands yearly by the use of anæsthetics. Think of the triumphs of modern surgery. Think of the hundreds of thousands whom the simple process of vaccination has saved. Think of the results of the investigations of Major Ross, of the Indian Army medical staff, concerning malaria parasites, and the investigations of Major Reed and his colleagues of the Cuban Commission in connection with yellow fever, the results of which are that dread diseases have been robbed of their sting and large regions of the tropics have been made habitable by white men. Think what incalculable benefit has followed Bering's discovery of the treatment of diphtheria by antitoxic serum, by which the mortality of this dread disease has in the last fifteen years been reduced eighty per cent. Think of the work of Pasteur, in whose institutes scattered over the world hundreds of thousands of people have been saved from the awful suffering and

terrible consequences of the rabies. These are only a part of the results which the researches of the scholar have produced in the realm of disease, but the record is sufficient to show how greatly human suffering has been alleviated and human life prolonged by his labors. The work, brilliant as it has been, is by no means concluded, but has little more than begun. We need the scholar to continue his researches in various fields where diseases still prey savagely upon life. Take, for example, tuberculosis, or the white man's plague. How little we have so far succeeded in mastering it and how terrible its ravages. Says Professor Townsend of the University of Illinois:

> It is now nearly half a century since the strife between the North and the South culminated in that memorable and bloody conflict known as the Civil War. Nearly every hearthstone tells the sad story of a broken family circle, and the nation still mourns the long list of her heroic dead. Tremendous as was the loss of life in those eventful four years, it is a significant fact to be observed in this connection that twenty-five per cent more deaths occur every year in this country from tuberculosis than the total loss of all the Union forces in battle and from wounds during the entire four years of the Civil War. Unless this disease is checked, it is said that there are 5,000,000 people now living in the United States who are destined to a premature death from this cause. It is difficult for us to realize the enormous loss to the wealth of the country which this involves. Professor Glover, of the University of Michigan, after careful estimate, says it is not less than $36,000,000 a year.

But tuberculosis is but one of the diseases yet to be fought. There is a great need in behalf of the public health for the work of the productive scholar. The nation needs to support and employ experts in the interests of good sanitation and the prevention of disease, and will save millions yearly by doing it. We are only half awake to the seriousness of this problem and what might be done to improve present conditions. Commissioner Evans of Chicago estimated that forty-five per cent of the deaths in that city in 1909 were caused by preventable diseases.

We need the scholar in another department of our practical interest and activity: namely, the state. We need his expert knowledge in the settling of many questions vital to the welfare of the country. We need him to enter into the realm of politics and help purify it, and we need him to bring expert information

to bear on public matters. One of the most pertinent and oft-repeated criticisms of democracy is that it puts the decision of weighty matters into the hands not of specialists, but of the crowd. It is said a sound decision on great financial and industrial matters, on questions of political science and economics, is "within the reach of specially disciplined minds alone, and the opinion of the unthinking masses upon such matters has just as much or as little real weight as an opinion upon the special problems of engineering, or chemistry, or physiology." There is undoubted force in the objection, although in every free government the people inform themselves on the questions of citizenship and take greater interest in politics than in any other matters outside of their immediate business affairs. There is also much sound judgment in the good sense of the people. But, this being admitted, it is also true that the high work of government, the settlement of important public measures, the solution of vast economic questions, is a work for scholars, and not for self-seeking politicians; and if experts cannot be put into Legislatures and Congresses, they can and should be employed to act on commissions, give information for those in authority to act upon, and explain the principles involved in significant public questions. Our country seems to be waking up somewhat to this fact, and to begin to feel that the word of the man who has made a life-time study of the subjects concerned, who can bring to bear upon the problems the full weight of historical scholarship and scientific method, must be of more value than the voice of scores of farmers and butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, or even country lawyers who have worked their way into legislative assemblies. The last ten years especially have seen a recognition of the scholar in public life to which we have not been accustomed. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are especially to be mentioned in this connection, for more than their predecessors they have set an example in recognizing in public life the value of experts. At the outbreak of the Spanish war the State Department of Washington turned to Professor J. B. Moore, of Columbia University, for council and help on great questions of international law which had developed, and he was sent with the Peace Commission to Paris in 1898 as expert legal adviser.

When he returned from the position of Assistant Secretary of State to his professor's chair, the president of the University of Rochester was called to be his successor. At the close of the war, when we had the Philippine Islands on our hands, with most complicated problems and difficult tasks to solve, the government appointed a commission to settle these grave and important matters, and two of the members were there only because they were scholars. On the second commission there were also two men of like qualifications. The same was true with Porto Rico. The work of forming the new government, of developing a new financial policy for the island, of codifying the laws, and of introducing a new system of education was all put into the hands of professors in universities who had become specialists in these several directions. So when the President wanted a commission to study the whole subject of the Isthmian Canal, its commercial advantages, cost of construction, engineering difficulties, etc., three of the nine men chosen were university specialists, and the principal work of the commission was committed to two of them. A beginning has been made, a small beginning compared with the need. Far more than we are doing we must call upon the scholar in public life if the state is to reach its highest efficiency in ministering to the welfare of the people. Take the tariff for an example. It seems incomprehensible that a subject so vital to the country should be conducted on any other than a scientific basis. But as a matter of fact, our tariff making has been largely an effort, by men ignorant of fundamental principles and facts, to satisfy special interests within their congressional districts. Almost no expert knowledge has gone into it; and the same is true of much of our economic and financial policies in State and nation. We need to bring more expert knowledge into the practical business of democracy, and the opportunity for the service of the scholar is here most abundant.

Art. VIII.—THE JOY OF THE AMATEUR

When the shades of evening fall, when the trees are dark, blotty shapes against a paling sky, in our neighborhood the gentle sounds of night are drowned by sundry quavers, shrieks, and breathy blares. The boy next door is learning to play the cornet. When the first quaver rends the sweet evening air the neighbors groan, not always with inward groanings. Their sighs ascend, and they prepare as best they may to inhibit against the torture. And yet, hark! Among the faulty notes, the breaking tones, rings at last one note, clear, sweet, exultant. I want to cheer. Good work, boy! That is a bit of the ideal made visible; for I know what is back of those quavering, cracked tones. They are not beauty, but as sure as the world is conceived in harmony there is beauty back of them. Toot away, boy! There is beauty in your soul. Good luck to you in bringing it to the birth embodied in a form that all men, and you yourself before all, may recognize as the fit symbol of the joy that dwells within you.

And how do I feel under its ragged cloak the outlines of beauty? Breathe it softly, for I have not the courage of yon boy to toot my aspirations from the housetop. Nay, I envy this Daniel his courage as he stands before his window each night and offers up his tribute to the divinity within him though the neighbors may wag their heads and stop their ears. I lack the courage to proclaim it; I turn my sketch on the pad wrong way around when I come through the town even at the risk of a blurred page; yet I, too, know what it is to strive through imperfection to express perfection; I, too, know what it is to have friends fail to hear with my ears and to see with my eyes. I bring home what is to me the imprisoned spirit of the out-of-doors only to be greeted with, "What, did you do that tree again? I thought you did it once before." Or, perhaps even more humilating, "Is—is that light patch water or sand? It might be either, you know." I look at my sketch through new eyes. Truly, a hopeless smudge! And yet it is my bit of the ideal made visible.

Yes, and the girl on the street back is learning to play the

violin. Her notes are unsteady, and her time is ragged, but once in a while, for a measure or two, there are a lilt and a swing that mean that she, too, has dipped into the sea of the ideal and has brought up her own little bucket full of the water of satisfaction. And the boy who lives in the house under the elms is making a model of an airship. Yea, verily, who knows but what it may glide? but whether it glides or not, it is still the craft on which the boy's soul goes voyaging through the ether. It all goes to prove that there is in each of us a yearning after the ideal. We never know till we set ourselves down to express it just how much of aspiration we can lay claim to. Then we may say with Whitman,

> I am larger than I thought,
> I did not know I held so much goodness.

No, the boy with the cornet did not know till that single, clear note thrilled his soul how much of harmony was shut up in his heart. O, kind neighbors, bear with us, for how shall we deny expression to the hot desires that surge within us? The very root of the word amateur makes plain our attitude of mind; it makes of us the lovers. It is we who follow our mistress from afar, happy if her garment but brush against us as she passes by. The amateur is simply the one who, lacking the skill or facilities for attainment, will not be denied utterance after some manner. We are the seekers, perhaps doomed always to miss perfection, but the search itself is good for the soul. And let no one, not even the artist who works with sure mastery of his technique, waste too much sympathy upon us because our effort does not adequately body forth our vision. For there is one glory of accomplishment and another glory of creation. There is the joy of the thing nobly done, but there is also the joy of the doing. In these days when we worship success, when the question is not, What high good are we striving for? but, simply, Are we about to succeed?—in these days when success is never anything but the thing done, it is well for us to remember that the road to the palace of the arts is worth traveling for the sake of the adventures along the way. But our devotion is significant beyond our own joy; it is the amateur who is the high priest of genius. He it

is who tends the fires on the altar some time to kindle into shapes of glory. The nation which binds up its heart in folk songs, whose shepherds follow their sheep to the music of the pipes, whose fishermen draw their nets with rhythmic cadence—that is the nation which will some day bring forth a master of song. It is the sailor-father carrying his sketchbook around the world, caging for his own satisfaction the wonders of far lands, who gives to his son the talent that embodies for the pleasure of the world the love of form and color that dwelt in the heart of that sailor. It is the girl with the aspirations to play the violin who may yet give through her child a voice that shall soar on the wings of her mother's love of music. It is the lovers, the amateurs, thwarted in their own aspirations, who give virtue to the soil out of which springs the plant that some day shall bloom forth into the wonder-flower of genius.

I take my sketching pad and my stick of charcoal and sit me down on the hilltop. Radiance is all about me; there is no ugliness anywhere. The decrepit old apple tree has its share of dignity as it leans over the wall and throws its shadow out upon the waving grass. And I, with the heart of the lover, feel this flooding of radiance about me as I choose my subject. I say to myself, "This little hilltop pond, with the margin of reeds and the willow mirroring itself in the clear water, shall be my objective point for this day." For me that little pond and the willow gather into themselves the sum of all the excellence in the world. If I could understand and catch the secret of the soft, caressing curve of the water against the shore, the texture of the willow foliage, massed, yet so instinct with light and life, if I could express it all, I should have entered into the inmost shrine of beauty. Of a truth, somebody says, Why not photograph it? A camera would give more accurately than any pencil or brush the form of that reflection mirrored in the faintly rippling waters. Why not, indeed? And why has my neighbor tooting his cornet an artistic virtue that no musical mechanism can aspire unto? A little further off down the street—I am glad to say—there is a mechanical device for playing the piano. It plays in perfect time, its runs are irreproachable, doubtless its fingering, if the

creation has fingers, is quite correct. For getting things done it is unequaled. And yet it does not play *con amore*. There is more true creative interpretation in the melody that the boy, with his cornet, is gallantly aspiring unto than in its frigid perfection. When I make my picture I am part of the world of beauty. Through trying to express beauty I become part and parcel of it. If I took a photograph I should become part of the camera. The camera, the mechanical players, are all good, they have their uses, they are well esteemed for their many excellencies. And yet the true lover will choose the better part. Rather imperfection and the sense of creation, the transmuting of nature into art through the alchemy of the human spirit, than perfection without a soul. It is the passage through the alembic of the soul that makes the world an expression of beauty. There is no worth except as some soul sees the world as sublime and lovely. The artistic merit that comes through the phonograph or the mechanical player exists only because the ingenuity of man has been able to reproduce in some measure the values that an artist has already created. A mechanism can register and record, a soul must create. And the excellence of the mechanism depends entirely upon the self-effacing fidelity with which it records what has already been created. It is the beauty in the soul that is fundamental, that serves to breathe the breath of spirit into a formless earth. My picture may be imperfect, it may mean little to alien eyes, and yet through it has come to me the joy of the doing. For a little time I have partaken of the essence of delight, the fervor of creation.

There is another joy in store for the amateur that we had not counted on, one of those delights that come by the way and are the sweeter because unsought. As I sit on my hilltop striving to put on paper the spirit of the willow and the mirroring pond, my eyes are gradually opened. I pierce beyond the general outline of tree and hill and water. It seems to me that I never saw a tree before against the sky. I never dreamed of the charm of its outline, the soft curves, the outgoing like cloud-masses against the blue, and the delicate curve of reticence and restraint that draws back again toward the heart of the tree. I learn

wisdom, too, from the glimpses of the trunk at the base, strong in its sinews, planted firm-footed, hidden and obscured, yet felt as the substance under all that billowing mass of lightness. And, as I look, the tree is not one flat surface against the sky, it is shot through with sparkles of light, with lovely patterns and designs where the leaves show the blue between. No, I never saw a tree before I tried to draw it. I never defined a reflection, elusive, shifting, yet always constant, till I tried to express it. And the boy with the cornet will listen to music with new ears. When the orchestra swings into the great melody it will come to him with peculiar intimacy. "O," he will say to himself, "that is the aria that I pegged away at." As he follows, anticipating every rise and fall, every passion of outgoing, every recession into communion, his own soul will go forth to meet the soul of the music. Through his own attempt at expression he will enter into the holy of holies that you by his side who have never tooted a cornet are not worthy to aspire unto.

The spirit of the amateur is abroad the world over. It is not alone the lure of art that kindles the heart of the lover. Wherever there is a good to achieve, wherever there is a moral crisis to win, the amateur feels his soul prick within him. The social worker looks abroad over the city full of souls that starve, and his imagination takes fire. Yes, that's it: his imagination, not alone his reason or his judgment, for imagination soars in the blue, while judgment and reason must feel the ground solid beneath their feet. He sets his lance against the grim battlements of crime and disease. The grafter and the ward-heeler shrug their shoulders and say, "O, there's nothing to fear! He's only an amateur." They are right: the social workers and the missionaries and the philanthropists are true amateurs, lovers of their kind, whose imaginations would fain bring down from heaven the new kingdom of righteousness. And just because they do for the love of the doing, because they are consumed with the fervor to create the kingdom of God upon earth, the battlements of ancient wrong tremble at their onslaught. And the women, seeking freedom to grow, achieving their right to a personality of their own, ruthlessly uprooting tradition, they are amateurs

too. How boldly they tilt against entrenched wrong! How they tug and strain at the load of centuries! Theirs is an imagination aflame that yearns to express an ideal. They advance with indirection, with uneven steps, but it is the love of achieving and of creating that spurs them on. Whatever the end of the struggle, it was worth while. They cannot make the world over, and yet, perchance, they may make themselves over, for they will know the joy of the high endeavor to body forth the ideal that is in them. The amateur takes up the quest of the Grail of the ideal as the great adventure. Boldly he questions of it, "What of life? What of nature and the spirit behind it all?" And answering the courage that dares seek beauty and righteousness for its own sake comes back a message of the loosening of bonds and the freeing of the spirit. After all, life comes to us in the rough, and we have but one try at the modeling. What chance have we to grow expert at life-craft? We are amateurs, all of us, molding with quickening pulses and kindling eyes the world-stuff beneath our hands.

Bravo, boy! Those notes rang true and the melody was well phrased. Perhaps some day the neighbors will take their fingers out of their ears and listen to the music that sings in your soul. But whether they do or not, you have had a joy that no man can take from you.

Ethelwyn Humphrey

Art. IX.—TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING"

In the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson extends the charm and consecration of poetry to the organic life of the state. This is their primary distinction. Many poems, like the "Chanson de Roland," are inspired by a more direct and fervent patriotism than Tennyson's work; one at least—the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley—sets forth an ideal of perfected humanity with more prophetic ardor and lyrical power. But the "Idylls" constitute the only adequate expression in English poetry of the conception of the state as a living organism, with its own law of growth and decay, moral and material splendors, and religious significance. To express this conception in its fullness, to disengage it from the local accidents in which actual patriotism is always involved, to place its moral and religious bearings in a bright focus, and to endow the whole with power of poetry—this is the unique service of the "Idylls of the King." William Watson defined the work of Wordsworth in these beautiful terms:

> The mysterious face of common things
> He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
> Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue;
> Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,
> And by some nameless difference born anew.

As Wordsworth was a priest "of the wonder and bloom of the world," Tennyson was a priest of the august moral loveliness of the state in its ideal. "Strangely remote" the world of the "Idylls," with its courtly manners, romantic mediæval glamour, and elfin music, may seem from the world of actual political life; but that very remoteness gives true perspective and makes possible the revelation of the essential truth with power. In this civic aspect of his work Tennyson is the intellectual heir of Edmund Burke. Probably no English writer had an ampler and more poetic conception of the state than Burke. He was eager to enlist and hold in the service of government the romance that lies in every heart. His criticism of modern democracy was that it destroyed the charm of patriotism and reduced government to

sordid mechanical calculations. "To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely." But Burke was a working statesman rather than a philosopher or a poet. It is an injustice to say that he gave up to party what was meant for mankind, but it is quite true that nowhere in his writings did he disengage the idea of organic political life from the issues of his own day. Had he done so, the result would perhaps have been the supreme poetry of the civic muse in English literature. In his actual works his political philosophy is like the stratum of granite that underlies a landscape: a geologist can trace its effect on the contour of the surface and the untrained observer can see it rising here and there in a sublime range of hills. Burke's mantle fell on Tennyson. Born in an English rectory, Tennyson was initiated in boyhood into the best spiritual traditions of the race. His training was in an English university, where the Church of England, with its historical traditions, laid its spell on his imagination and mingled a poetic charm with the teachings of Christianity. The buildings and collections of the venerable university, its history and associations, are the products of the corporate life of scores of generations. Preëminently it is "a partnership between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." In the midst of its inspiring memories young men must be indeed shallow and self-centered if their minds do not "expand and grow one in the sense of the world's life." The formal teaching may have repelled Tennyson, but his residence in Cambridge strengthened and fused his patriotism and his poetry.

The first attraction brought to bear on Tennyson by the Arthurian material was probably that of pure romance; but he worked upon the "Idylls" for at least forty years, and they became the medium of his most serious thought concerning society. "In Memoriam" represents the subjective direction of his mind, the "Idylls" the objective—and both are parables of love. The "Idylls," partly by simple narrative, partly by allegory and suggestion, present an embodiment of the Christian social ideal, its controlling power, its conflict with lust and fanaticism, and its betrayal and apparent defeat. The story of every individual character in the "Idylls" is subordinated to the history of an ideal

state. Every deed, passion, and phase of conduct is weighed and judged in its social bearings. Even the loftiest spiritual aspirations of individuals, if suspected of a weakening or disruptive effect on society, are gravely condemned. The history of the stories used as the foundations of the "Idylls" fitted them for Tennyson's purposes. Whatever may have been the actual origin of the Arthurian legend, a patriotic character was very early stamped upon it. The legend, to be sure, had an obscure life till Geoffrey of Monmouth recognized its possibilities. He made it the medium of a pathetic racial pride on the part of the Celtic peoples, and perhaps attempted by means of it to shadow forth the glories that he imputed to the empire of Henry II. In Geoffrey's contribution to the legend, its large national proportions first appear. But it was the courtly French poets of the twelfth century, with Chrétien de Troies at their head, who determined the destiny of the Arthurian material. They saw its fitness as a vehicle for the moral and social ideals of feudal chivalry and gave it a form that assured its popularity throughout Europe. Knightly prowess, the courtly refinements of love, a taste for mystery and adventure and religious devotion were by these writers so thoroughly infused into the legend that they continue to form its substance even in its latest version. At the same time, Chrétien de Troies and his continuators and imitators detached the legend from the land of its origin. In their works the Celtic hero Arthur withdraws to the background and attention is focused on Lancelot, Perceval, Erec, Yvain, and the other knights of the Round Table. The geography becomes a sea coast of Bohemia. The patriotic Welsh note is faint or inaudible; the national character of the legend has disappeared. No French national sentiment takes its place; the Arthur stories exist in the twelfth century as the most successful expression of the ideals of the aristocratic class rather than those of a nation. The Celtic flavor is no more than a literary fashion, due to legendary glamour and given currency by the fluent verses of Chrétien de Troies. The work of Geoffrey of Monmouth had brought the tale of Arthur into the world of legend; that of Chrétien de Troies started it in its long career in the world of poetry.

When Sir Thomas Malory, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, made his summation of the Arthurian material, he followed the general design of Geoffrey of Monmouth. By so doing he partly restored King Arthur to his predominance. Malory's stream of narrative has many eddies and backsets, but the fortunes of Arthur's kingdom constitute its irresistible main flow. With the restoration of the king, epic proportions reappear in the legend. The material no longer comprises only detached tales, which may be read in any order; it has been fused once more and cast into a single mold. In thus restoring unity to the tales, Malory gave them the representative character that has been fully developed by Tennyson. "The Round Table," in Malory's version, is "an image of the mighty world." It is a form that later poets can fill with a content of social idealism—a highly decorated vessel, but one capable of holding living water. But it was impossible for Malory to restore to the legend its primitive connection with the Welsh people, even if he had desired to do so. He could not emulate Geoffrey in adapting it to the political aspirations of his own time. Whatever may have been Malory's opinion as to the actuality of the kingdom he represented, it was in effect a kingdom of the imagination. Its social truth and sentiment are therefore detached from any actual country, generalized and elevated to the realm of poetry. Such was the material that Tennyson found ready to his hand—a collection of mediæval tales, wrought in the vivid colors of romance, expressing the highest social standards of their times and united in a comprehensive design. They were fitted to be the embodiment of an ideal of society. Tennyson worked upon the individual stories of his collection for nearly twenty years before he executed his general design. Yet his completed work possesses a large unity. It deals with the origin, development, decay, and dissolution of a state, stressing the moral and religious elements that constitute the groundwork of civilization.

The romantic medium of Tennyson's thought had its drawbacks as well as its advantages. The "Idylls" represent a system of manners and government that never actually existed in any epoch, but which is a highly idealized copy of mediæval institu-

tions. This fact, for many minds, disguises the serious import of the work and creates a confused perspective. The generations that Tennyson addresses are industrial and democratic; the organization of society represented in the "Idylls" is aristocratic and military. Its leading figures are knights and great ladies, its manners are those of the court, its pursuits are warfare, its pastimes the chase and the tournament, its virtues loyalty to the king, faithfulness in love, courtesy, and valor. It knows nothing of the moral complexities of an industrial type of society. Its social degrees have the fixity of feudalism; birth and station prescribe the career and duties of the individual; there is no hint of the intense competition for social advancement that characterizes modern times. Moreover, the point of view is that of the military and governing class. To be sure, this is modified by the Christian sense of democracy; but so far as vivid depiction is concerned, the story almost never touches with full and accurate detail the occupations of the humbler classes. Indeed, problems and relations of modern society come into view only in a typical and representative sense. Arthur's acts of valor in clearing the land of the heathen and the beast, his acts of justice in righting the wrongs of the oppressed, his contests with lawless and traitor knights, such quests as that of Gareth, are all to be regarded as typical acts, representing the sum-total of endeavors to establish the reign of law and benevolence. Their moral substance is identical with that of all moral struggle; but their visible aspect resembles not at all the characteristic moral acts of our own day. This somewhat limits the appeal of the "Idylls." Minds of a realistic temper find that Kipling's McAndrews sets forth the law of order and discipline in terms more congenial to them than does King Arthur. Such readers pray with the dour Scots engineer,

> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

The emphasis they require is the emphasis derived from recognition of the familiar, not the emphasis of romance, with its "strangeness added to beauty." In the minds of these readers the serious import of the work is still further obscured by the fact that there are embedded in the narrative here and there bits of sym-

bolism, sometimes ingenious and subtle, very often ornate, as expressions of moral truth. This symbolism, in the experience of many persons, casts a spell of unreality over the poem, making ghosts of the men and women and transporting the entire action to cloudy metaphysical heights. Though these criticisms, when entertained in an extreme form, show limitations in the critic rather than in the poet, they have a certain justice. Superficially, at least, the modern world is unromantic; and the literature of realism makes an easier approach to its mind than does any other type.

But Tennyson's method has its compensations, and even its disadvantages almost disappear when one gains a comprehension of the spirit of romance. By clothing his ideas in a mediæval garb he gave them a generalized force that he perhaps could not have gained by any other method. They are purged of what is temporary and local. Must every moral idea be a painted street sign to mark some dismal alley through which humanity must pass on its trivial errands? May there not be need of the great constellations that indicate majestically the cardinal points in the heavens? By removing his central conception from all possibility of contact with present-day politics, Tennyson was able to focus attention on the conception itself, to stress its ethical and religious bearings, to embody it dramatically in persons and situations, to give it the power of the familiar thing in novel associations. To use the figure quoted above from William Watson, it is the moon brought from the heavens into the pool—strangely remote and wondrous near, and endowed with fresh power over the senses and the heart. This is a service at the hands of poetry which is sorely needed by modern civilization. Poetry, with its powers of generalization, imaginative expression and emotional appeal, can rescue the sentiment of patriotism from the low estate to which our materialism threatens to condemn it.

On the side of art the advantages of Tennyson's mediæval setting are unquestionable. In the first place, he gained the perspective of distance. For the full expression of his thought he needed a long span of time and freedom from the control of actual history: his kingdom must arise, reach its maturity, decline, and

perish. A modern setting and a realistic method would not fulfill these conditions. In actual states these changes are slow and disguised. Moral forces work powerfully, but they work obscurely. Again, the manifestation of the virtues of modern times is not often so dramatic as it was when society was more simple and military in its organization. The heroism of voting against the prejudices of a tyrannical employer is probably greater than that of fronting the onset of an opposing knight, but the latter act is superior for the purposes of poetry, because it reveals its heroic character on the surface, whereas the other does not. One is a splendid exhibition of strength, physical as well as moral; the other is a man in mean apparel casting a paper into a box. Dryden complained of the difficulty of making a character say "Shut the door" in blank verse. A time may come when the poetic sensibilities of the race will recognize the essential beauty of commonplace acts, provided they have a noble moral significance; and probably supreme greatness in poetry is the genius that reveals the poetic worth of everyday experience. But there is another level of power in poetry, on which is performed the real service of removing great truth from all possibility of degrading contact, freshening it by novel and beautiful associations, enriching it with fancy and color. This is the service accomplished by Tennyson's work in general. In the "Idylls of the King" this service is accomplished for the patriotic virtues.

By reason of this service Tennyson is entitled to the honors and privileges of a pioneer. To treat this matter in imaginative terms is an experiment. No predecessor had marked out a path in this direction. Shelley had been primarily concerned with an ideal in society, but it was an ideal to be realized by the relaxation of all discipline and the enfranchisement of instincts. "Prometheus Unbound" is, therefore, a lyrical carnival. It sings a vague hope of perfected society, but indicates no definite moral foundations on which society is to rest. Tennyson's task was far different. He was no preacher of unqualified liberty. His work was, and is, to ennoble the more prosaic conceptions of authority, discipline, and obligation, to reveal the divine origin and nature of government, to trace the evolution of society as subject to moral

law, to disclose the causal sequence that connects homely duty with enraptured vision, to bring civic relations within the illuminated circle of poetry.

From age to age new conquests are made for poetry, as there are for science. One after another, regions hitherto alien are brought within her domain. Browning added some vast tracts of theology to her territory; both Browning and Tennyson took spoils from physical science in her name; Kipling has made conquests for her in the entrenched ground of machinery and industry; and Tennyson, in the "Idylls," has attempted to win the whole province of civic and social thought. In this enterprise he resorted to some unusual experiments, but his success is great. If in some regions the muse seems not to reign with fully established power, the novelty of the work must be remembered. In the future, poets may govern this territory with a firmer hand. None can take from Tennyson the honors of a conqueror.

Lincoln R. Gibbs

Art. X.—BEECHER AND CLEVELAND: A SERMON THAT MADE A PRESIDENT

Next in importance to the service Henry Ward Beecher rendered his country by his five great speeches in 1863 in the public halls of great Britain, in converting a hostile public opinion to one that saw the righteousness of the conflict the Federal government was waging for humanity, was the sermon he preached in Plymouth pulpit in 1854 while in his congregation sat Grover Cleveland, seventeen years old, a clerk and assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind.

In a meeting in 1903 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the interest of a memorial for Mr. Beecher, ex-President Cleveland told how this sermon had influenced his whole public life. The following is from Mr. Cleveland's address:

I claim the right to join in these exercises for reasons peculiarly my own. I am here in obedience to an impulse that will not be denied; and I am accredited to this assemblage by a condition of heart and by an influence which have been strong within me for many years.

It is now more than forty-nine years ago that I heard in Plymouth Church a sermon whose impressiveness has remained fresh and bright in my mind during all the time that has since passed. In days of trial and troublous perplexity its remembrance has been an unfailing comfort, and in every time of depression and discouragement the lesson it taught has brought restoration of hope and confidence. I remember as if it were but yesterday the fervid eloquence of the great preacher as he captivated my youthful understanding and pictured to my aroused imagination the entrance of two young men upon the world's jostling activities —one laden like a beast of burden with avaricious plans and sordid expectations, and the other with a light step and cheerful determination, seeking the way of duty and usefulness and striving for the reward promised to those who love and serve God and labor for humanity. I have never for a moment lost the impression made upon me by the vivid contrast, thrillingly painted in words that burned, between the two careers; nor have I ever failed to realize the meaning of the truths taught by the description given of the happy compensations in life and the peace and solace in death of the one, and the racking disappointments in life and the despair in death of the other. What this sermon has been to me in all these years I alone know. I present its recollection to-day as a personal credential of my own, especially entitling me to representation among those who meet to recall and memorialize the fame and usefulness of Henry Ward Beecher.

Confessedly the greatest debt Cleveland owed anyone next to his pious Presbyterian parents was to Beecher for the skillful arrows shot that day. The importance of the tribute is heightened as the inspiration is seen through the clear perspective of many years.

Probably the great Brooklyn prophet had in mind other hearers like Cleveland when, reaching the age of fifty years, just after the emancipation proclamation was issued, feeling that he had reached a great climax in his career, he said: "As for myself, let come what will come, I care not. God may peel me, and bark me, and strip me of my leaves, and do as he chooses with my earthly estate. I have lived long enough; I have had a good time. You *cannot take back the blows I have given the devil right in the face. I have uttered some words that will not die, because they are incorporated into the lives of men that will not die.* I think I have a larger church in heaven than I have on earth, and I think they love me and want me there."

Fortunate it was that the glowing enthusiasm, the moving eloquence, the masterful mien, the tremendous mental grip of the son of the great Lyman Beecher and the brother of "the little woman who brought on the war" by her Uncle Tom's Cabin gave mighty impetus to the plodding, perhaps latently dormant, undemonstrative preacher's boy working in a great city! The tribute he pays the sermon was no doubt not exaggerated a bit; for Cleveland was as little given to extravagant statement as a man could well be.

Beecher's words that day, like those of every preacher, went out much as the wireless operator sends out his message—to be picked up by those who will. Sometimes he is encouraged by learning it has gone home. Oftentimes he goes home above, as Beecher did, before he learns it stimulated some needy soul. It is no forced comparison to note how Beecher's lionlike courage, his independence, his disregard for consequences, his obliviousness to passing breezes of criticism, his rowing against the current if the current was wrong, reappeared in the public life of him who listened so intently, for each day brings into clearer outline the magnificent public services of him who fell under the

magic of Beecher's wand. The bitter partisan prejudices of twenty-five years ago are greatly lessened. These blinded many to the motives of many of President Cleveland's public acts, but to-day many of his moral qualities are becoming the assets and traditions that will better American civic life for all time. There are his loyalty to friends and his refusal to use trickery. He never played to the galleries. He never used a subordinate as a scapegoat to stop nation-wide criticism of himself. He was persistently hated by men who had a strong reason for hating him. By many he was "loved for the enemies he had made." Both classes were good criterions of his usefulness. He strengthened the civil service. No one was ever known to "pull Cleveland off" when he learned of a dishonest official. In every office he filled he made it easier for his successors to be upright and to disobey (if they had the inclination) the wishes and to thwart the wiles of dishonest party leaders. He refused to allow his political friends to use authenticated scandals in the life of his chief opponent for the Presidency. Every position filled was a record of simple, unswerving integrity and untiring loyalty to the interests of his employer, whether storekeeper, philanthropic institution, county, State, nation, or fiduciary institution. Cleveland was not magnetic. He did not possess spectacular qualities associated with certain so-called leaders; but he had those surer qualities that are capable of attainment by all—bravery, fidelity to trust, and candor. To have preached a sermon that so largely contributed to such an exalted public example, either forming those ideals or causing them to crystallize, or at least to keep their possessor brave and persistent, was to have ennobled preaching for a thousand years.

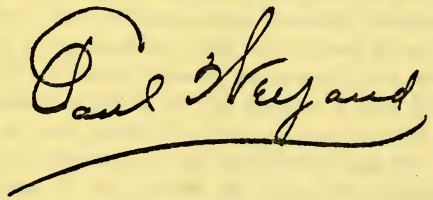
In four public offices did Grover Cleveland show the possibilities that lie in merely enforcing the law: as sheriff, mayor, governor, President. "What that sermon has been to me in all these years I alone know." Making a great personal and professional sacrifice, he accepted the call of good citizens for the emergency and was elected sheriff of Erie County and cleaned out the glaring corruption that had crept into that office. At the end of the term he returned the office to the majority party as a

model piece of county machinery and as an evidence of what reforms could be achieved if, as he later coined the phrase, "an official regards a public office as a public trust." Later Buffalo needed a mayor to clean her foul Augean stables. Ingenious and corrupting cliques in both the Republican and Democratic parties had been plundering and dividing for years. The city's well-meaning citizens turned to the man who best seemed to possess more than ordinary bravery and tenacity to destroy a criminal conspiracy turreted with power and manned by the most skillful of the old class of politicians. Cleveland was elected in a Republican stronghold. His first act, the veto of an immense, iniquitous street-cleaning contract, brought forth his memorable words of prompt and telling effect, strikingly in spirit like Beecher's in hostile England in war time: "This is a time for plain speech. I regard the action of council as the culmination of a most bare-faced, impudent, and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people and to squander the public money. Those who are not for the people either in or out of your honorable body are against them, and should be treated accordingly." In this action, and in many others, he saved Buffalo a million dollars in his first six months as mayor. His fearlessness, firmness, and ability heralded him throughout New York State as the strong, incorruptible, invincible hero of an emergency before which others had quailed and failed. It is said that American municipal annals can be searched in vain for a city administration so vigorous, effective, and so productive of permanent good as that which Mayor Cleveland gave to Buffalo.

"The qualities," says Socrates, "that fit a man to rule a city fit him to rule an empire." Soon he was called to govern the Empire State. Here he was compelled to brave an opposition at once political and personal, clamorous and slanderous, malignant and threatening. He never swerved. The vision and plea of Beecher for the church to take the lead in community and national life, to give it direction, was ever appearing in the effort of his disciple to make public service honest and efficient.

Cleveland's vision and heartening at Plymouth Church was not exceptional, for Beecher could bring God and duty very close

to his hearers. He that had a soul to hear felt that Beecher was preaching directly to him. This is ability in the highest degree. Beecher's prayers often had as much to do as the sermon in making responsibility personal. Men felt it easier to bear burdens as they heard Beecher pray. He seemed more to be talking to God than anything else. Consciences were stirred. Vows were made. Hands were strengthened for great national problems that Beecher, the seer of God, saw must be met. Leaven went out from Plymouth pulpit as visitors from all points of the compass spending Sunday in New York followed the policeman's directions: "Cross Brooklyn Bridge and follow the crowd!" It is probable that, except Westminster Abbey, no other church of English-speaking lands was so visited by men and women of renown and also by the great middle section of Americans who furnished fine material for the propagandism of political and civic morality. They came to hear the voice of the prophet; for the structure was severely plain and barren of ornamentation save the flower-decked platform. The preacher lit up the front of the church. It was his throne. He had inherited much. He studied much. It was well that after a few years he could be freed from that needless round of doorbell ringing just for its own sake and custom and could give his age the great moral messages he had for it. This was largely the reason he could say, "When I am talking with other folks, I often feel that I am nobody, but when I stand in my pulpit I sometimes feel omnipotent." Such near-omnipotence as to inspire men such as Cleveland for moral and spiritual leadership is greatly needed and should be greatly aided.



Art. XI.—THE CENTENARY OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE

Modest enough was James Hogg's surmise when he published The Queen's Wake in 1813: "Your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, hes sung on his auld harp a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauked them is i' the mools, and 'at his feet the green grass turf, and at his head a stane.'" And sure enough, while few of us, perhaps, remember many of his books, yet even now, after ten decades, some reader every now and then discovers and delights in the masterpiece of Hogg, poem as delicate and graceful as the author was reputed coarse and clumsy.

It was by the publication of this poem that Hogg first achieved fame. Already, to be sure, he had made that friendship with Walter Scott which, we can hardly doubt, intensified his early poetic pangs, and as a genuine shepherd roaming the romantic hills of Scotland he had burst into certain artless strains which won him the title "James the Poeter"; for instance, the song still sung:

What is the greatest bliss
The tongue o' man can name?
'Tis aneath the bonny birk,
In the glen wi'out a name,
To woo a bonny, bonny lass,
When the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
When the kye come hame.

Further, he had given the world that treatise of beastly title, Hogg on Sheep, a work financially more profitable than his poetry, and that brought him the first of those strokes of worldly fortune which he never learned how to husband. But one hundred years ago, in The Queen's Wake, he found himself, and now sits in a small but worthy niche, from which it will be difficult to oust him, his right to which he was himself the first to recognize with enthusiasm; although, if correctly quoted by North, Hogg does admit that "Pope's Rape o' the Lock is just perfectly yelegant and gracefu' and as gude as onything o' my ain aboot fairies in The

Queen's Wake." His fellow Scotsmen soon awoke to the beauty of the new book. "Ye useless poetical guse," cries old William Dunlop, "ye hae been blethrin us wi' your daft shilly-shally sangs and yet had stuff in ye to produce a thing like this. Ye hae hit the right nail on the head noo. Yon's the very thing, sir. Wha wad hae thocht there was as muckle in that sheepshead o' your?" And this verdict was presently confirmed by men generally: within a short time of each other three editions of The Queen's Wake were exhausted.

Of the dozen or so narrative songs, not one is contemptible, while a few rise to fine imaginative heights. Any poem so shot through with flashes of pure lyric must endure, and should protect its author from the contemptuous or patronizing tone which some are likely to assume when speaking of the Ettrick Shepherd. The framing of the poem is adequate, though slightly artificial—the summoning of each Caledonian bard to Queen Mary's royal Easter Wake, where she would be cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy. Songs of the Highland and Lowland, various in theme as in meter, songs of old Scots battles, imitations of border ballads, songs in English and others in lowland Scots, make up the little volume. The bard of Ettrick himself represents the royal prize as bestowed upon the rugged Gardyn, whose bold harp resounded with the wild tale of Young Kennedy, savage lover, parricide, a member of that most barbarous, irreclaimable tribe that ever infested the Northern Hills. But we to-day would award the palm to the bard of Fife, or to Farquhar of the Spey Hills (poetry in the very names!); or we would give it to the ragged singer from Ettrick, or to Drummond from the Moors of Ern, for these were the men who sang of fays and specters wan, who wandered in a world of vision, the dim fairy world of the northern imagination which has never been more enchantingly sung than by the uncouth Hogg. Through the brain of the burly stout shepherd danced a throng of the most joyous sprites our literature may boast, and we have but to turn the pages of The Queen's Wake to find, finally, perfectly set forth all we want to know of this field of fancy. He of Fife chants the wee, wee man of the green Lomond, sings of cockle shell, of witch, and fay, and all weirdness:

The warlock men and the weird wemyn,
And the fays o' the wood and the steep;
And the phantom hunters all war there,
And the mermaids o' the deep.

Very light and eerie it all is: verily borne to the unseen world, we fly.

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the midnight leme,
We borit the breistes o' the burstin' swale,
Or fluffit the flyin' faem.

Glen Avin's Farquhar is like Hogg himself:

So high his strain, so bold his lyre,
So fraught with strains of Celtic fire,
We almost deem each hum that passed
The spirit of the northern blast.

Better yet is the song of Old David, of old Wonfell's wizard brae:

Of sailing lightly o'er the sea
In mussel shell to Germany;
Of revel raids by dale and down,
Of lighting torches at the moon.
Of dancing 'neath the moonlight sky,
Or sleeping in the dew-cup's eye.

Eldrich swell of giggling laugh, the little genii of the fell, all is here that the fairy lover would fain find, and more daintily displayed than elsewhere one may hope for.

But to-day, of course, one hundred years after The Queen's Wake appeared, having inevitably forgotten the most of the poem, we are likely to remember only the immortal story of Bonnye Kilmenye. Those of us who are troubled by the Scots form of the English language (and many are, even by that of Burns) may read the partly Anglicized version of the story in Quiller-Couch's Oxford Book, and so may miss no inconsiderable portion of the true quaintness and charm of Hogg's own setting forth. Whether we take ours so, or in the shepherd's own words, we cannot shake off the effect, the unearthly spell, of "Kilmeny, Kilmeny, as pure as pure culde be, who gaed up the glen and vanished. Years afterward, lete in ane glomyn, quhan all wes still, quhan

the ingle lowit wi' an eiry leme, lete, lete in ane glomyn, Kilmeny came hame.

> Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where haif ye been?
> Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?"

But how could she tell? She had been to that land where the Ettrick Shepherd's fancy eternally roamed and which none ever sang so well; that land of pure light and cloudless beam, the land of vision, it would seem, and still an everlasting dream. Yes, Kilmeny had slept, and had waked to the hymns "o' ane farr countrie," where "luvlie" beings round were rife, and where she witnessed many a marvel untellable by mortal tongue. Seven years long she reveled in those mystic meadows that so lovingly and gloatingly the shepherd paints, and then home again for "a munthe and a daye," to tell the home folk what she had seen, so far as mortal might. But the urge of the world invisible then proved overstrong, and she found that this "wasna her hame, and she mightna remain; she left this world o' sorrow and pain, and returned to the land o' thought again."

Perhaps it does no harm in this centenary year to recall the bard of Mount Benger once more. Kilmeny's Land of Thought was his homeland. This gross materialist, this humorously vain rascal, lovingly caricatured in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, was an alien here, an emigrant from fairyland, a native of that country to us so dimly known, but to him, by virtue of his ideal, aërial, lyric imagination, a veritable fatherland.

Cyril Allyn Herrick

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

WESLEY'S WISEST WORDS[1]

In most directions John Wesley has received sufficient honor, possibly too much in a few ways, but as a spiritual guide, a director of souls, a wise counselor in matters of Christian experience, we doubt if he has been, or is, fully appreciated. He has not had a fair chance in this matter. His works are voluminous, and most of them (aside from the famous journals) are largely filled with doctrinal controversy and polemical theology. He was the leader of a movement which stirred society on all sides, shocking it and startling it to an extreme degree, and hence he drew down upon himself multifarious attacks from many quarters. Both he himself and his views were continually misrepresented, and he felt obliged to defend them. He ran afoul of the dominant Calvinism of the times; he impinged against many ruling ideas of his contemporaries; he strongly assailed the follies of the age; he departed at some points very radically from the ecclesiastical customs of his church; he dared to disagree with much that was popular in high circles, much that was established by precedent. He was a radical reformer, independent in thought, singular in action, marking out his own course, following what he believed to be the call of God and giving little heed to the tongues of men. Hence many voices were raised against him, many pens were dipped in gall to do him harm. On this account he was obliged perpetually to be on the defensive. He was a fighter, a champion in the arena, contending for the truth and striking mighty blows against various errors. Hence his published works include, for example, a lengthy treatise on the Doctrine of Original Sin and an extended exposition of the evils of Roman Catholicism, letters to bishops, pamphleteers, and other opponents, and a large part even of his sermons are devoted to setting his people right on issues which now no longer need special attention.

Yet in spite of this warlike atmosphere in which he moved, and

[1] Selected by Dr. James Mudge.

which gave to his mind its prevailing tone, he was able at times to turn his thoughts to gentler themes and forget the enemies of the faith. It was not permitted to him, as it has been to some, to give his days and nights to quiet brooding over heavenly topics until the essence of divine wisdom has seemed to be distilled in aromatic drops from the point of the quill. The cloistered life of calm devotion was not his. Hence he has not, perhaps, penetrated as profoundly as some into the deep things of God. Nevertheless, in the very midst of his conflicts, his incessant activities, his multifarious labors, he dug up a great many nuggets of pure gold and struck out a large number of most helpful devotional paragraphs, portraying compactly, neatly, effectively certain paths of high progress. These are now for the most part buried in the débris of the centuries, lost sight of because mixed up with so much whose interest has wholly passed away. They need to be carefully culled, separated from their dogmatical or pragmatical connections, classified, and put together in such convenient shape that they can be easily, undistractedly, meditatively read.

If this were done it would be found that a very considerable body of the very wisest counsels on religious matters is available for the devout mind, that Wesley would take rank with the most skillful physicians for the diseases of the soul. Wesley had a spiritual experience at once deep and broad, a philosophical and logical mind that could make fine distinctions, and a clear, strong, nervous style by which he could say in a few words precisely what he meant. He understood the Scripture rarely well, and also the human heart; he made the former his life-long study, and the latter, as shown in his converts from all classes, was spread before him like an open book. He began early, he continued long, to cultivate the field of Christian experience. This was his specialty. He spared no pains to penetrate its secret. He had every incentive to do this, both in his own eager hunger after God and in the position of responsibility for others which he held for over sixty years. He followed hard after the things that are worthiest. He was not content to be superficial in his comprehension of God nor lax in his personal grasp of any available attainment in likeness to the divine.

He had rare qualifications as a professor of the science of saintliness, an instructor in the art of holy living. There could be made up from his writings a volume which would compare favorably with the great books of the Inner Life, the peerless manuals of devotion which have come down to us from the distant past. He has, without

question, an important message to the Methodists of to-day, which they can ill afford to spare and which he ought to be allowed to give without hindrance. They will not hunt through his voluminous works to obtain it; those works are not accessible to them, and the time required would be an insuperable obstacle to most. If drawn out for them in compact presentable shape, so that it might lie handily on their tables and be conveniently consulted, its strong statements, clear definitions, and inspiring appeals would make a profound impression and constitute a treasury of golden words. Such a volume will probably be issued before long.

While waiting for this, and as a sort of prelude to it, we have been moved to gather in this place a certain number of these choice rich sayings. They are taken mainly from the Letters and Sermons, although the Explanatory Notes upon the New Testament have yielded quite a few, and the closing section of the Plain Account (which we have not had room to touch here) is full of meat. A few general titles will include the matters on which he was most fond of expressing himself, and then a more miscellaneous selection will cover a large variety of helpful spiritual counsels.

Methodism. "A Methodist is one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible" (From Wesley's English Dictionary). "By Methodists I mean a people who profess to pursue (in whatsoever measure they have attained) holiness of heart and life, inward and outward conformity in all things to the revealed will of God; who place religion in a uniform resemblance of the great object of it in a steady imitation of him they worship, in all his imitable perfections, more particularly in justice, mercy, and truth, or universal love filling the heart and governing the life."

"Methodism is only plain scriptural religion guarded by a few prudential regulations. The essence of it is holiness of heart and life; the circumstantials all point to this. And as long as they are joined together in the people called Methodists, no weapon formed against them shall prosper. But if ever the circumstantial parts are despised, the essential will soon be lost. And if ever the essential parts should evaporate, what remains will be dung and dross."

"I do not see how it is possible in the nature of things for any revival of true religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both industry and frugality; and these cannot but produce riches. But as riches increase, so will pride, anger, and love of the world in all its branches. Is there no way to prevent this, this con-

tinual declension of pure religion? There is one way, and there is no other under heaven: If those who gain all they can, and save all they can, will likewise give all they can, then the more they gain the more they will grow in grace and the more treasure they will lay up in heaven."

"The doctrine of full sanctification is the grand depositum which God has lodged with the people called Methodists, and for the sake of propagating this chiefly, he appears to have raised us up."

"You do well in insisting upon full and present salvation, whether men will hear or forbear; and also in preaching abroad, when the weather permits, and recommending fasting, both by precept and example. But you need not wonder that all these are opposed, not only by formalists, but by half Methodists."

"Who is a Methodist? A Methodist is one who has the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength. God is the joy of his heart and the desire of his soul; which is constantly crying out, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' and, 'There is none on earth that I desire beside thee.' He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. In everything he giveth thanks; as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning him. From him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, 'Good is the will of the Lord'; and, whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. For he hath learned in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. He prays without ceasing. Not that he is always in the house of prayer, though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. But his heart is ever lifted up to God, at all times and in all places. In this he is never hindered, much less interrupted, by any person or thing. He loves his neighbor as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. His one desire is not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him. His one intention at all times and in all things is, not to please himself, but Him whom his soul loveth. He has a single eye. All the commandments of God he keeps, and that with all his might."

"These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those who are in de-

rision so called desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, 'Why, these are only the common fundamental principles of Christianity!' thou hast said; so I mean; this is the very truth; I know there are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew that I and all who follow my judgment do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men by any but the common principles of Christianity—the plain old Christianity that I teach, renouncing and detesting all other marks of distinction. And whosoever is what I preach, he is a Christian, not in name only, but in heart and in life. He is inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God as revealed in the written word. He thinks, speaks, and lives according to the method laid down in the revelation of Jesus Christ. His soul is renewed in the image of God in righteousness and in all true holiness. And having the mind that was in Christ, he so walks as Christ also walked."

Opinions. "Whatsoever the generality of people may think, it is certain that opinion is not religion; no, not right opinion; assent to one or to ten thousand truths. There is a wide difference between them: even right opinion is as distant from religion as the east is from the west. Persons may be quite right in their opinions, and yet have no religion at all; and, on the other hand, persons may be truly religious who hold many wrong opinions. Can anyone possibly doubt of this while there are Romanists in the world? For who can deny, not only that many of them formerly have been truly religious (as Thomas à Kempis, Gregory Lopez, and the Marquis de Renty), but that many of them even at this day are real inward Christians? And yet what a heap of erroneous opinions do they hold, delivered by tradition from their fathers. Nay, who can doubt of it while there are Calvinists in the world, assertors of absolute predestination? For who will dare to affirm that none of these are truly religious men? Not only many of them in the last century were burning and shining lights, but many of them are now real Christians, loving God and all mankind. And yet what are all the absurd opinions of all the Romanists in the world compared to that one, that the God of love, the wise, just, merciful Father of the spirits of all flesh, has, from all eternity, fixed an absolute, unchangeable, irresistible decree that part of mankind shall be saved, do what they will, and the rest damned, do what they can. Hence we cannot but infer that there are ten thousand mistakes which may consist with real religion; with regard to which every candid, considerate man will think and let think."

"I believe the merciful God regards the lives and tempers of men more than their ideas. I believe he respects the goodness of the heart rather than the clearness of the head; and that if the heart of a man be filled (by the grace of God and the power of his Spirit) with the humble, patient, gentle love of God and man, God will not cast him into everlasting fire because his ideas are not clear, or because his conceptions are confused. 'Without holiness,' I own, 'no man shall see the Lord'; but I dare not add, 'Or clear ideas.'"

"I dare not exclude from the church catholic all those congregations in which any unscriptural doctrines which cannot be affirmed to be 'the pure word of God' are sometimes, yea, frequently, preached; neither all those congregations in which 'the sacraments are not duly administered.' Whoever they are that have one spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one God and Father of all, I can easily bear with their holding wrong opinions, yea, and superstitious modes of worship; nor would I on these accounts scruple to include them within the pale of the church catholic; neither would I have any objection to receive them, if they desired it, as members of the Church of England."

"How far is love, even with many wrong opinions, to be preferred before truth itself without love! We may die without the knowledge of many truths and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels."

"Religion does not consist in orthodoxy or right opinions. A man may be orthodox in every point; he may not only espouse right opinions, but zealously defend them against all opposers; yet he may have no religion at all. He may be almost as orthodox as the devil (though indeed not altogether; for every man errs in something; whereas we cannot well conceive him to hold any erroneous opinion); and may all the while be as great a stranger as he to the religion of the heart."

"Although a difference in opinions or modes of worship may prevent an entire external union; yet need it prevent our union in affection? Though we cannot think alike, yet may we not love alike? May we not be of one heart, though we are not of one opinion? Without doubt we may be. It is certain, so long as we know but in part, that all men will not see all things alike. It is an unavoidable consequence of the present weakness and shortness of human understanding that several men will be of several minds, in religion as well as in common life. Nay, further: although a man necessarily believes that every

particular opinion which he holds is true, yet can no man be assured that all his own opinions, taken together, are true. Nay, every thinking man is assured they are not, seeing he is ignorant of many things and to mistake in some is the necessary condition of humanity. This, therefore, he is sensible is his own case. He knows in general that he himself is mistaken; although in what particulars he mistakes he does not, perhaps he cannot, know. Every wise man, therefore, will allow others the same liberty of thinking which he desires they should allow him; and will no more insist on their embracing his opinions than he would have them to insist on his embracing theirs. No man can choose for or prescribe to another. But everyone must follow the dictates of his own conscience in simplicity and godly sincerity. He must be fully persuaded in his own mind, and then act according to the best light he has. Nor has any creature power to constrain another to walk by his own rule. God has given no right to any of the children of men thus to lord it over the conscience of his brethren; but every man must judge for himself, as every man must give an account of himself to God."

"What is a catholic spirit? It is not speculative latitudinarianism. It is not any kind of practical latitudinarianism. It is not indifference to all congregations. But while a man is steadily fixed in his religious principles, in what he believes to be the truth as it is in Jesus; while he firmly adheres to the worship of God which he judges to be most acceptable in his sight; and while he is united by the tenderest and closest ties to one particular congregation—his heart is enlarged toward all mankind, those he knows and those he does not; he embraces with strong and cordial affection neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. This is catholic, or universal, love. And he that has this is of a catholic spirit."

"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Abhor every approach in any kind or degree to the spirit of persecution."

"As to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that, whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist."

"I was exceedingly struck at reading the Life of Mr. Thomas Firmin; having long settled it in my mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety. But I cannot argue against matter of fact. I dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous."

"It is a poor excuse for opposition to a reformation to say, 'O, but the people are brought into several erroneous opinions.' It matters not a straw whether they are or no. (I speak of such opinions as do not touch the foundation.) It is scarce worth while to spend ten words about it. Whether they embrace this religious opinion or that is no more concern to me than whether they embrace this or that system of astronomy. Are they brought to holy tempers and lives?"

"I will not quarrel with you about any opinion. Only see that your heart be right toward God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked; and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to bear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man. Let my soul be with these Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. Whosoever thus 'doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.'"

Providence. "There is scarce any doctrine in the whole compass of revelation which is of deeper importance than this of Divine Providence. And at the same time there is scarce any that is so little regarded and perhaps so little understood. God is present at all times, in all places. He is concerned every moment for what befalls every creature upon earth: and more especially for everything that befalls any of the children of men. It is hard to comprehend this, hard to believe it, considering the complicated wickedness and the complicated misery which we see on every side. But believe it we must unless we will make God a liar: although it is sure no man can comprehend it. His power, being equal to his wisdom and goodness, continually coöperates with them. And to him all things are possible. Only he that can do all things else cannot deny himself; he cannot counteract himself or oppose his own work. Were it not for this he would destroy all sin, with its attendant pain, in a moment. But the Almighty himself cannot do this thing. He cannot destroy out of the soul of man the image of himself wherein he made him."

"Great and little are only relative terms, which have place only with respect to men. With regard to the Most High, man and all the concerns of men are nothing, less than nothing, before him. Yet nothing is small in his sight that in any degree affects the welfare of any that fear God and work righteousness. What becomes, then, of your general providence, exclusive of a particular? Let it be

forever rejected by all rational men as absurd, self-contradictory nonsense."

"I would particularly remark that God is the true author of all the motion that is in the universe. All matter, of whatever kind it be, is absolutely and totally inert. It does not, cannot in any case, move itself; and whenever any part of it seems to move, it is in reality moved by something else. Neither sun, moon, nor stars move. They are all moved every moment by the Almighty hand that made them. God is the life of everything that lives in any kind or degree. He is the fountain of the life of animals; of all the life which man possesses in common with other animals."

"I know not what things they are which are not owing to the providence of God. I except nothing but sin; and even in the sins of others I see the providence of God to me. I do not say his general providence, for this I take to be a sounding word which means just nothing. And if there be a particular providence, it must extend to all persons and things. God presides over the whole universe as over every single person and over every single person as over the whole universe. What is it except only our own sins which we are not to ascribe to the providence of God?"

"He governs even the most minute, even the most noxious, to his own glory and the good of them that love him."

"What is there either in heaven or in earth that can harm you while you are under the care of the Creator and Governor of heaven and earth? The ungodly are only a sword of his which he uses as it pleaseth him and which itself, when the gracious ends of his providence are answered, is cast into the fire. When the storm of persecution shall begin, how high it shall rise, which way it shall point its course, when and how it shall end, are all determined by his unerring wisdom."

"Parents feed the atheism of their children by ascribing the works of creation to *nature,* by talking of anything *happening* so and so, of things coming by *chance,* of good or ill *fortune,* thus leaving God quite out of the question. From the first dawn of reason continually inculcate, God is in this and every place, everything is his. He orders all things, nothing comes by chance, he governs the world and everything that is in it, all men, good and bad, little and great."

"There is no evil in any place, that is, no affliction or calamity, but the hand of the Lord is in it. Whatsoever is done in all the earth (sin only excepted) he doeth it himself, either by his own immediate

power, or by commanding or else suffering it to be done by his servants that do his pleasure. All things serve him in all places of his dominion. The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient. It makes little difference whether he executes his purpose by the powers of heaven or hell, or by the mistakes, carelessness, or malice of men."

"From the very nature of grief, which is an uneasiness in the mind on the apprehension of some present evil, it appears that its arising in us on any other occasion than that of sin is entirely owing to our want of judgment. Are any of those things in the language of men termed misfortunes, such as reproach, poverty, loss of life, or even of friends, real evils? So far from it that if we dare believe our Creator they are often positive blessings. They all work together for our good. And our Lord accordingly commands us, even when the severest loss, that of our reputation, befalls us, if it is in a good cause, to 'rejoice and be exceeding glad.'"

"We cannot impute too much to Divine Providence unless we make it interfere with our free agency. I suppose that young woman by saying she did not believe God had anything to do with it, only meant that the passion itself was not at all from God, but altogether from evil nature; she could not mean that God does not in a thousand instances draw good out of evil, yea, that he may not sometimes permit us to be overtaken in a fault to preserve us from a greater."

"You may truly say, 'Health I shall have if health is best.'"

"I am content to understand little while I am in the body. Our business now is to love and obey. Knowledge is reserved for eternity."

"Everything is a blessing, as long as you can clearly say, 'Lord, do with me and mine what thou wilt, and when thou wilt, and how thou wilt.'"

"You shall have exactly what is best both as to kind, degree, and time. O what a blessing it is to be in his hand who doeth all things well."

"The doctrine of a particular providence is what exceeding few persons understand, at least not practically, so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want, to see God acting in every thing, and disposing all to his own glory and his creature's good. See him, and love him, and glorify him, with all you are and all you have."

"If we see God in all things, and do all for him, then all things are easy."

"We know that all things are ordered by unerring wisdom, and are given us at exactly the right time and in due number, weight, and

measure. And they continue no longer than is best; for chance has no share in the government of the world. The Lord reigns and disposes all things strongly and sweetly for the good of them that love him."

"We are sure the means which our blessed Lord uses to conform us to his image are (all circumstances considered) the very best; for he cannot but do all things well; therefore whenever it pleases him to send affliction, then affliction is best. Yet we must not imagine he is tied down to this, or that he cannot give any degree of holiness without it. We have reason to believe from the earliest records that Saint Paul suffered a thousand times more than Saint John. And yet one can hardly doubt but Saint John was as holy as he, or any of the apostles. Therefore, stand ready for whatsoever our Lord shall send; but do not require him to send you affliction. Perhaps he will take another way; he will overpower your whole soul with peace and joy and love; and thereby work in you a fuller conformity to himself than you ever experienced yet.

All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live and die.

Perfection. "I have frequently observed that there are two very different ranks of Christians, both of whom may be in the favor of God—a higher and a lower rank. The latter avoid all known sin, do much good, use all the means of grace, but have little of the life of God in their souls, and are much conformed to the world. The former make the Bible their whole rule, and their sole aim is the will and image of God. This they steadily and uniformly pursue through honor and dishonor, denying themselves and taking up their cross daily; considering one point only, 'How may I attain most of the mind that was in Christ and how may I please him most?'"

"From long experience and observation I am inclined to think that whoever finds redemption in the blood of Jesus, whoever is justified, has then the choice of walking in the higher or the lower path. I believe the Holy Spirit at that time sets before him 'the more excellent way,' and incites him to walk therein, to aspire after the entire image of God. But if he does not accept this offer, he insensibly declines into the lower order of Christians. He still goes on in what may be called a good way, serving God in his degree, and finds mercy in the close of life through the blood of the covenant. I would be far from quenching the smoking flax, from discouraging those that serve God in a low degree. But I could not wish them to

stop here. I would encourage them to come up higher, without thundering hell and damnation in their ears. I do not affirm that all who do not walk in this higher path are in the road to hell. But this much I must affirm, they will not have so high a place in heaven as they would have had if they had chosen the better part. And will this be a small loss?"

"Entire sanctification does not imply any new *kind* of holiness; let no man imagine this. Love is the sum of Christian sanctification; it is the one *kind* of holiness which is found only in various *degrees* in the believers who are distinguished by Saint John into little children, young men, and fathers. The difference between one and the other properly lies in the degree of love."

"In the thirteenth of Corinthians you have the height and depth of genuine perfection; and it is observable that Saint Paul speaks all along of the love of our neighbor; flowing indeed from the love of God."

"It may be objected, 'If perfection means only that love which is consistent with all these infirmities [such as were seen in Mrs. Elizabeth Harper], then how does it differ from what is experienced by every believer?' I answer, Many are delivered from their infirmities in a far greater measure than she was. I judge her to have been a real witness of Christian perfection, but only in a low degree."

"Yet with all this dross [in some of the utterances of Madame Guyon] how much pure gold is mixed! So did God wink at involuntary ignorance! What a depth of religion did she enjoy! of the mind that was in Christ Jesus! What heights of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! How few such instances do we find of exalted love to God and our neighbor; of genuine humility; of invincible meekness and unbounded resignation. So that, upon the whole, I know not whether we may not search many centuries to find another woman who was such a pattern of true holiness."

"The whole treatise [Kempis's Imitation of Christ] is a complete and finished work, comprehending all that relates to Christian perfection. A serious mind will never be sated with it, though it were read a thousand times over, for those general principles it inculcates are as fruitful seeds of meditation, and the stores they contain can never be exhausted. And herein it greatly resembles the Holy Scriptures, that under the plainest words there is a divine hidden virtue continually flowing into the soul of a pious and attentive reader, and, by the blessing of God, transforming it into his image. If there be

any who desires direction and assistance in the several exercises of his Christian warfare, in the several tempers and states he must be in, here he will find what will be sufficient to direct and assist him, to strengthen and establish his heart, and, in a word, seasonably and fully to minister to the several exigencies of his condition."

"Perhaps it is not easy to fix a general rule concerning sins of surprise. We cannot say either that men are or that they are not condemned for such sins in general. But it seems, whenever a believer is by surprise overtaken in a fault, there is more or less condemnation as there is more or less concurrence of his will. In proportion as a sinful desire or word or action is more or less voluntary, so we may conceive God is more or less displeased, and there is more or less guilt upon the soul. Some sins of surprise bring much guilt and condemnation. For in some instances our being surprised is owing to some willful and culpable neglect; or to a sleepiness of soul which might have been prevented or shaken off before the temptation came."

"There are innumerable degrees both in a justified and sanctified state, more than it is possible for us exactly to define. I have always thought the lowest degree of the latter implies the having but one desire and one design."

"In religion, as well as in all things else, it is use that brings perfectness. Take up your cross. When the occasion offers break through. Speak, though it is pain and grief unto you, and it will be easier and easier."

"Entire resignation implies entire love. Give him your will and you give him your heart."

"When things are viewed at a distance one would be apt to imagine that no degree of sorrow could be found in a heart that rejoices ever more; that no right temper could be wanting, much less any degree of a wrong temper subsist, in a soul that is filled with love. And yet I am in doubt whether there be any soul clothed in flesh and blood which enjoys every right temper and in which is no degree of any wrong one; suppose of ill-judged zeal or more or less affection for some person than that person really deserves. When we say, 'This is a natural consequence of the soul's union with a corruptible body,' the assertion is by no means clear till we add, 'Because of the weakness of understanding which results from this union'; admitting this, the case is plain. There is so close a connection between right judgment and right tempers, as well as right practice, that the latter cannot easily subsist without the former. Some wrong temper, at least

in a small degree, almost necessarily follows from wrong judgment. I apprehend when many say, 'Sin must remain while the body remains,' this is what they mean."

Miscellaneous. "The knowledge of ourselves is true humility."

"The greatest of all dangers is that of being generally commended. There is a great deal more danger from honor than from dishonor. I always find there is most hazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God. It is an exceedingly nice question, 'How far may we desire the approbation of good men?' I think it cannot be proved that such a desire is anywhere forbidden in Scripture. But it requires a very strong influence of the Holy Spirit to prevent it running into excess. J. K.'s mind is by no means strong enough to bear the weight of applause coming upon him at Dundee. Take him out of the furnace, or he will be consumed."

"We ought to improve our understanding as well as our temper, to the utmost of our power; which cannot otherwise be done than by reading authors of various kinds, as well as by thinking and conversation."

"'Are you going to hear Mr. Wesley?' said a friend to Mr. Blackwell. 'No,' he answered, 'I am going to hear God; I listen to him, whoever preaches; otherwise I lose all my labor.'"

"Said M. de Renty: 'I saw that a well-instructed Christian is never hindered by any person or thing. For whatever prevents his doing good works gives him a fresh opportunity of submitting his will to the will of God; which at that time is more pleasing to God, and more profitable to his soul, than anything else which he could possibly do.'"

"'Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry; because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit."

"Whatever raises the mind to God is good, and in the same proportion as it does this. Whatever draws the heart from its center is evil, and more or less so as it has more or less of this effect. You have accordingly found pain, sickness, bodily weakness to be real goods, as bringing you nearer and nearer to the fountain of all happiness and holiness. And yet it is certain nature shrinks from pain, and that without any blame. Only in the same moment that we may say, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me,' the heart should add, like our great Pattern, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'"

"To be incapable of sympathizing with the distressed is not a desirable state. Nor would one wish to extirpate either sorrow or any other of our natural passions. And yet it is both possible and highly desirable to attain the same experience with the Marquis de Renty, who on occasion of his lady's illness, told those who inquired how he could bear it, 'I cannot say but my nature is deeply affected with the apprehension of so great a loss. And yet I feel such a full acquiescence in the will of God that, were it proper, I could dance and sing.'"

"When any trial comes, see that you do not look at the thing itself, but immediately look unto Jesus. Reason not upon it, but believe. See the hand of God in Shimei's tongue."

"It is a little thing to trust God as far as we can see him; so far as the way lies open before us. But to trust in him when we are hedged in on every side, and can see no way to escape, this is good and acceptable with God. This is the faith of Abraham our father."

"We are called to propagate Bible religion through the land; that is, faith working by love: holy tempers and holy lives. Let us do it with our might."

"At many times our advances in the race that is set before us are clear and perceptible; at other times they are no more perceptible (at least to ourselves) than the growth of a tree."

"Improve by everything that occurs; by good or ill success so called; by sickness or health, by ease or pain; and this we can do by Christ strengthening us. We know chance is an empty sound. The Lord sitteth on his throne and ruleth all things well. Love him, trust him, praise him."

"It is certain that the Scripture by *prayer* almost always means *vocal* prayer. And whosoever intermits this for any time will neither pray with the voice nor the heart. It is, therefore, our wisdom to force ourselves to prayer: to pray whether we can or not. And many times while we are so doing the fire will fall from heaven and we shall know our labor was not in vain."

"Remember the wise saying of Mr. Dodd, 'It is a great loss to lose an affliction.' If you are no better for it you lose it. But you may gain thereby both humility, seriousness, and resignation."

"There is a threefold leading of the Spirit. Some he leads by giving them on every occasion apposite texts of Scripture; some by suggesting reasons for every step they take—the way by which he chiefly leads me; and some by impressions. But the last is the least

desirable way; as it is often impossible to distinguish dark impressions from divine or even diabolical."

"If you seek your happiness in God alone, you will never be disappointed: if in anything else, you surely will; for all creatures are broken cisterns. Let your eye be single. Seek one thing."

"Trust not in visions or dreams; in sudden impressions, or strong impulses of any kind. Remember it is not by these you are to know what is the will of God on any particular occasion; but by applying the plain Scripture rule with the help of experience and reason and the ordinary assistance of the Spirit of God."

"There is no employment of our time, no action or conversation, that is purely indifferent. All is good or bad, because all our time, as everything we have, is not our own. If they are employed according to his will, all is good; if they are not, all is evil."

"In all the duties of common life God has given us our reason for a guide. And it is only by acting up to the dictates of it, by using all the understanding which God hath given us, that we can have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man."

"When we dwell in Christ and Christ in us, we are one with Christ, and Christ with us, and we are completely happy. Every Christian is happy; and he who is not happy is not a Christian. Religion and happiness are in fact the same."

"Near fifty years ago a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God. He said, 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness.' Let us keep to this: leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro; let us keep close to our point."

"Let us carefully distinguish between those things wherein Christ is our pattern and those which were peculiar to his office. His extraordinary office justified him in using a severity of language to which we have no call; and by which we should only bring scandal on religion and ruin on ourselves."

"Let us learn not rashly to put ourselves into the power of others. Let us study a wise and happy medium between universal suspiciousness and that easiness which would make us the property of every pretender to kindness and respect."

"Do all things as unto God, and as in his immediate presence. They who thus abide with God preserve a holy indifference with regard to outward things."

"'The Father of mercies and God of all comfort.' Mercies are the fountain of comfort; comfort is the outward expression of mercy. God shows his mercy in the affliction itself. He gives comfort both in and after the affliction. Blessed be this God!"

"'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ' contains the whole of our salvation. It is a strong and beautiful expression for the most intimate union with him, and being clothed with all the graces which were in him."

"'The God whose I am and whom I serve' is a short compendium of religion. Yet how full! Comprehending both faith and hope and love."

With peaceful mind thy course of duty run:
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as he.

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught.
Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too:
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
"*Believe!*" "*Expect!*" I *know* it to be so.

THE ARENA

"THOU DRAVEST LOVE FROM THEE WHO DRAVEST ME"

I DESIRE to bring to the notice of the readers of your valuable REVIEW the "*other*" reading of the last line of "The Hound of Heaven" quoted in the January-February number. I enjoyed Bishop Quayle's article very greatly. I have long reveled in Francis Thompson's work. But this is the second time that I come across this reading of this line, which leaves me in the dark. It is perhaps just my obtuseness. If so, I shall be glad to be enlightened. The line as given in METHODIST REVIEW, January-February, 1913, p. 34, reads:

"Thou drawest love from thee. Who drawest me,"

and I query: can one draw love from oneself when he draws Christ? What can it mean? The other reading lights up the whole thought beautifully (to me).

"Thou dravest love from thee who dravest me."

Old Saybrook, Conn. JOHN H. DE VRIES.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM TAYLOR

William Taylor won a notable place among India's missionaries in the influence and far-reaching outcome of his comparatively brief work. My recollections of this colossal man, colossal in body, colossal in mind, and colossal in faith and holy ambition and purpose, that might fill a volume, must be compressed into a few pen strokes. The first time I saw "Brother" Taylor, as we called him in India, was at the General Conference at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1860. "California" Taylor, as he was then called, was there as a visitor, and was put up to preach in one of the churches. He entered with his overcoat thrown carelessly over his arm, and walked forward to the pulpit with a self-conscious, but not self-important air, and began. I next saw William Taylor twelve years later, when "let loose" in India. He began a revival in our English church in Lucknow at Conference, in the cold season, and met with good success. Here George Bailey, an East Indian, was converted, and became Taylor's efficient interpreter in his preaching to the Hindustanis of North India. Coming to Bareilly not long after Conference, they remained in my house during his Bareilly campaign. His meetings for the native Christian community were very valuable. Many entered into a new "experience." His effort at reaching non-Christians was a comparative failure. It seemed that he could not duplicate his success in Africa. "What next?" then seemed to be with him the question. He was perplexed with the new and puzzling quality of soul encountered. He preached a "powerful sermon" in our city school hall to an audience of English-speaking educated Indians, looked for conviction, and seemed surprised at the cool yet approving words they uttered at the close of the sermon, with not the slightest disposition to accept his gospel. One of the hearers said to me, "What a masterly effort!" This approving stolidity was new to the preacher. Some Europeans and Anglo-Indians were converted in meetings for them. Taylor spent the hot season in the Himalayas, at Nynee Tal, where he had quite a revival among Europeans, which gave the mission some good workers. I think in this comparative rest, out of the heat, he decided to change his tactics and seek through work among Europeans to reach the people of the country. Later, in his work among Europeans, he said, "I have not struck a lick that did not look to the salvation of the natives." Turning definitely to efforts among English-speaking people, William Taylor wrought a work in India that cannot be estimated. He "let loose" the gospel with its Methodist methods and fire in the Indian empire, in southern Asia, now mapped out in numerous Conferences. It is useless to speculate on what course Methodism would have taken anyhow; Taylor precipitated a movement that speedily carried revival fire and Methodism into all the land. Worthy names, now bound up with the history of Methodism in India, are the outcome of his campaign: Dease, Oldham, Osborne, Gilder, and others too numerous to be mentioned in this brief record.

Of the subject of this sketch I wrote, "A colossal man," and such he was in several particulars that make a great man. To begin with, he

stood over six feet in his stockings, was broad-shouldered, rather spare frame, with legs and arms strung with thews indicating physical power. I heard him say, "I am nothing but skin and bone, yet put me on the scales to-day and I will weigh two hundred pounds." Again, "My leanness has been an inconvenience in adjusting my bones, on deck passages, while sleeping." Sometimes, in a humorous way, he spoke with muscular egotism. I heard him say, swinging his mighty arm, "Sometimes I feel as if I could put my fist through an inch deal board." Again, in a sermon, deprecating the use of the word instrument, as conveying too great passivity for a responsible rational being, he said, thrusting out his long muscular arm and bony fist in defiance, "There is an instrument: and if I were a pugilist it would be a good one, too." He always wore a heavy flowing beard, which made him look all the more formidable. On one occasion, at the railway, Dr. Thoburn said to him, "Brother Taylor, you look tired." "Tired? No," replied Taylor, and he picked up Thoburn like a kitten and walked the platform. In a large camp-meeting tent I saw him "shin up" the tall center pole to the top when some of us had tried it in vain. He was a walker to be reckoned with in a tramp. I have reason to remember a climb with him to the top of Mount Chena, nine thousand feet, one morning before breakfast. But he reached his limit in that walk to the Badrinath shrine, twenty thousand feet, on the summit of the Himalayas. He insisted on making the pilgrimage, as the Hindus do, on foot. He came back, in three or four weeks, jaded enough, weighing some thirty pounds less than when he started.

Mentally, William Taylor was a marvelous man. It was said of him, "He thought in continents." His personality was "colossal." It seemed to fill the whole house where he was; so of the town, or city, or country where he was at work. Taylor had come and was known and felt. He was a self-educated man. I have heard him say, "I got my education in my father's tanyard." He had a wonderful memory, and could repeat many hymns and long passages of Scripture. He often gave out the hymn and indicated the Bible lesson from memory. I do not think he was an extensive reader, but he had thought profoundly on most theological subjects, and on many civic, social, and scientific themes. On the subject of prayer, Providence, miracles, inspiration, the Trinity, etc., he had thought deeply, and had pronounced and rational views. His mental make-up was illuminated with great hope, cheerfulness, and quaint humor. He would say, "If I see a gloomy fellow coming down the street, I pass over to the other side." He could tell a joke, not so frequently, but with as much manifest enjoyment as Lincoln, with whom there were striking points of resemblance, mental and physical. "What a 'jib' he has," said Taylor, pointing to the forehead of a bust of Lincoln in my study in Bareilly. Taylor's, I closely observed at the time, was much the same.

He was a man of vast conquering faith. When he reached Lucknow, and was ready to begin a revival meeting, Dr. Thoburn [bishop], speaking about the outlook, used the phrase, "If we have a revival." Taylor clinched his arm with a rebuking grip and said, "Brother, there is no 'if' in the business." And there was a good revival. He was a wise

advocate of Christian perfection, which with him was perfect love for and heart loyalty to God. I heard him say, "What impossibility is there in it? A dog can show such love and loyalty; his honest heart is all his master's own." In his revivals he would call for two classes: seekers of pardon and seekers of holiness.

As a preacher Taylor was evangelistic. He made no effort at the sensational, and always himself seemed perfectly self-restrained. Yet I have seen him weep in meetings. In manner he was calm, as a rule, didactic in style, full of apt and telling illustrations. He dealt in the concrete rather than in the abstract. He would speak of the Blesser rather than the blessing, of Christ rather than Christianity, of the Holy Spirit, not of an influence of the Spirit. He sang frequently. In speaking, he sometimes rose to strains of sturdy stirring eloquence in which a bit of song might mingle. In one of his sermons I heard him repeat a part of Tennyson's "The Light Brigade": "Forward, the light brigade—charge!" rang out with thrilling effect. I also heard him in a sermon give Tennyson's, "Late, late, so late," with solemn effect. "Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?" in a pleading tenor tone. "Too late; too late; ye cannot enter now!"—in a stern, deep, sad denial. His voice had a clear, ringing range through baritone and tenor. His unstudied accent seemed perfect. He caught the Hindustani words and phrases he used, in tone and accent, very accurately.

William Taylor was an evangelist of a grand world-wide ambition. I heard him say that sometimes on the streets in London, when he heard the hand-organ men grind out some martial air, he felt like sweeping out and capturing the world for Jesus. The Americas, Europe, Australasia, Africa, India—the world was his parish in actuality as Wesley felt it his in theory and realized only in small part. The remarkably fertile activity of his mind is seen in the amount of literature he produced, ten or twelve considerable volumes, amid incessant preaching, planning, and traveling by land and sea. I met him several times on my furloughs in America after his India campaign, and then again after his work in South America and his episcopal career in Africa. I was with him at some of the Conference sessions and saw that in the pressure of business sometimes he was not accorded much of a hearing on the great message of his heart. His persistent absence from his wife and family surprised some. He said to me, "My wife and I understand one another. We could cheerfully lie down and have our heads chopped off if God wills." Some of the bishops did not seem to sympathize with his manner and plans. I asked him why. "O, sometimes in my sermons and addresses I tell some old Negro story that scandalizes them."

The last time I saw William Taylor was in the General Conference in Cleveland, O., in 1896, when as bishop he was retired. I recall now that in the committee on episcopacy the grand old world-evangelist was reluctant to face the question of retirement. He gracefully accepted it, however; with calmness and self-control, embraced his successor, Bishop Hartzell; later took up his grip for independent service in Africa, stood on the deck of his departing steamer, was photographed, and off on his own account.

But a year in Africa proved to him that his trumpet voice was gone and his natural force abated. He returned to America, lingered in weakness a few years, using an invalid's wheel-chair; then word came that this remarkable man had ascended from the world-wide field of his marvelous activity, aged eighty-two years.

Ocean Grove, N. J. T. J. Scott.

THE TRADITIONS OF BALAK AND BALAAM

In his article in the July Review, Professor Terry, of Evanston, dismisses the New Testament representations of Balaam as erroneous. "These references," he affirms, "simply repeat the late Jewish tradition"; and that tradition he brands as a piece of "defamation."

In taking this ground, the learned professor (1) comes into collision with two apostolic writers (Jude 11; 2 Pet. 2. 15) and charges them with ignorance and error. Admitting all that he says as to their fallibility, it is nevertheless true that they were mouthpieces of the Holy Spirit. To them the Saviour had said, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you"; and to them it had been promised that the Spirit of Truth should guide them into all truth. In the last analysis, Dr. Terry's disagreement with the apostles resolves itself into a disagreement with the Spirit, who spoke in and through them.

But further, in taking the ground he does, the professor (2) comes into collision with our risen Lord, and charges him also with ignorance and error. The adverse judgment passed on Balaam in Rev. 2. 14 is part of a letter from the risen Christ to the church at Pergamos. If there is any mistake here, it is the glorified Redeemer who makes it. The Kenosis doctrine has been used to prove the limitation of our Lord's knowledge in the days of his flesh, but here the doctrine is so extended as to make the risen Christ limited in knowledge and capable of error. It assuredly takes courage and self-confidence to brush aside the findings of Him in whom all fullness dwells and to whom all judgment has been committed. God pity us if the Judge of all men is liable to error! If he erred in his estimate of Balaam, we may well fear that he will similarly err in his estimate of us. We had thought it the duty of a Christian to sit at the feet of Jesus; but it would appear that the exigencies of critical theory make it needful for Jesus to sit at the feet of Terry and learn of him. The learned professor shows himself as ready to correct the errors of the risen One as he is to blue-pencil the examination papers of an Evanston theologue. The spirit of such dealing impresses one as being Unitarian rather than Methodistic. Indeed, it is questionable whether devout Unitarians like Channing and Martineau would consent to lower their Christ to the level at which Dr. Terry places him. If infallibility can be found anywhere, one would suppose it would be found in the risen Redeemer. But the only infallibility discernible in Dr. Terry's article is the infallibility of the consensus. And this infallibility is strictly temporary; it may change character altogether on the appearance of some

new critical theory "made in Germany." It swore yesterday by Baur; it swears to-day by Wellhausen; and the outlook is that it will swear by somebody else to-morrow. We are surely building on shifting sand if this chameleonlike, kaleidoscopic consensus is our main reliance.

Apple River, Ill. GEORGE A. GRISWOLD.

THE TRAGEDY IN LIFE AND ITS BREAK

(A Study of 1 Cor. 15. 42-44)

POOR are the folks who have no loved and lovely ones in heaven. There in spite of us, they are there for us. Taken without our consent, and in spite of our frantic efforts and earnest prayers, they are treasures Infinite Love must return with interest and increased worth.

> We have learned in hours of faith
> The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
> That life is ever lord of death,
> *And love can never lose its own.*

Little, though, must be our comfort if we must think of our departed as disembodied spirits. It is pain unendurable to think of them as held in the grip of an ages-long nightmare, each soul longing to speak, but having no vocal organ; each soul longing to hear, but lacking the appropriate organ for hearing; each soul hovering over the vicinity of its earthly ashes, awaiting a divine command that shall at last raise all mankind at once to self-expression and communion with one another. Happily, we are under no such doctrinal necessity. We need not part company with Jesus and Paul and journey with the Pharisees. In his talk with the Sadducees Christ himself did not distinguish resurrection from continued existence. He even says that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had experienced the resurrection; for he identifies their continued existence with the raising of the dead. And in the passage of our study Paul speaks of the resurrection as a long-drawn process rather than as a single and distinct future event. To him the resurrection is not like Ezekiel's vision of dry bones suddenly clothed with flesh and life in the valley of death. His is the vision of the lone grain of wheat dropped into the soil and later becoming the bearded and golden grain of harvest. *He glories in the mystery and miracle of growth and gradual transformation.* He either had outgrown or had cast out the Pharisees' magic and their empty doctrine of a material resurrection. He is on higher and saner ground. And it will pay us to get the view Paul got from the higher vantage of his Christian philosophy and experience as a man of God.

After the apostle speaks of the resurrection of the dead as being a long-drawn process rather than an instantaneous miracle, he gives us his tragic and startling words concerning *the* tragedy in life. To the human race death always has been the puzzle and the awful tragedy. Not so to Paul. To him, if one looks back, death is more than the end of

a career; if forward, more than the beginning. To him it in reality is neither end nor beginning. It is *an event* in a career, *an experience* in life. And, like any other experience in life, it could have only one sting. "The sting of death is sin," just as the sting of schooldays is neglected lessons, the sting of friendship is broken vows, and the sting of citizenship is sordid aims and vicious politics.

To Paul, life itself is not a tragedy. Neither is death. That in either life or death that is tragic is the footprint of evil. He even declares that so wonderful a process as the resurrection has its tragedy. And where does he place that tragedy? When the soul leaves the body? When the pulse ceases? Not at all. He places that tragedy at the very beginning of life. Not that the beginning of life is itself a tragedy; it is the spirit and the motive connected with the beginning of life, with one's birth into the world, that troubles Paul and gives him heartache. That motive writes itself into the face of the child and clings to the very fiber of his being. "So is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; . . . it is sown in dishonor; . . . it is sown in weakness; . . . it is sown a natural body," or, as the original Greek hints, is usually sown *in obedience to a brute instinct, and not in obedience to the voice of conscience, the pleadings of prayer, and a pure and high call to parenthood.* The tragedy of life is not the untimely decease of a good man or woman, though that is tragic and shocking enough to shatter one's nerves, unbalance one's mind, and almost unloose one's mental grip on the things that are divine. *The* tragedy of life, the most unspeakable horror of this earthly career, is the *average* birth of a babe, the *average* launching of the infantile ark with its precious burden when the river of life is infested with such Egyptians as bid for the chance to destroy its chances in the hours of early character formation. There are as great crimes as race suicide, and not the least of them is the double crime of stocking the world with children whose parents never pray and gorging the gates of the eternal world with souls to whom God's name will be a surprise and spiritual things an unopened book.

If to Paul *the* tragedy in life is at its very beginning, its lyric and glory may be all through its career and in its closing here.

The lyric of the life of man so tragically begun is hinted in Paul's words to the Colossians: "If ye then were raised together with Christ, seek those things that are above." When one battles against the animalism he has inherited, and likely encouraged; when he stands out against evil tendencies both within and without; when he holds himself obedient to conscience and the heavenly vision—there the resurrection is taking place. When one bows only to equal or superior worth, and binds his affections around such as the matchless Christ and all that he loves and holds dear—there the resurrection is taking place. When one forgets himself or herself for children's, parents', and others' sakes—there *the* resurrection from the dead is in process of accomplishment. So that we may pass from *the* tragedy in life to the triumphant song that may attend it, and may end it down here. We may forget and forgive the circumstance of one's birth if we see a rising soul looking out through the

earthly deeds and words of a friend or loved one. We need not quibble, as did some of the Corinthians, asking, "How are the dead raised, and with what manner of body do they come?" They are here already in this life, and all the while they are transfiguring the present vesture of the soul, their earthly bodies. They are here, like the Lord with whom they, even in this life, are risen, to bring life and immortality to light. Well, then, did Paul preach the death of death, and say, "We *all* shall not sleep" (American Revised), or, as he evidently meant it, "Not one of us shall die." Already we are in the triumph-song of being raised from the dead. The thoughts and feelings that throb in these words as they come from the pencil's tip declare the subtle power of the endless life. The kind deeds and words we have felt and known when in weary weeks of sorrow or crisis declare the affectionate grip of souls that never again shall see death; and these all declare the near glory that awaits us when the soul shall attain to the fullness of the resurrection in that hour misnamed death, and there and then shall fully have that matchless organism, "the spiritual body," that shall perfectly express the soul's loveliness and permit one's perfect freedom of spiritual action. Jesus declared the resurrection to be totally spiritual, utterly free from the carnal. And Paul said, "So is the resurrection. . . . It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." We may get the whole problem and process in the words of W. L. Walker, in his Christian Theism and Spiritual Monism: "Just as the new-born child finds itself in a body which its own imparted life principle had, all unconscious to itself, formed for it, to be the organ of its conscious earthly life, so, all unconscious to the person, the formative spirit, or, 'being risen with Christ,' has been providing a spiritual body that is freed when physical dissolution takes place."

You see that moral and Christlike life is to have some immediate rewards. Not the least of these is to be an organism that, immediately upon our physical dissolution, shall perfectly fit the spirit and be able to fly with the speed of thought and accomplish as rapidly as pure and exalted love could wish. Here electricity is our swiftest known messenger. There it is a discarded stage coach. Here love's light is dimmed by such poor and elusive mediums as eyes. There the soul is radiant over all the spiritual form and pours self out unstintedly and freely in words and deeds that are the universal language. This is the resurrection of the dead as finally accomplished "in incorruption, glory, and power."

Burton, Kan. RALPH W. WYRICK.

FUN AND PREACHERS

WHY is the average preacher so solemn? See him coming down the street. He glooms along with such a mournful air that, on the impulse, you are inclined to cross to the other side of the street, lest you interrupt the cortege. But on reflection, you remember that no procession follows him; he is only wearing his everyday expression. You are

in a blithesome mood when you meet him, but before long his melancholia affects you, and you go on your way with thoughts of the last bitter hour stealing like a blight over your spirit. Why is it? Why is his face wrapped in perennial gloom? Perhaps, finding, like Skeat, the word laughter connected with κράζω, he reflects that to indulge in such a practice would be to supply one more vestigial proof of his evolution, and rather than render aid to a proposition already embarrassing, refrains from croaking forever. Or he may have some of the ascetic ideas of the early monks, and believe that to show enjoyment would be to feed his carnal nature, which manages to thrive like the devil even though cast out of heaven. To hazard even a third guess, it might be because he considers himself, along with Socrates, as the Lord's divinely appointed gadfly to burst the bubble of universal deception, and thinks laughter too frivolous for one with such a mission.

In Innsbruck there is a bronze statue to Philip the Good. One thing about it is suggestive—the face. It is furrowed, with a droop to the corners of the mouth, and a general air of depression on the whole countenance. The suggestive thing is that the sculptor who chiseled the statue, not from knowledge, but from imagination, thought that he had chosen the proper expression for the face of a good man. He was typical. There is an idea so prevalent as to be fairly general that a good man, and especially a minister, should be sad of countenance. Whence sprang such an idea? By some phenomenal coincidence have all good men happened to be so solemn that solemnity goes as a mark of goodness, and the two are inseparable, like a toper and his crimson proboscis? Or is laughter inconsistent with a devout nature?

Undoubtedly one reason for ministerial sobriety is the confusion of cheerfulness with foolishness. This confusion usually exists in the subconscious, but it is none the less potent. Laughter is considered as the prerogative of those shallow-minded souls who have no concern with affairs of real import and whose intellects are only a supposition. It is for such as them to indulge and others to shun. It is a mark of the surface mind. Undoubtedly such an attitude toward cheerfulness is unjust. No one should be a simpleton, despite the fact that practice seems to tend in that direction. But there is such a thing as jocund good humor, which is as different from foolishness as real intellectual ability is different from pedantry. The one represents the buoyant, hopeful, optimistic spirit; the other, the frivolous, the inconsequential, the shallow. The similarity is only apparent.

Another reason seems to be that cheerfulness is connected with irreverence and lack of sympathy. The minister is closely related to God. He is the medium through which Jehovah speaks to the world. This is a position of sobering proximity. It represents a nearness to the terrible Yahwe that is incompatible with irreverence. Instances of Nadab and Abihu are too suggestive to permit deception. Also, the minister is the one who "lifts the cry of the ages from humanity to heaven." In a sense, he bears the burden of a lost world. He must sympathize with men in their sorrow and understand the secret yearnings of their hearts.

In a word, he must be both reverent toward God and sympathetic with men. Can he, and at the same time be merry and happy? Undoubtedly many will say the two cannot go together. For this is the real reason for the preacher's long face.

Is man so constituted that what is best for him in both body and mind is good? Can it be safely said that if any practice contributes to the development of body and mind, it is virtuous? If not, we must reconcile to our satisfaction why God should give us a nature whose development is contrary to virtue, for he most certainly would be responsible for the maladjustment. But on the other hand, if the benefits of a habit justify its practice, then we are morally bound to observe practices that are beneficial. This question has many sides, but we are concerned with one. Laughter benefits both body and mind, and if we answer the above question in the affirmative, the long face will have to be a feature of the bloodhound rather than the preacher. Psychologists have not given as much attention to this subject as we could wish, so that information is not as extensive as it might be. But in the few instances where they have taken it up, their observations have been in singular harmony. There is unanimous agreement, as far as the writer has been able to ascertain, that man's nature is such as that he will be at his best when in a cheerful mood. Some statistics were gathered from soldiers in active service. Those of sanguine temperament possessed greater power of endurance than those of morose disposition. Edward Bradford Titchner is of the opinion that when we are pleased all bodily activity is heightened and physical ability increased; while Dr. Hecker is authority for the statement that laughter counteracts the anæmia of the brain by the action of joyous stimuli upon the vasomotor nerves. It frees the brain from unnatural anæmia and clarifies it for more acute perception. The statement of Harvard's late professor that by stimulating the physical characteristics of exuberance pathological conditions can be changed may be taken for what it is worth. The theory can be made to prove too much, and, like deep breathing, offer as witnesses to its efficiency numberless cured consumptives whose benefits were derived through psychotherapy. But it is an established fact that the fun-loving, sanguine disposition is the more healthy and capable.

But perhaps ministers should not be asked to do a thing for personal benefit. They may remember Plato's sarcasm, and seek not their own, but others' wealth. The literal execution of this command is left for the capitalists and men of frenzied finance; while the minister must take it figuratively. He has no lust for lucre, but seeks the soul-good of others. But he will stand a better chance of being successful in his efforts if he will allow himself the luxury of an occasional laugh.

Many of my brothers of the North-East Ohio Conference know the big, happy preacher who is the subject of this paragraph. We all love him because we can't help it. He laughs himself into our hearts by an unconscious hilarity. We like him. When he laughs, the impulse starts from somewhere far inside and works out with a jolly chuckle that shakes him all over. It is contagious, irresistible. This jovial preacher

has laughed himself into the good graces of his large congregation, and has made his church a center for spiritual power. No church quarrel can survive his persistent good humor. Complaining members cannot hold out against his perennial optimism. The result is new life, the upward look, the onward push. Do men cross the street to avoid him? They hunt him up when discouraged. So he can resuscitate them with his unfailing cheer. Is he effective with men? Recently the writer met a fine young fellow on his way to college who confessed that this big preacher had won him to the ministry with his fine optimism. Indeed, he is effective with men. He manifests the hope and joy of Christ in such a way that care-fagged business men go to him as to the fountain of youth, to see whence he derives his inspiration. Verily fun and preachers should be boon companions.

New Concord, O. ALBERT B. CUNNINGHAM.

THE BAND THAT PLAYED IN THE RAIN

IT was a rainy, dismal day. At least, it would be called a dismal day by one who does not love a storm—though I do. The clouds hung low and heavy. The air was reeking with moisture. The rain was falling with a sullen persistence, as though it would rain forever. Horses and men splashed along through the wet as though life were a burden. Everything looked barren and disconsolate. But just when the day was darkest and the rain fell the heaviest, there came from the street the strains of music, the notes of a strolling band, whose self-imposed mission it was to make people forget the rain and think only of the show which had come to town for that night. It wasn't very classical music, nor was it played with a heavenly motive; and I dare say that the men who played it were not minstrel angels. But it was music, and it was music on a rainy day! And this is what makes it worthy a place in our meditation; for that vagrant band changed the day completely. It put a new face upon everything. It shot a pulsating light through the thick gloom of the cloudy morning; you forgot it was raining; you stopped watching the clouds; you called a truce in your war upon the weather; and you found yourself listening to the music of the band. Then my thought was: how good it is, in the ordering of things, that we can have music even on a rainy day! My thought then went out a little farther, and I reflected upon all this world's rainy weather—the hearts which have been bruised, the lives which have been shadowed, the privations and adversities, the losses and disappointments—all the elements which go to make up life's rainy weather. And when I meditated upon these things, I found it in my heart to thank God that even in these lives and for their cheer the strain of music has been heard, and how, because of it, they have endured.

Have we ever stopped to think of those other rainy-day musicians

whom God has used to cheer and brighten the day? There was Charles Dickens. What a sweet strain of wholesome, homely, heart-warming music this genial soul has brought into the world! Thackeray was more finished; Charles Reade was more learned; but Dickens comes closest to the human heart. He subscribed his genius to a program long before announced, "To proclaim release to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised." It was his pen which put an end to the debtors' prison, public executions, and the worst abuses of the parochial school system in England. What would Christmas be without "The Christmas Carol"? Whose heart has not shouted with old Scrooge as he throws his window wide open on that frosty Christmas morning and for the first time in his pinched life drinks in the real spirit of Christmas? How Tiny Tim's "God bless us, every one," has distilled like a universal benediction upon unnumbered hearts which have warmed toward the little cripple! The common people love Dickens and hear him gladly, because of the homely and hearty music he breathes into their lives. We have all read of that old gentleman who on his deathbed thanked God for the likelihood of living until the next number of "Pickwick Papers" came out. And yet this great lovable writer was a rainy-day musician. "He learned in suffering what he taught in song." His early life was stony and rugged. He had no gentle birth or early culture. He went to no school; he entered no university. His boyhood was cheerless and austere, and the scratching of the wolf was often heard at the door. His father did almost nothing for him. His father was a shiftless man. He served time in debtors' prison. He had "come to regard insolvency as the normal state of mankind and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally breaks out." The son caricatures the father in Micawber, "always waiting for something to turn up." But it was out of this rainy-day kind of life that the genial music of Dickens has come. Surely, he was one of God's rainy-day musicians. Then there was Robert Louis Stevenson. He ever had the stain of blood upon his handkerchief; and yet from his graceful pen and sunny spirit issued music which has heartened and inspired untold lovers of him. Here was a man who could say, though weakness and disease were his daily portion, "Sick or well, I have had a splendid life of it." And when he listens to the strident song of the crickets at the close of the day, he wonders "why these creatures are so happy, and what was wrong with man, that he did not wind up his day with an hour or two of shouting." What a gracious, mellow spirit is in our library when Charles Lamb steps out of his nook, and in the facile mood of an Addison discourses so quaintly on "The Chimney Sweep" and so lusciously on "Roast Pig"! One would think that winds of fortune had always been tempered in his favor. But Charles Lamb was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and the menacing specter of "a mind diseased" stared him constantly in the face. Ah! there have been many of these gifted folk—men like Dickens and Stevenson and Lamb, women like Jane Austen and Charlotte and Emily Brontë, who have blessed and lightened their fellows, but who have been themselves like musicians playing in the rain. Like John's singing host of

the redeemed who were close to the throne, "these were they that came out of great tribulation."

And so there are certain names which dispense rich, rare music, which were born in some of life's storm days. If we know their history, we can still hear in their mention the blended rush and sob of the storm. The term Methodist is such a name. It is a name dear to millions, and it is a name which the church of God holds in honor. To those who know its traditions, to those who understand what is its high spiritual quality, it is a name full of music. But it is also a rainy-day musician, for it first began to sing its mission in a day of storm. It was in the beginning a term of derision, an epithet of mockery. The disciples of Christ "were first called Christians at Antioch," and on the lips of its inventors it implied a scornful fling at the deluded, fanatic followers of the discredited and crucified Nazarene. But the music of the name is in all lands to-day, and the souls of men still rise in involuntary rhapsody when Handel's "Messiah" sets it to measure. And then "the Name high over all," the name Jesus! What music in that name! How it has strengthened us in the fight, steadied us on the march, cheered us in sorrow, and soothed us in pain! From childhood to old age it has been life's richest undertone.

> Through Him the first fond prayers are said
> Our lips of childhood frame;
> The last low murmurs of our dead
> Are burdened with his name.

But especially do we love to call him by those names which bring him so close to our common human lot, "the Son of man," "the friend of sinners." What music of divine love, and divine compassion, and divine condescension, is in them! But they first began to breathe their music in the rainy, stormy day when he was pelted by human abuse and compassed about with clouds of human hate; for at first these were nicknames, opprobrious epithets, thrown at him by his enemies while he dwelt among men. And out of that life of his, a life thick with stormy weather, though calm and serene within, has come the gospel which has filled the world with its music and cheered the pilgrim trudging his way along the inclement road. And so I think we can see how true it is that many of God's cheer-bringers and joy-bearers have been rainy-day musicians, that many of the influences which have gone forth to bless and cheer the hearts of men have come from the midst of storm and stress.

And surely there is a mission for the singing heart to-day. Life's storms are not all over; its rainy days are not all past. Still there is a place and a welcome for one who has faith and courage to play for us on our rainy days. Whatever lightens life's load, makes living a little easier for us, does this. "Just the art of being kind" will do it. It was a kind word in the nick of time which saved John B. Gough from suicide and raised up a strong brother for weak and tempted men. The sense of humor, which is often the genial reflex of a brave and dauntless spirit, will do it. The gift of humor, the power to smile one's way through the

storm and the contrary wind, is a gift to be coveted, a grace to be cultivated and earnestly besought. "Humor," it has been said, "is essential to sanity. There is no sane and entirely lucid vision of life without it. It is a species of grace by which men are saved, and the thing from which it saves them is the pit of pessimism." A rollicking story-teller by the camp-fire mess has braced many a homesick young recruit and made him into a brave soldier. I have never ceased to be strengthened by this species of bravery in a friend of mine with whom I held sweet converse in the years gone by. He was brainy; he was chivalrous; he was the soul of sociability. But he had an infirmity, a painful physical infirmity, which was a hard thing for him to bear, for silly and shallow people would sometimes laugh at him, and other people, who did not understand him, would underestimate him and mark him far below his real worth. We roamed the mountains together; we went on long rides in company; we played chess often. He was a frequent guest in my home. I was often his guest at his rude lodgings up in the mountains where he taught school. I thus held a vantage point whence I could mark well how life's stern battle went with him. But I never heard him complain; I never heard him find fault with his Maker; I never knew him to acknowledge defeat. He never "lowered the flag of his high ideal before the demonstrations of a gross reality." He was a brave man, and God had gifted him with that fine elastic sense of humor which played over all the rough places in his life like the morning sun upon a scarred cliff. And I came to know that that exquisite sense of humor was a way his valiant soul had of keeping its banners afloat; and I have ever since had a clearer conception of high spiritual valor in the face of heavy odds, of what it really means to "play the man," because of his heroism. Rainy-day musicians! What a strange and mingled company they are! Upon what varied instruments do they set the infinite truth of God to vibrating! But of such is the music of the world! And how strange and yet how true it is that out of just such rainy-day lives as these the richest and rarest music has come! They are like the birds we are told about which are taught to sing by having their cages darkened. Then the little things long for the light and in some intuitive way realize that they must make a sound that their master may hear; and so they make a faint peep or two. This brings them the reward of a brief glimpse of the sun. And by-and-by the little bird comes to know that if it would live in light it must sing. And so, in the training of the dark time, it learns those clear, triumphant songs which have all the open sunshine at last for their theater. So let us ask of God to give us grace to let our spirits sing in the dark and rainy day, even pitting

> Our faith against the whole world's unbelief,
> Our soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Thus shall we comfort God's people, and thus shall we fit our souls for the new song of that better day which shall be as "the clear shining of sun after rain."

ROBERT L. ROSS.

Chatham, N. Y.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

ADAM AND CHRIST: THE HEADS OF HUMANITY

(Rom. 5. 12-21)

THE passage now under consideration presents one of the profoundest conceptions in Pauline thought, and its precise meaning has called forth almost endless discussion. It has been the battleground of exegetes for centuries. The precise connection of this passage with what goes before is difficult to determine. It probably refers in general to the whole previous discussion of the epistle, but is more directly connected with the eleventh verse, in which the apostle has spoken of the great reconciliation wrought for man through Jesus Christ: "And not only so, but we also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation." And now, Paul having brought the believer into that condition of peace with God, described in Rom. 5. 1-11, he proceeds to unfold the course of human history under the divine administration: the twofold leadership of humanity through Adam and Christ, Adam representing the source of his downward movement, Christ his restoration and final glorification. It is sometimes called the Adam-Christ section of the Pauline Epistles. Adam and Christ appear also in 1 Cor. 45 to 49 under the appellations first and second Adam.

A comparison of these two passages shows important harmonies and contrasts between Adam and Christ. The personality of Adam and the historicity of the account in Genesis are accepted by Paul and constitute the starting point of the comparison. Adam, the primal head of the human race, is represented in Genesis as separated in his creation from that of the natural world by the distinct act of God: "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. 1. 27). This is followed by his assignment to dominion over the physical creation. The high place thus given to Adam in Genesis as the historic ancestor of the race is not disproved by scientific investigation, and it is here the starting point of the comparison with Christ which is so fully elaborated in this remarkable passage. The explanations offered have been too numerous to be considered in a brief discussion; nor is it proposed at this time to enter into the minute doctrinal implications which an exhaustive interpretation involves. For our present purpose the passage will be best viewed as a whole. We may consider the sweep of the apostle's thought rather than the philological examination of its separate words and phrases; the former may be clear, while the latter is exceedingly difficult, waiting a deeper knowledge of the precise meaning which is intended to be conveyed by his language.

We note first the direct relation that exists between sin and death. "Therefore, as by one man sin entered into the world and death through sin, so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned." There can be no

question that in the apostle's view sin was the source or the instrument by which death was distributed over the human race. It is distinctly said that all die because all sin. We are not now concerned with the how, but with the fact. The apostle has already declared this fact in Rom. 3. 23: "For all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God." This consciousness of sin is universal, and is as true now as when Paul uttered these startling words. Frederick Brooke Westcott, in his book Paul and Justification, says of the latter passage: "It merely states a truth we are none of us prepared to deny, that at one time or another we have done that which we blush to recall; what we feel to be incompatible with any acceptance by God. This sin is always past, even if perpetrated just this moment; the consciousness it entails is inevitably present. Because we did wrong to-day, last week, last year, whenever it may be, we feel in our hearts uncomfortable at the contemplation of God and his supreme holiness. And there is more in it than that: not only do we feel unfit, but we actually are unfit." But in what way sin brings and did bring death is the deep problem which exegetical students have been trying to solve.

We note, second, that sin and death are related as cause and effect to Adam, the historic progenitor of our race. "Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin." The one man, as also sin and death, are here personified; it is not merely a human being: it is a distinctly defined personality, as shown by the history in Genesis, to which Paul is undoubtedly referring. Paul stamps with his approval that history with which his readers were familiar. The Jewish element in the Roman Church would understand it, as also the Gentile element who had received instruction in the Old Testament. Adam is the representative man as having broken a definite command to which was affixed a distinct penalty: "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. 2. 17). The sin of Adam was willful and voluntary transgression of a command which had been given to him by God himself. Paul does not say that the sin of Adam was the sin of all mankind, but he does say that all men shared in the effect of his sin, which was death. Here we are in the sphere of the great mystical conceptions of the apostle. When sin entered into the world it diffused itself by hereditary transmission—for we find the tendency to sin universal. This view of Paul's meaning, that the race is regarded as an "organic unity," satisfies scientific accuracy as well as scriptural exegesis.

We note, third, the correspondence between Adam and Christ as the leaders of the race. This destructive work of sin has its counterpart in the second Adam, Jesus Christ, who more than restored for man that which Adam lost. In the twelfth verse there is an implied comparison which is brought out more fully later in the passage. The omitted member of the comparison would be, "So by one man righteousness entered into the world and through righteousness life." Death and life here stand opposed to each other in their nature and sources.

In his second letter to Timothy (1. 10) he affirms Christ's victory

over death: "But is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality through the gospel." The life indicated is not mere existence, but the divine life in the soul here, with the assurance of the eternal life hereafter; so the comparison is in the nature of an antithesis—sin, which brings with it sorrow, pain, and death; and righteousness, which brings with it joy, freedom from sin's power, and future glory. The former was introduced by the first Adam, the latter by the second Adam, even Jesus Christ.

But the results are not absolutely equal, for the apostle declares that the blessedness brought by Christ far outweighs the disaster wrought through Adam. The whole discussion of this chapter presents the glory of Christ's achievement by his death. The apostle shows that the loss through Adam was more than compensated by the gain through Christ. In the fifteenth verse we read: "But not as the trespass, so also is the free gift. For if by the trespass of the one the many die, much more did the grace of God, and the gift by the grace of the one man, Jesus Christ, abound unto the many."

Again we read, verse 17: "For if, by the trespass of the one, death reigned through the one; much more shall they that receive the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness reign in the life through the one, even Jesus Christ." Notice the "much more" in both passages as expressing the emphasis which the apostle is placing upon the superior work of Jesus Christ. In the divine administration it would be expected that the gain through Christ should surpass the loss through Adam which the apostle so clearly declares. How the glory of the latter dispensation, of which Christ is the head, surpassses that of the former under the leadership of Adam! Here we see the progress of the Christian dispensation, which had its completion in the atonement and resurrection. The one sin of the first Adam brought death and its sad consequences to the race, and one act of righteousness by the second Adam brought life and immortality.

We may note also that in this connection the word rendered "sin" in the twelfth verse is changed to another word rendered "trespass." The word thus translated sin is the missing of the aim, the failure to reach the idea required by the Divine Holiness; the word rendered trespass, "a defection from uprightness," but in their meaning here not specifically different. We have here to think particularly of the respective influence of the act of sin on the one hand and the act of righteousness on the other as counterbalancing each other, and that the good more than balances the evil. Saint Chrysostom, in his homily on Rom. 5. 19, seems to regard death itself and its condemnation as having a benevolent aspect. He says that "we are so far from taking any harm from death and condemnation, if we be sober-minded, that we are the gainers even by having become mortal: first, because it is not an immortal body in which we sin; secondly, because we get numberless grounds for being religious. For to be moderate and to be temperate and to be subdued, and to keep ourselves clear of all wickedness, is what death, by its pres-

ence and being expected, persuades us to. But following with these, or rather even before these, it hath introduced other greater blessings besides. For it is from hence that the crowns of martyrs come and the rewards of the apostles; . . . and, besides, there is this also to be said, that immortality awaits us, and after having been chastened for a little while we shall enjoy the blessings to come without fear, being as if in a sort of school in the present life under instruction, by means of disease, tribulation, temptations, and poverty, and the other apparent evils, with a view to our becoming fit for the reception of the blessings of the world to come."

It seems to the writer that the view here expressed is hardly in harmony with the teaching of the present passage concerning the deleterious effects of Adam's fall.

There is another contrast in this passage—that between works on the one hand and grace and faith on the other. Paul cannot lose sight of his great doctrine, salvation by faith. This doctrine carries with it in his thought the great principle that the salvation which Christ won for the race comes to mankind not as a reward for obedience to specific commands, but as the free gift of God. Man by his fall has become incapable of restoring himself to Divine favor or to holiness of life. The tendency of the race to sin, thus incurred, has spread into involuntary transgressions, so that man's will, as well as his actions, has become hostile to God. The law, however, still remains in all its grandeur as the expression of what God's holiness demands. "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6. 23). Death, according to the apostle, is wages earned; eternal life is a gift bestowed. Death stands as contrasted with life, grace as contrasted with works. Works say "do," grace says "believe." Adam was unwilling to keep within the limit which God prescribed. Christ himself performed all that the law required, suffered all, that the great plan of salvation for a sinful world might be complete, and won for man all the rich blessings which God has prepared for him for this and for the life to come. These blessings include holiness and happiness and heaven. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

As was said at the beginning, we have only touched the most general outline of the thought which would be unfolded by a more minute examination of the text.

The assumptions on which this paragraph proceeds may well receive our consideration.

Paul assumes without argument the historicity of the account of the fall of man as given in Genesis. He assumes a connection between the sin of Adam and mankind which involves the deterioration of the race and consequent need of Divine help to restore man from the sinful condition into which the fall had brought him. He assumes that Christ, the second, and final, head of the race, has met all the conditions of our fallen humanity and given to man the power, through faith in his atoning sacrifice, to be restored to God's favor and to be recreated after

the pattern of God's holiness which was exemplified in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He declares that the blessing has been greater than the curse, the gain greater than the loss, and shows that the whole history of redemption is worthy of the wisdom and benevolence of him in whom we live and move and have our being.

The apostle closes this paragraph of his great epistle with the striking contrast between sin and grace which is much like a doxology. At the name of Jesus Paul is accustomed to break out in thanksgiving. In Christ is his perpetual motto, both for his life and for his preaching. Christ to him is all and in all. Paul's gospel is everywhere irradiated with the glory of Christ. Christ shines through every page of his great letters, radiates his rich experience, meets all the aspirations of his great loving heart. In this exultant faith and thanksgiving he closes this wonderful paragraph of his greatest epistle.

THE REOPENING OF AN OLD QUESTION—THE AGE LIMIT FOR JUDGES

SINCE Dr. Osler made his celebrated declaration concerning the age limit at which men ceased to be effective, the question has been frequently discussed. Dr. Osler has expressed himself as misrepresented and that he referred chiefly not to the date at which men should cease effective work, but he assigned that period as the one at which they cease to be productive or to originate new movements or new inventions. It is generally considered that he has placed the period too low, for it has been shown that many of the greatest achievements are accomplished by persons who have long passed the age of forty years, and who are efficient for service even down to old age. The London Times of May 3, 1913, has a report entitled, "A Retiring Age for Judges," and has given a résumé of the views of distinguished judges as to the date when they cease to be effective. The report contains "The Views of the Lord Chief Justice." We quote the report almost in full: "A blue book containing the minutes of evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Delay in the King's Bench Division was issued last night. The first witness examined was the Lord Chief Justice, who was asked, among other things, his opinion as to the retirement of judges. Lord Alverstone replied: 'I should certainly not retire a judge as long as he can do his work. I am quite satisfied that the best years of the judge's life in my lifetime have been the last ten years of their work. You want to learn to be a judge. It is astonishingly difficult; a man may be a great lawyer and yet not a great judge, and a man may be a poor lawyer and yet an excellent judge. Judges are appointed much younger now than they used to be, but the great men I have known have done their best work between the ages of sixty-five and eighty or certainly between sixty-five and seventy-five.'

"The Chairman (Lord Aldwyn): 'What I am now going to say has, as far as I know, no present application, but have you not known in the

course of your professional life judges whose infirmities have certainly delayed business?' Lord Alverstone: 'Physical infirmities, yes, and I induced one most distinguished judge to retire on that sole ground. His mind was as clear as a bell and his judgment excellent, but he was decrepit, and when I pointed it out to him, he saw that the public could not disconnect apparent decrepity and inability. You will see what I mean. He retired and lived for ten years afterward, and up to the time of his death I would have taken his opinion on any point of law against the opinion of any man. . . . There have been two cases in my time—I may say three cases—of physical defect being of such a character that I felt the public had a right to decide, 'he is not up to it,' if I may put it in that way. In two cases they retired at my suggestion: the other case was before my time as a judge.' The Chairman: 'Do you think it would be at all practical to name a time, say the age of seventy-five or something of that sort, which should be a time at which, say, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Master of the Rolls, or some such body, should be able to say to a judge, "This is the time at which you may be required to retire, but you may be continued if we think it right in the public interest that you should be continued," just on the same principle that a civil servant in a high position may be required to retire or may be continued if it is well for the public service?' Lord Alverstone: 'I do not see any objection to it. I see no objection to retirement at any age you like, if it is really understood that a judge will be continued if he is fit to do the work, but it would be lamentable to take off the bench some of the judges who are over a certain age. Look at the last Lord Chancellor but one, the best president in the House of Lords I have ever practiced before. Just think of the loss to the public it would have been if he could not have exercised judicial functions after the age of seventy, twenty years of admirable public work. . . .'

"Mr. Justice Philimore, another witness, was asked if he thought a judge should retire at the age of sixty-five unless he was requested by the public to continue. 'No,' he replied, 'I do not. I am more than sixty-five myself.' The witness attributed the compulsory retirement of eminent men in the civil service at a certain age to the fact that a very foolish rule was made some years ago. He thought, too, that the judicial faculty lasted longer than the executive faculty. He considered that from fifty to fifty-five was about the right age to appoint a judge. If a limit of from forty to fifty was set up, they would lose the best judges. He was opposed to the principle of fifteen years' service as a judge from fifty to sixty-five. If any retiring age-limit were fixed, it should be beyond seventy; people's vitality had so enormously increased since his childhood. Judges very often did very good work after the age of seventy, and in many ways they mature after seventy. One man was old at sixty-five; another was not old at seventy-five."

We have made this quotation from this remarkable report as showing the opinion of the most eminent men on the bench in England, including the Lord Chief Justice. Their opinions would be very much

like the judgment of the Supreme Court of our own country. Lord Alverstone said that "one must learn to be a judge." From the general tenor of this report we would suppose that their opinions had been called out by the proposition to make the time limit of judges' official position from fifty to sixty-five years of age. This was unanimously disapproved, according to the report, and their opinion seems to be that no time limit should be fixed, but that the term of service should be determined from the merits of each individual case.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the merits of the case, for the writer has no knowledge of the duties of judges which would enable him to give an opinion. We infer, however, that the discussion had in view judges only, and that physical inability is a proper ground for ceasing effective work even when the intellectual powers are unimpaired. It is further implied that modern conditions of living and the health of people at the present time render possible a longer period of service than was formerly the case. Age is not, we may infer, a matter of years, but of physical and mental conditions, and that some grow old earlier and others mature later, so that no fixed rule is possible. It is also stated by one that a man may have strength for judicial functions when he has no longer strength for his executive duties. If one were looking for illustration of the general question, however, no better illustration is within reach than that of the late William E. Gladstone, who maintained executive powers, extaordinary scholarship, and judicial temperament beyond fourscore years.

We may close this discussion by citing the opinion of Sir Charles Tupper, former Prime Minister of Canada, now ninety-two years of age, who, it is said, retains his strong intellectual face "and keen and penetrating eyes that have not lost their luster." When asked during his visit in London whether he "agreed with Lord Alverstone that old men make the best judges," he said: "I do not think that after a man has reached the age of seventy he grows wiser or more capable, or that his capacity for work is increased." Stretching his thin white hand to the fire, he added: "The twilight of life is the time for rest. Labor and its achievements belong to the young and vigorous." The wisdom of this great old man, and likewise the wisdom of the eminent judges still in active life, is worthy of attention as a contribution to the literature of a subject of much importance and on which there is more room for consideration in other fields than that of judges.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE W. MANUSCRIPT OF THE FOUR GOSPELS

W. is the symbol for a very important uncial manuscript of the four Gospels, now in the Freer collection, Detroit, Mich., which is to be deposited eventually in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The

appellation Washington was given the codex by Professor Caspar Réne Gregory, of Leipsic, in his Griechische Heiligen Schriften des Neuen Testaments, Leipzig, 1908. The discovery of this document is regarded as of prime interest, perhaps the most important, in the field of Greek biblical manuscripts in recent years. It is the only uncial Gospel in America, and "ranks with a group of seven manuscripts scattered from the first to the tenth century." There are only two codices, the Sinaiticus and the Vaticanus, older than the Washington.

W., together with three other manuscripts, was purchased in Egypt by Mr. Charles L. Freer, December 19, 1906. The other three are: 1. Deuteronomy and Joshua; 2. The Psalter entire, with one additional psalm (or 151 in all), and a portion of the Song of Songs; 3. Fragments of Paul's Epistles.

W. consists of 187 leaves, or 374 pages, all except two written in elegant characters. The two blank pages are at the end of John's Gospel.

Ali, the Arab dealer who sold these manuscripts to Mr. Freer, pretended when the sale was made that they had been discovered at Akhmim, the ancient Panopolis of Upper Egypt, but he later confessed that he had deliberately lied—presumably for commercial gain. Though the exact spot where these documents were found is known to those most deeply concerned, it is deemed wise to keep it a secret from the public for the present.

It is needless to say that the acquisition of these manuscripts is a thing of which Americans have reason to be proud. In the future a complete study of biblical manuscripts of the New Testament will be all but impossible without a visit to the Freer collection at Washington.

It is also a matter of congratulation that Professor H. A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, has made an exhaustive study of the new codex and has published at the expense of Mr. Freer, and by the authority of the regents of his university, not only a facsimile [phototype] of the manuscript, but also an explanatory volume of 247 pages, which gives a complete history of the codex, its paleography, contents, problem of the text, date, etc.

It is gratifying to know that in this age of commercialism a scholar has been found in the United States, and that at a State university, capable of such work as that done by Professor Sanders. It is a fine specimen of the patient toil of a real student. It cannot but serve to increase the respect of European critics for American scholarship.

The Washington manuscript is written on parchment of excellent quality—mostly of sheepskin, but has, however, some leaves of goatskin. The latter is easily distinguishable by its texture and grain. Though the tooth of time and exposure to the elements have left their marks, it is still in an excellent state of preservation. This is due to a great extent to the fact that the leaves were protected by two wooden covers, nearly half an inch thick, on which were painted the portraits of the four evangelists.

The average thickness of the leaves is 13 mm. They vary in size from 8x5⅛ to 8¼x5 11-16 inches. The great majority of them have thirty lines; a dozen or more have thirty-one. Every page is ruled with care and

regularity. There are about five lines to the inch. There are also perpendicular lines, beyond which the writing seldom passes. The length of the lines averages four inches, with twenty-seven to thirty letters to the line. The last portion of Saint Luke's Gospel, written in a finer hand, has as high as thirty-five letters to the line.

The handwriting is that of expert copyists, evidently professional scribes, for every page is executed in "a graceful, sloping uncial of small size."

Abbreviations are much in evidence. The fact that these are not uniform shows that no general system prevailed. The same word is contracted in half a dozen ways. The abbreviations predominate in the more common words, such as God, Lord, Jesus, man, father, son, etc. No great attention was paid to the division of the sentence. We seldom find more than four punctuation marks to the page. The more common mark was one dot; sometimes two, like our colon, occur. There is a difference, too, in this regard in the several Gospels. Another method for punctuation was spacing, especially at the end of the sentence, or even phrase. We have more than nine thousand instances in the four Gospels, which correspond very closely with the number of *στιχοι* or *ρηματα* in other codices. The sentences are, on the whole, quite uniform in length, averaging one and a half lines each. As a rule these coincide with the meaning or sense. In this regard there is less confusion than that occasioned by the accents in the Hebrew Bibles. For some reason the first quire of Saint John's Gospel has a system of its own in the matter of punctuation. This and other peculiarities must be attributed to a difference in age.

The method of paragraphing, though peculiar, seems to follow a more or less defined plan. The more usual is to set out into the margin the first letter of the paragraph. This letter is also, as a rule, larger than the rest. Where there is a divergence it is best explained by supposing that the copyists had several manuscripts before them and that they followed the one which suited their taste best. There seem to be clear traces of at least eight such manuscripts. And yet we can never decide with certainty which one was followed. Certain it is that there is no exact counterpart in any of the known codices. There are several good reasons for assuming that W. and D. had a common origin.

Diacritical marks, though employed, are not numerous. There has been an utter disregard of the accents, and even the rough breathing is of rare occurrence. Where the latter does appear it is on monosyllables, and for the purpose of avoiding confusion; for the breathing often determines the correct meaning. We sometimes find curved strokes over initial vowels, and very rarely over consonants. The apostrophe is employed not only to indicate the elision of a final vowel, but often at the end of the first syllable in proper names. Quotations are designated by special marks, but here, too, there is no uniformity. There are seven of these in Matthew, one in Luke, but not a single instance in Mark or John.

Great carelessness is seen everywhere in the matter of orthography or spelling. This is especially true in regard to vowels and diphthongs,

and quite common with double consonants—a decided preference is shown for single consonants. Occasionally, too, all rules are disregarded and an additional consonant is inserted. The interchange of letters is of frequent occurrence; for example, l for n, r, and s, m for b, and b for l.

Errors in grammar abound. This is very noticeable in the formation and employment of the tenses. There are changes in voice as well as a disregard for the correct use of the cases. The nominative and vocative are often used indiscriminately. There are many peculiar forms not met in other manuscripts. The Atticist has left his impress. So, too, there are frequent traces of Coptic and Latin influence. The divergences in orthography and construction must not be attributed to the ignorance of the scribe, but these "mark rather the character of the text tradition, its locality and age." The early papyri of Egypt furnish numerous parallels to many of these peculiarities, and so, too, the oldest Egyptian uncials. These facts when taken together argue not only for an Egyptian origin, but also for an early date, not later than the fourth century. Indeed, it may have been a product of the third century.

It is difficult to explain the repetition of five lines in John 6. 56, for as a rule the copyists have shown the greatest care in really important matters.

Now, if we consider the nature or contents of our manuscript, we see that the four Gospels must have been included entire, and like Codex Bezæ, Ulfilas, and other minor ones in the approved Western order: Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark. Two long sections have been lost: John 14. 25 to 16. 7 and Mark 15. 13-38. Then we miss twelve shorter passages: three in Matthew, about ten lines; three in Mark, nearly three lines; four in Luke, four and a half lines; and two in John, about two lines. The longer lacunas are easily explained, for several leaves of the manuscript are missing, but it is impossible to account for the twelve shorter ones.

The Washington manuscript, though itself copied from earlier ones, has been corrected and amended by later scribes. "There seem to be four well-defined groups of corrections to the manuscript." Seventy-eight of these are by the hand of the original copyist. Where it was desirable to delete a word or a letter, dots were placed over the same. Some of the corrections are such as could happen in any document, "errors of eye or memory," while others are the results of variants; the influence of the Hesychian and Antioch recensions being clearly visible.

There are seventy-one corrections by a second hand. These are made by drawing a line through letters or words which were to be rejected. The work of this second reviser is easily distinguished; for there is a difference in the size and form of his letters, as well as in the color or shade of the ink. Of these seventy-one corrections ten are variants, the remainder being ordinary corrections; for example, the second copyist or reviser supplies certain words omitted by the first copyist in Matt. 15. 8.

Eleven corrections are by a third hand. As Professor Sanders observes, these are not by a professional copyist, but rather by some intelli-

gent reader evidently not used to writing, since his chirography is clumsy and awkward.

Then there are four more corrections made with jet-black ink, and in very awkward letters. It has been inferred from the color of the ink, which is precisely the same as that used in the Deuteronomy and Joshua manuscript, that these last corrections were made in the sixth century.

But what deserves special attention is the remarkable passage after Mark 16. 14. This is found in no other version or manuscript, though referred to by Jerome. Those familiar with the English and American Revised Versions need not be reminded of the space after verse eight and the marginal note to it, which states that the two oldest versions omit everything after verse 8 in this chapter. The abrupt ending, however, at this point is a sure proof that some verses have been omitted; perhaps the last leaf became lost in some way at an early date. Be that as it may, the usual ending of the Gospel (verses 9-20) is found in many of the best manuscripts. There is also another ending much shorter attributed to some Ariston, or Aristion, said to have been a contemporary of the apostles.

But to return to the passage peculiar to W. which is difficult to render owing to the corrupt state of the text. The following translation has been suggested:

"And they [the apostles] made excuse, saying, This age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, which on account of unclean spirits does not permit [us] to comprehend the truth of God and his power. For this cause they said to Christ, Reveal forthwith thy righteousness. But Christ replied to them: The full time of the power of Satan is not full, but other terrible things are at hand (?) I was delivered to death for those who sinned so that they may come back again to the truth and cease to sin, and thus inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven."

The style and language of the above is so different from the rest of the Gospel as to warrant the conclusion that the passage is an interpolation, pure and simple. There are two words in it not found in any other manuscript of the New Testament. An editorial in the Independent says: "It was added, we may presume, when the early church had begun to give up the expectation of the speedy return of Christ to the earth, as an explanation of his delay, and is valuable simply as a record of a change of view in a very early period."

As already stated, Jerome refers to the passage in his *Contra Pelagius* 2. 15, where we read: "In some copies, and especially in Greek codices, according to Mark, at the end of the Gospel it is written, Afterward when the eleven had reclined, Jesus appeared to them, and rebuked their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they did not believe those who had seen him risen. And they apologized, saying, This age of unbelief is substance [or, according to another MS., under Satan, *substantia*] which does not permit the true worth of God to be apprehended through unclean spirits."

The question of ownership cannot be determined with certainty,

though the following in the subscription to the Gospel of Mark throws some light upon the subject. Here we read: "Holy Christ, be thou with thy servant Timothy and all his." We know from another source that there was a church of Timothy in the monastery of the Vinedresser, not far from the third pyramid.

Let us hope that the rest of these manuscripts, which may be awaiting the pick of some fortunate digger, if not already in the hand of some Arab dealer, may soon be brought to light.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Modern Call of Missions. Studies in Some of the Larger Aspects of a Great Enterprise. By JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D. 8vo, pp. 341. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

Missions in the Plan of the Ages. Bible Studies in Missions. By WILLIAM OWEN CARVER, M.A., Th.D., Professor of Comparative Religion and Missions in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. 12mo, pp. 289. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Living Christ and Dying Heathenism. Experiences of a Missionary in Animistic Heathendom. By JOH. WARNECK, Lic. Theol., Superintendent of Missions. Authorized Translation from the Third German Edition. By REV. NEIL BUCHANAN. Royal 8vo, pp. 312. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.75, net.

THE number of books that deal with the subject of foreign missions is legion; but so phenomenal is the advance of the kingdom of God in regions beyond that this prolific output of the press is fully justifiable. Indeed, so fast do the facts accumulate that unless the writers have the gift of prophetic discernment their books soon become out of date. A study of missions will furnish the preacher with the best apologetic of Christianity. He cannot afford to neglect the International Review of Missions, which is at once a scientific, historical, and religious record of missionary propaganda. Dr. Warneck's book, entitled The Living Forces of the Gospel in the English edition, is of striking importance. He deals at first hand with some of the lowest types of society among the Battaks who inhabit the East Indian Archipelago. They dwell in a strange world haunted by demons, hunted by fear, hurt to the crippling and paralyzing of moral and spiritual perceptions. Spiritism is the center of their intensely religious life. While the idea of God is dimly preserved, his worship is almost entirely lost. Spirit possession is a strange phenomenon which defies psychological analysis. Animistic heathenism, as presented in these pages, is the negation of love. Over against a pitifully dark picture of degraded humanity Dr. Warneck sets forth results that have been achieved by the quickening powers of the gospel. He warns us against expecting at the outset a high grade of experience and life from

the converts; and yet they show many of the moral excellences that have been always associated with Christianity, like gratitude, liberality, the sense of Christian kinship and brotherly love, and the earnest courage of glad confessors, many of whom have been ready to suffer and, if need be, to die for their testimony. This book is a ringing declaration of the power of a present Christ, who alone can deliver the soul out of the nether depths of sin. It has been well said that the very idea of missions implies far-reaching plans in the mind of God. We therefore turn to the Bible for light, to learn, in the words of Dr. Carver, that "the foundation principles of the Christian task of world conquest are to be found in the Bible, not so much in the authority of an imposed duty as in the impulse of the spirit of our Religion, the genius and the very life of our Faith." After setting forth the missionary idea of the Bible in a few general outlines, Dr. Carver discusses in succeeding chapters "The Meaning of Missions—to God their Author; to Jesus their Founder; to the Individual Christian their Agent; to the Church their Conservator; to the World their Beneficiary." This is a positive and constructive presentation of missionary fundamentals and will richly repay study. Many years ago the late Professor Max Müller, of Oxford University, pointed out that the missionary is an invaluable reporter of ethnic facts. But he is doing much more. By reason of his position, he has frequently occupied an international role in diplomatic relationships. The worth of his services is readily being acknowledged as exercising an influence that makes for the comity of nations, as well as for the spread of commerce and civilization, which, however, are among the by-products of his activity. Dr. Dennis has long occupied the worthy position of an eminent missionary historian. His enthusiastic devotion to the world-wide spread of the gospel has resulted in the publication of many notable books. His Christian Missions and Social Progress, in three volumes, is a veritable encyclopædia and is indispensable to the student of Christian expansion. His latest book deals with modern achievements and needs, both of which constitute an urgent challenge to the church at home. This author shows a wonderful grasp of the situation at home and abroad. He interprets with unerring insight the missionary implications in the history of the world. The essay on the missionary factor in colonial history proves by a wealth of argument and illustration that missions have been one of the original sponsors of the national birthright of the American. The essay on "Missions in China" will be read with interest at this time of transition among the people of that extensive land. One third of the book is devoted to work in the Moslem world. It excellently supplements Dr. Julius Richter's notable volume on A History of Protestant Missions in the Near East, covering in its survey the work of over a century in the Balkan Peninsula, the Levant with Armenia and Persia, and Northeastern Africa. The earnest appeal of Mohammedan lands to the Christian public of America is thus summarized by Dr. Dennis: "Let us study this question in the light of history, and with a living sympathy in the welfare of two hundred million of our race. Consider the desperate nature of the undertaking, and how the honor

of Christ is involved throughout the Eastern world. Watch the developments of the Eastern question as one which holds in focus the most burning problems of European diplomacy. Note the rapid movements of European governments in taking possession of the territory of Africa, more than one half of which is now in their control. Watch the tightening grip of Christian civilization upon the African slave trade, which has been almost entirely the work of Arab Mohammedans. Note the marvelous political transformations in the centers of Moslem power—in Turkey, Persia, and Egypt. Study the far-reaching significance of the recent Balkan war. Take a broad outlook over the field where are gathered the momentous interests involved in this Mohammedan problem, and let us have the prayers of Christendom in the interests of Christ's kingdom and its blessed reign." The preacher who will become familiar with these books will fit himself to give a meaning and an application to the message of redemption, which shall be altogether worthy of the gospel of grace with its offer of salvation to all men.

Methodismus und Weltmission: Vortrag gehalten am 6 April, 1913, in Zirkus Busch zu Berlin von Dr. theol. J. L. Nuelsen, Generalsuperintendent der Bischöflichen Methodistenkirche. Bremen: Buchhandlung und Verlag des Traktathauses, G. m. b. H. 1913, 21 pp.

When we consider the bitter opposition Methodism has had to endure in Germany, and the handicaps under which she has had to do her work especially in Saxony, we may well be surprised at the royal reception accorded this speech when about four thousand people were present, including many pastors of the Lutheran or Evangelical State Church and other men of high standing. We may say with Wesley, "What hath God wrought!" In fact, it speaks volumes for the inwardness and religiousness of the German mind that an audience so vast came out in that cosmopolitan city intent on its pleasures and business. Would New York do as well? Even the secular press greeted the lecture with friendly words. We quote from the Tägliche Rundschau: "Starting from the fact that the modern time takes an interest not only in certain territories, but in the whole world, the lecturer showed how the Methodist movement had become the pathbreaker and preparer of the world-mission. As Methodism from the beginning had laid the chief stress on the morally renewing power of religion, and was distinguished by her Christian communion and sympathy with the masses, she had shown in all parts of the world, among civilized peoples as among the uncivilized, her property as a mission power. Not without hearty words of acknowledgment concerning other evangelical churches, especially the Lutheran, the bishop spoke of the aims, propelling forces, and successes of the Methodist Church." Even to see a reference to Methodism in a German paper without the use of the word "sect" is something to be thankful for. And the lecture was certainly worthy of the occasion. We have read it with intense interest. Other religions have now a world vision. "Buddhism to-day is no longer a philosophic religious tendency in India; it has become an aggressive world power; Mohammedanism calls its leaders together and plans a world campaign. Not with the sword, as centuries

ago, but by energetic deliberate mission activity. And Christianity? From the beginning it bore the stamp of universalism. There was neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female," etc. And this world-mission is not simply an "innocent private pleasure of a few pious over zealous souls. While the winning of individual souls stands and always will stand at the center of its efforts, its periphery takes in the whole civilized life. Even if yet superficial tourists or mercenary commercial men express unfavorable judgments on the work of missionaries, these utterances—generally springing out of unworthy motives—are richly outweighed by the objective judgments of leading statesmen, colonial officers, and investigators." Modern missions are a mighty world-encompassing movement. In this Methodism has a chief part. Yes, this Methodism, which is still styled a sect on the Continent, classed with factions and fanatics, boycotted with the epithet "Made in England," despised as an intruder, is the church to which God has given an epoch-making significance in the present historical position of Christianity. The learned lecturer claims that Methodism has been the chief stimulus of the modern mission movement, and quotes Hackmann in the new Encyclopædia, Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart to the effect that to Methodism is to be attributed the driving impulse which bought out the great missionary movement and began the present missionary age. Thankful as we are for the influence of the Moravian Brethren and Pietism, yet the judgment of the master of German mission science, Warneck, holds when he says: "It is an unhistorical exaggeration to assert that the present great missionary movement received its chief impulse from the Moravian Brethren. The mighty religious revival which set in about the middle of the eighteenth century is the bosom of the post-Zinzendorfian mission life. In that religious awakening lay the seed corn of missions which sprang up in the following generation and almost at the same time in more than one circle of the awakened." Zinzendorf indeed said: "The whole earth is the Lord's and all souls are his, and I am a debtor to all," but the little states of that time were no ground for this seed; it needed the world colonial empire of England. Luther and the Reformers had no idea of a world-mission. In fact, Luther said: "After the apostles no one has received the universal command, but every bishop or minister has his own district parish or charge"; and although, as Warneck says, the Brethren's Church placed before the eyes of Protestantism of the eighteenth century a magnificent and as yet unknown mission activity, for half a century they exercised no mission influence on that Protestantism. But, says our bishop, "upon the wings of English imperialism Wesley's bold word, 'The world is my parish,' has been carried out into all the world and has become a fact," a deed. It would be unfair in a review to quote more of this stimulating and splendid address. In the original or in a translation (for, though intended for the German public, it could well be read by English-speaking people) the reader can get the full message. It ought to have wide and most beneficial effect in the most influential land of the Continent. It ought to stop the petty persecutions and various legal annoyances in

Saxony. O! that a similar audience could hear that lecture in Lutheran Leipzig, with her mediæval restrictions! It ought to pave the way for complete liberty of conscience and of worship in Germany and Austria.

The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy. By GIOVANNI LUZZI, D.D., Professor in the Waldensian Theological Seminary, Florence. 8vo, pp. 338. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

THE substance of this book was delivered as lectures at several theological seminaries and universities in the United States. The author is well known as the pastor of the Waldensian Church in Florence, a professor in the theological seminary of his denomination, and chairman of the Italian Student Movement. In this book he introduces the reader to a notable chapter in the history of the Christian church. It is very desirable that we should have in English a series of volumes dealing with the Christianity of different lands, on the scale of this book, written by natives who are thoroughly familiar at first hand with the traditions, literature, and inner life of their countries. The quotations from Italian writings alone make this book of great value to the student of Christianity. How little is known of the faithful men who struggled and triumphed for the kingdom of God! Names unheard of before appear in these pages with a spiritual aureole of radiant consecration to Christ. Dr. Luzzi reviews the course of Christianity in Italy from its obscure and modest beginnings in Rome in the first century. He traces the movement in its rise and fall, and deals with the corruption and reformation, the persecution and protest during the centuries up to the present day. When the church acquired earthly power at the sacrifice of spiritual efficiency, it was to be expected that voices of revolt should be heard making demand for the bread that perisheth not. Among the pilgrims of the higher way who were found in these times of darkness and discontent, honorable mention must be made of the Waldenses, who found refuge in the Cottian Alps. They are the oldest Protestant church, dating back to the twelfth century. These obscure saints bore their testimony under incredibly adverse circumstances. They suffered excommunication and confiscation, they were butchered and tormented, but throughout their travails they maintained the spirit of fidelity that had been so well exemplified by Peter Waldo, their apostolic founder. The account of the emancipation of the Waldenses in the kingdom of Piedmont in 1848 is written with deep feeling. The noble serenity of these earnest and simple folk may be illustrated by an incident connected with the arrest of Count Guicciardini and six others for the crime of sitting round a table and reading the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel. When they arrived at the prison, the Count, taking a small Testament from an inner pocket, which the police had not been able to find when they searched him, said in the most natural way, addressing his companions: "And now, brethren, let us resume our meditation." One chapter deals with the "Dramatic History" of the Bible in Italy. The subtle opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to the spread of God's Word and the pitiful exhibition of ecclesiastical chicanery were

shown in the fate of the Society of Saint Jerome, which was established for the spread of the gospel. This organization was extinguished by the Curia, which feared a reawakening of the people's conscience. Another chapter is entitled, "In the Land of Exile," and it deals with the valiant services of Gabriele Rossetti, Mazzini, Ferretti, Gavazzi, and other loyal souls who suffered exile for the sake of liberty. The Reformation touched a responsive chord in Italy, but it did not produce permanent results. A study of this failure will enable us to understand some of the difficulties of modern Protestantism in Italy. We turn from this book to the annual report of the Board of Foreign Missions of our own church for 1912, and gladly note that our representatives make encouraging reports of advance in Italy (see pages 421-427). The concluding chapter of Dr. Luzzi's book on Modernism is a careful analysis of existing conditions within the Roman Church. Modernism is an unfortunate term, but it nevertheless stands for a radical movement which purposes to obtain mental freedom and spiritual liberty. The spirit of modernism has found expression in various ways from early times, but the present revolution has been precipitated by the corruptions of Romanism and the growing influences of Protestantism. The demands made on Papal Rome are suggestive of urgent needs. Among the pressing requests are: the abolition of compulsory celibacy for the clergy, the education of the clergy to be conducted on broad lines calculated to bring together the priesthood and the laity, the Holy Scriptures to be spread all over the country, and to become, as Chrysostom wanted them to be, the manual of all believers, the abolition of the ordinance directing the same liturgy—in a language not understood by the people—to be used in all churches, the sacrament of the Holy Communion to be administered with the bread and the cup to the people. The letters received by Dr. Luzzi from Roman Catholics in Italy, which are printed in this book, are a startling revelation, all the more as they were from leading priests and laymen. The program of Modernism does not go far enough, but it is a step in the right direction. This book is a militant appeal to Protestantism, and it deserves a wide circulation.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Socialism and Character. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. Crown 8vo, pp. 431. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

MISS SCUDDER'S book begins thus: "Socialism is now making itself felt in every Anglo-Saxon country, not merely as an academic theory, but as a political force. Associations enlisting the joint support of high finance and high ideals are formed against it; local victories, in the United States, increase with each election. Shall this socialism remain purely political? Or shall its rich moral possibilities be fostered and utilized? Shall it be allowed to develop mainly as a negative movement of revolt from an intolerable situation, or should men rather stress

in it the constructive elements related less to the attainment of material decencies than to the upbuilding of character?" Noting that the conservative Christian socialist and the revolutionary socialist not only speak a different language, but think in different categories, she affirms that our only chance of escape from an ominous future is by achieving the reconciliation of these categories. Seeing such reconciliation to be the only hope of democracy, she has labored conscientiously over the difficult problem and now presents in this book the processes and the result of her studies. We incline to agree with the claim of the publishers that "Miss Scudder treads debatable ground both reasonably and persuasively, and thinkers of every school may find her book stimulating and suggestive." Frankly, the first part of the book failed to interest us; it seemed remote, academic, diffuse, vague. Farther on we became increasingly interested, and when we reached "Part IV, The Future of Religion," we really "got on board" with pleasure in the voyage, though not able to be as sanguine as the author about the blessings hoped for from socialism. Our sampling of the book is from that last part. Asking what types of religious life are likely to obtain on such a stage as the future will offer for the spiritual drama, the author replies thus, in part: "To English readers, at least, the question presents itself under three aspects: the future of religion at large; the probable future of Christianity; and the possible faith of the forms of Christianity, in particular of the two great divisions, Protestantism and Catholicism. The larger religious future is inevitably bound up with certain primary questions. Will religion be a matter of dogma, or of intuition and unformulated sentiment? Will it hold to its belief in a personal God? What will be its attitude toward death and immortality? The present reaction against dogma is a very complex affair. Our widespread distaste is determined somewhat by our pleasures in escape from bigotry, somewhat by a genuine broadening of sympathies and a quickened perception of the relative nature of religious formulæ. But with these healthy and right instincts blend others which might inspire us with less complacency. A certain haziness and laziness in thinking has been the natural concomitant of that deep and subtle materializing of our inner life consequent on our commercial civilization. The blight that has rested on the general religious consciousness during the modern epoch may be, at least in part, responsible for the reluctance of people to adhere with any ardor to old creeds or to evolve new ones. For, after all, religious dogma only represents man thinking, and thinking on those high themes concerning which indifference is unnatural. His thoughts have not been tedious or puerile or empty; they have been noble, lofty, and profound. If it is unfortunate to cling to one's thought on Unseen Mysteries and our relation to them as final, it is more unfortunate to refuse to think at all. Victorian agnosticism only too often masked its indolence or discouragement as reverence and expressed simply an intellectual cowardice where it thought to achieve a philosophic depth. The dogmatizing ages were great and glorious ages in the history of the mind. We may

hope to have escaped permanently the evil by-products of their ardors—religious persecutions and spiritual arrogance; but in times of greater intellectual leisure and freedom it is quite probable, as we have already suggested, that, while retaining the precious heritage of broad sympathies which the closing age bequeaths, we may also revive that passion for high spiritual adventure, that audacious yet worshipful endeavor to translate the elusive experiences of the spirit into terms that shall fix them as social possessions, which marked the great ages of faith and of the creeds. Will these creeds be the old creeds, rediscovered, reasserted? Will they be new ones, inconceivable to us at present? Such questions no one can answer. We notice on the one hand in most modern religious movements, Catholic and Protestant, the striking emphasis on the instinct of continuity. Iconoclasm is no longer valued for its own sake; the escape from old shackles intoxicates no more. It is safe to predict that reverence for tradition will continue to increase, and that the creeds of the future will bear an organic relation to those of the past. Yet while the religious consciousness is, in one sense, permanent, it is, in another, constantly progressive. To press on bravely, reverently, seeking to reconcile loyalty with courage, in the new reaches of life that await us, is a duty arduous enough to preserve the future race from complacency and to stimulate that ceaseless labor of the mind which is at once agony and life. One guiding principle is plain. Thought is constrained to-day, whether it will or no, to place new emphasis on the human side of religious evolution and to perceive the large measure of control exercised by social and economic conditions over religious formulæ. Disinterested scholarship has no more vital task before it than to analyze and follow this control. To call faith the mirror of life would be inaccurate; but at least that far glory on which the eyes of faith are ever fixed is seen by men through the life they share and of which they are the product. The time has come for even the most orthodox to accept this point of view boldly and to recognize that, whatever happens to formulæ, concepts change from age to age, such change being largely, though obscurely, determined by the characteristics of the social structure. Now humanity has never yet realized itself as a social democracy, and we may be sure that whatever may be the fate of religion in the socialist state, new experiences are awaiting it. In thus acknowledging the power of social institutions to control, if not to generate, religious ideas, we must not be thought to imply a purely human origin for religion. Religion itself is not born from below, but from above. Of this that ultimate criterion of knowledge, the experience of the race, assures us even more clearly than metaphysical inquiries. All positive definitions and intuitions of spiritual truth have pointed to a great Reality. This confidence protects and reassures us in days when thoughts of process too often overpower those of ultimate origin. Formulæ alter, theologies change, determined largely by the phases of social growth; yet they are, all alike, attempts, not to give a body to illusion, but to portray experienced fact. Once assured of this, the soul can rest secure, however winds may strain and waves may rage. Religion has

from the first been no mere translation of desire into metaphor; it has been the progressive effort, less crude as the generations pass, to describe experience. This experience deepens and widens through the ages, and formulæ slowly follow it, but the 'God, Creation's secret Force,' is for ever 'Himself Unmoved, all motion's Source,' and through all groping and temporary obscuration we move ever nearer to the Uncreated Light." The author goes on: "While the conception of a God 'sustaining the world by the immanence of his will' is certain to grow clearer, it would be rash to assert that the other conception of one who 'transcends the world in the glory of his being' will necessarily fade away. For we cannot question that in modern society the sense of personality is constantly growing more acute. Democracy from its birth had a marvelous perception of the glory and significance of the individual; this perception is starting-point and foundation of that collective ideal which is coming to dominate our thought. We remember how at the outset of the democratic period the piercing accents of Blake, summing up all that the most daring anthropomorphism could express, left us breathless. From Emerson to Browning the lesson has been reëchoed in exaltation. And as democracy develops, this feeling for the miracle of personality is likely to deepen. If socialism, by enhancing the common consciousness and emphasizing collective action, withdraws, as it well may do, some props round which the separatist ideal of life has twined, it may, none the less, if only from the fact that it will mark the highest stage yet of social evolution, teach us to value and experience the mystery of our own personal being as never before. The larger freedom for individual development toward which we look when our brutalizing conditions shall have yielded to a more generous fostering of human aptitudes will inevitably bring with it a growing delight in that ultimate marvel of character which is, so far as we know, the last triumph, as it is the last mystery, of the universe. However much farther the analysis of multiple personality may be carried, the man must always remain one, and finally the only, actor in his own inner world. Self-consciousness, which has become infinitely deeper and more intricate since the days of Homer, will become continually more intense and subtle: known by each man in himself, inferred by him in others, it may remain while he lives, if not when he thinks, the surest fact on his horizon. Now, no matter what wide reaches of unsounded being alien or akin to his own man may dimly discern in the Infinite, he can never exclude from that Infinite the highest and surest mode of existence that he knows. Still spirit will seek to meet with Spirit; and, after all, to protect the possibility of that meeting was all which the theologians ever meant with their insistence on the much-battered, largely misunderstood, highly unsatisfactory, and wholly indispensable term, a personal God. That the very conception of personality, whether human or divine, is, however, to be immensely enlarged and enriched, partly through the advance of psychology, partly through a widening social experience, partly through new insight into the spiritual life of nature, we cannot doubt. Not without meaning is symbol the synonym for creed. The symbol

for Infinite Reality cherished by the coöperative commonwealth must contain a wider majesty than is known to-day. We are not likely to apprehend God more intensely than the psalmist or Saint Augustine; in dwelling on the evolutionary aspects of religion we must not forget that it is in one sense the most static of phenomena, enabling us more than aught else in history to measure our own littleness and the slowness of our advance. But though we may not feel more intensely, that which we feel will be more in accordance with the depths of the riches of the unsearchable Being of God. Forms of religious thought are the final test of every civilization; in the new society, the Voice of the Beloved, speaking to the disciple as it has spoken from the beginning, may rise from regions of consciousness before unsounded and echo from a range of experience coextensive with a universe ever more holy because ever more alive. Those social conceptions which are already so intimately affecting the springs of thought must, when perfected, lead to religious conceptions in which ideas of transcendence and immanence may be at least partially fused, and which will be as far removed from the empty monotheism of the eighteenth century or the lower ranges of Unitarianism as from crass tritheism. Orient and Occident will contribute to the idea. The God of the East is perceived from the vast silences of nature; the God of the future democracy must rather be the God of them that dwell in cities. Yet if we are really to build 'in England's green and pleasant land' a nearer image than heretofore of the 'Civitas Dei,' it may well be that the heavens and He that dwelleth therein shall be as well discerned from its streets thronged with comrades as from the lonely sweep of the desert or the peaks of farthest Himalaya. Of one thing we may be sure: no ideal that, bearing the test of time and social change, has proved permanently life-giving will ever be discarded from religious concepts. And among such ideals we must give first rank to faith in a God who forever assures his creatures that before they call he will answer, and while they are yet speaking he will hear." Miss Scudder deals with vicarious atonement, redemption through anguish, and the consciousness of sin. On this last she says: "Sin! The modern world evades the word. Doctor Eliot has no place for it in his new religion. A clergyman, writing in the Hibbert Journal, avows that it is to him repellent and meaningless. Yet conviction of sin is the first condition of growth. The thought of sacrifice implies not only a giving, but a receiving, and the race that produces saviors must also need to be saved. The holiest men have always experienced the most bitter penitence; nor can we imagine it otherwise with the nobler community of our dreams. A humanity that, through the joint pressure of economic and moral forces, has at last achieved social forms which express the alphabet of Christian ethics, must be increasingly sensitive to its moral failures if its success is to mean progress. One shrinks from imagining a society devoid of the life-giving sting of remorse. There will always be some to feel this sting. We cannot here sound, but we may at least recognize, the power of Christianity to meet their need. We saw it competent to correct the moral superficiality that may be all too prevalent,

by holding up its inexorable ideal of absolute holiness; we see it now competent to heal the wound of these souls of deeper insight; for in that very ideal which is the Judge, it holds, by miracle of grace, the Redeemer. The Supreme Sacrifice to which its eyes are turned has, as it claims, not risen from the natural order, but been manifest from above. So it is that the religion of the cross has proved competent throughout history to quicken at once that sense of failure and that confident hope of renewal, from the union of which comes power to go on.

> O Love of God! O sin of man!
> In this dread hour your strength is tried,
> And victory remains with love!

It seems unlikely that in any living civilization these lines should lose their force. That vision of perfection which Christian teachers hold aloft will always be needed. But the shadow of the cross must always fall along a path where the vision of perfection sheds its light. So thorny is this path of life that the only strength which has enabled man to tread in it is the belief that God has trodden it first. If the doctrine of the Trinity means that love was at the beginning, so Calvary means to the Christian heart that love is at the end also. A Deity who did not stoop to the last agony would be a God surpassed by man 'in the one way of love'—man, so eager to die for his beloved—and so, no God at all. The cross is necessary to the full conception of Godhead. So awfully compelling is the vision of the Way of Sorrows with one despised and rejected moving along it to Calvary, that the most rebellious eyes must see it wherever they turn. In Ibsen's Emperor and Galilean, Julian the Apostate fights a lifelong, losing battle against the Galilean, in the name of the fair glories of the Pagan world. On the night before his last conflict, he recounts a dream: 'Where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since that happened at Golgotha? I dreamed of him lately. I dreamed that I ordained that the memory of the Galilean should be rooted out on earth. Then I soared aloft into infinite space till my feet rested on another world. But behold—there came a procession by me, on the strange earth where I stood. And in the midst of the slow-moving array was the Galilean, alive and bearing a cross on his back. Then I called to him and said: "Whither away, Galilean?" But he turned his head toward me, smiled, nodded slowly, and said: "To the Place of the Skull." Where is he now? What if that at Golgotha, near Jerusalem, was but a wayside matter, a thing done as it were in passing, in a leisure hour? What if he goes on and on, and suffers, and dies; and conquers, again and again, from world to world?' From world to world, also from age to age, the great doctrine of the atonement, like all the other Christian doctrines, is viewed more and more '*sub specie æternitatis*.' Under the growing perception of the divine fulfilled in the human we come to know that redemption is achieved, not by a God working apart from his creation and performing isolated miracles, but by the union in sacrificial passion of all who would spend themselves for

the world's need and rescue it from its sins by the very anguish of their penitence, following the Captain of their salvation. That such sacrifice is eternally necessary to progress has always been clear to the Christian vision." As we close this book, in which shines much of "the hallowed glory of the Christian faith," Emerson's saying, "Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open," is recalled in these verses by F. Converse:

I have a golden ball,
A big, bright, shining one,
Pure gold—and it is all
Mine. It is the sun.

I have a silver ball,
A white and glistering stone
That other people call
The moon—my very own!

And everything that's mine
Is yours, and yours, and yours—
The shimmer and the shine:—
Let's lock our wealth outdoors!

William Ernest Henley. By L. Cope Comford. 12mo, pp. 109. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, 75 cents, net.

This is less a biography than a study of literary labor and product, though a striking character is the producing agent. Here he is: "The door opened and a big man was suddenly framed in the opening. He supported himself with one hand pressed against the woodwork, the other bearing upon an ivory-handled stick. His great head was poised a little backward upon broad shoulders; his upstanding hair and fine-spun beard were of a tawny hue; the eyes of a clear blue, their gaze direct and yet as though dwelling upon far things; the mouth was full-lipped, the face large and square of jaw." That is W. E. Henley, then editor of the National Observer, whom his biographer calls "one of the greatest forces in English letters of the later Victorian age"; a man who had more than his share of hard knocks and suffering, but lived bravely and toiled hard, not without result. Of the chief literary figures in the mid-nineteenth century when Henley began, these estimates are given: "In France, Victor Hugo was the master-spirit of his age. Henley wrote of him, 'from first to last, from the time of Chateaubriand to the time of Zola, he was a leader of men; and with his departure from the scene the undivided sovereignty of literature became a thing of the past, like Alexander's Empire.' . . . Carlyle was to nineteenth-century England what the Hebrew prophets were to the children of Israel; he received, perhaps, much the same kind of attention. Arnold, the elegant scholar (and if the truth must be told, the prig), preached the doctrine of culture in his bland, witty, superior way. The master-gift of Ruskin was eloquence; his theories concerning the practice of art were never

of the least service to artists; and it would seem that of all his magnificent volume of lyric exhortation, the one admonitory system which was rejected with contumely by his contemporaries, his political economy, is to be of enduring value; while his splendid prose remains to be treasured for its own sake. Pater was a hedonist; Symonds a refined and scholarly critic of history and literature. Apart from these, Thomas Henry Huxley wielded the broad ax as the pioneer of scientific thought amid the jungle of prejudice; on the other side, John Henry Newman and the men of the Oxford movement fought for quite another ideal." We are told that the age into which Henley was born was not the age he would have chosen. In the common phrase, he was born too soon—say, twenty years too son. "The later nineteenth century was distinguished by a worship of Mammon only less savage than the inhuman orgie of the preceding fifty years, because wealth had accumulated. The great middle class was swallowed up in the contemplation of its own vast riches and its impeccable and complacent respectability. A consuming lust for money had left neither leisure for art nor the faculty for appreciating it. Religion there was; religion tied hand and foot by dogmatic respectability: sentiment there was, severely limited in scope by the adamant restrictions surrounding the Young Person; art there was; and it stands embodied in the Albert Memorial for succeeding generations to revere. England, in fact (to quote Henley), went about in the Shadow of the Albert Hat. Everything outside that charmed circle was—not respectable." Against respectability and decency there have always been insurgents. Some of the rebels of Henley's day are mentioned here as leaders of revolt: Byron, who was dead, but whose stench lingered; James Thomson, author of The City of Dreadful Night, and intimate friend of Charles Bradlaugh; Swinburne, whom respectability banned as improper; George Meredith, whom few understand; and there was the rebel Walt Whitman, who, we are here told, was for stripping the Young Person naked, and for stripping life naked before the Young Person, and who, we are forced to add, seems to be having his way to-day when he and his impudent kind have succeeded in producing that hideous creature, that shameless minx, the bold modern girl whose brazen immodesty makes all modest and womanly women seem more precious than rubies, dearer and lovelier day by day. Mrs. Humphry Ward says truly that the manners, the plays, and the talk of our day attack the innocence of the Young Person at every turn. Whitman, named in this book as one of the "rebels," was the animal who told the worshiping assemblies of the world that the smell of his arm-pits was finer than all their prayers (read it in his works), a speech possible only for an essential orang-outang, however disguised as a human being. Such rank beastliness seems not, however, very strange in the loud, swaggering champion of things illicit and the irresponsible miscellaneous father of illegitimates; contemplating which, one finds positive relief in being able to catch at the suggestion of paranoia offered by Whitman's enormously grotesque egotism, a megalomania shared with poor crazy Nietzsche, whose idea of himself was, "I am the most independent and

the strongest spirit in our world of to-day." What a pitiable and sickening and ghastly lot they all are! But we must get back to Henley. In his twelfth year he was attacked by that tuberculosis disease which tortured him at intervals throughout his life. At that time the proper treatment was not known. Had Henley been born fifty years later, in all probability he could have been speedily cured. As it was, he was crippled; and being crippled, he was driven in upon books and dreams and study. At the age of eighteen, Henley passed the Oxford local examination as senior candidate. He continued to live at home; his disease compelled the amputation of one foot; and the doctors informed him that in order to save his life it would be necessary to lose the other foot. They also seem to have spoken with some disrespect of Professor Joseph (afterward Lord) Lister, who had begun his new antiseptic treatment at Edinburgh. Henley characteristically determined to save his foot if it was possible; and, also characteristically, decided that, if it was possible, Lister was the man to save it. Accordingly, in the year 1873, he went to Edinburgh—he is silent with regard to the suffering so painful a journey must have inflicted upon a lad racked with disease and bitterly poor. At any rate, when he arrived he was desperate; and when Lister asked him why he had come to him, Lister, Henley replied in plain terms that it was because the rest of the medical profession had declared that he, Professor Lister, was (in effect) totally incompetent. Lister said nothing; but he saved the foot." Henley spent twenty months as a patient in the old Edinburgh Infirmary. There Leslie Stephen, then editor of the Cornhill Magazine, went to see him, and wrote: " . . . I had an interesting visit to my poor contributor. He is a miserable cripple in the infirmary, who has lost one foot and is likely to lose another—or rather hopes just to save it—and has a crippled hand besides. He has been eighteen months laid up here, and in that time has taught himself Spanish, Italian, and German. He writes poems of the Swinburne kind, and reads such books as he can get hold of. I have taken one of his poems for The Cornhill. I went to see Stevenson this morning, Colvin's friend, and told him all about this poor creature, and am going to take him there this afternoon. He will be able to lend him books, and perhaps to read his MSS. and be otherwise useful. So I hope that my coming to Edinburgh will have done good to one living creature. . . . " Henley came out of the infirmary in 1875, aged twenty-six. His father had died, leaving nothing, or less than nothing; and it fell to Henley to help his family. Whereof no more need be said than that Henley, at one time or another, stoically drank the cup of poverty to the dregs. There was, for instance, one occasion when he and his brother Anthony were absolutely penniless. Henley, exhausted with hunger, lay on his bed; toward evening, Anthony, in desperation, went out. In the light of the street-lamp he beheld a shilling glittering on the pavement, and the famishing brothers had supper. Now comes the most astounding thing. Three years after he got out of the hospital this "lame man with his family on his back," and with very little money, married, becoming thus a propagator of poverty, disease, and misery.

The only child of the marriage died at the age of five. Such a marriage is a sin against the world. Henley was a brilliant critic of literature. His power of divination is seen in this comment on the Homer of Messrs. Henry Butcher and Andrew Lang: "To read this Odyssey of theirs is to have a breath of the clear, serene airs that blew through the antique Hellas; to catch a glimpse of the large, new morning light that bathes the seas and highlands of the young heroic world. In a space of shining and fragrant clarity you have a vision of marble columns and stately cities, of men august in simple-heartedness and strength, and women comely and simple and superb as goddesses; and with a music of leaves and winds and waters, of plunging ships and clanging armors, of girls at song and kindly gods discoursing, the sunny-eyed heroic age is revealed in all its nobleness, in all its majesty, its candor, and its charm. The air is yet plangent with echoes of the leaguer of Troy." Also in this on the seventeenth century poet-parson: "In Herrick the air is fragrant with new-mown hay; there is a morning light upon all things; long shadows streak the grass, and on the eglantine swinging in the hedge the dew lies white and brilliant. . . . The flowers are maids to him, and the maids are flowers. . . . His pages breathe their clean and innocent perfumes and are beautiful with the chaste beauty of their color, just as they carry with them something of the sweetness and simplicity of maidenhood itself. . . ." If Henley was alive and in his prime to-day he would not be the new Poet Laureate, nor an approver of the recent selection. He would sympathize with the London World's lines:

> If Kipling had not been so hot
> Against our ruling "coolie" lot—
> If hapless Watson had not sung
> Of Some One with a serpent's tongue—
> If Hardy's muse had learned in youth
> To be less ruggedly uncouth—
> If Masefield did not serve his verse
> Peppered with "damns," and even worse—
> Then one of these might fairly ask
> The bays—and the commuted cask;
> But as for reasons here supplied
> These four appear disqualified,
> We, as a Laureate used to write,
> "Come down from yonder mountain height,"
> And leave the torrents of its ridges
> For the still stream of classic Bridges.

In 1890, when every other editor of standing in London was afraid to publish Kipling's scathing verses on the Parnell Commission entitled "Cleared," Henley printed that red-hot righteous indictment in the National Observer, of which he was then editor. The man who does not hesitate to lash his country for her good as with a whip of fire; who wrote of some of the British government's doings in Egypt, "That is England's awful way of doing business; she would treat her God or

Gordon just the same"—he will never be made Poet Laureate. It would not do to have a prophet in the laureateship: he might call down fire from heaven. One of the explanations of Kipling is that a double strain of prophesying blood flows into him from two Methodist-preacher grandfathers. He is capable of moral majesty and of the prophetic rage. A voice to be feared is his; and he has the public ear, for obvious good reasons. One is that he is never dirty, never salacious. Rough he may be, powerfully rough at times; he repeats the rude speech of rough men; but he is never lewd. He is too manly and decent for that; which is more than can be said for Hardy or Masefield. Another reason is that he has the omnific gift of power; and as Clive's friend in Browning's poem says, "Power is power, my boy, and still marks the *man*." No other has his muscle and sinew, his curt, swift, cleaving stroke, his straight aim and smiting, ringing force. As Edward Dowden once said: "Rudyard Kipling ought to be satisfied with the acoustics of the globe. His voice fills [and, we add, shakes] the building." A South American Bishop who knew Kipling in India, writing from La Serena, Chile, says: "By the advice of Dr. Rogers, I am trying to wean myself temporarily from Kipling and Browning, and to be satisfied with the pabulum procurable from Wordsworth; but I confess I do not thrive on the diet. The milk seems watered. I am trying the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, reading them piously and persistently, on shipboard and in port; but I fear my palate has been so long accustomed to stronger flavors that I shall never relish the mild products which make up the bulk of Wordsworth's poetry. Some of it is pretty, even beautiful, but little of it seems to me to have any particular message of importance." All true and just enough, good Bishop; yet the London World is right—the governing clique in England will never confer the laureateship on Kipling. It prefers the pale, placid, polished, academic old gentleman whose appointment is as innocuous as it is unimpressive. Henley's best-known poem is this:

Out of the night which covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever god may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance.
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

This is a magical verse on London bells:

Saint Margaret's bells,
Quiring their innocent old-world canticles,
Sing in the storied air.
All rosy-and-golden as with memories
Of woods at evensong, and sands and seas
Disconsolate for that the night is nigh.

Here are two pensive and wistful toward-evening verses:

My songs were once of the sunrise:
They shouted it over the bar;
First-footing the dawns, they flourished,
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset:
Their brows are touched with light,
But their feet are lost in the shadows
And wet with the dews of night.

This stanza may fitly follow:

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She beckons forth—and strife and song have been.

When Henley passed into the great silence, his aspiration, which he had made into verse twenty-seven years before his time came, was fulfilled:

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., enlarged from original MSS., with notes from unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by Experts. Standard Edition, vol. iii. New York: Eaton & Mains (London: Charles H. Kelly), n. d., but 1912, x, 540. $3 when sold in connection with other volumes of the set (6 vols in all).

As this reviewer has read every line of this book, he may be pardoned for saying that in his judgment it is (taken in connection with the other vols., see this REVIEW, January, 1912, 166-169) one of the most important books in church history published within a decade. It not only gives for the first time the exact and full text of the Journals, but its own notes are invaluable. If one wants to know at first hand not only the external history, but the very complexion and spirit of the most important movement since the Reformation, as well as to read the heart

of Wesley like an open book, he must give his days and nights to the study of Curnock's edition of the Journals. Even those parts of the book less interesting to a modern reader, like the long extracts from letters and other documents which Wesley occasionally inserted, are the very parts which to a careful historical student are the most valuable. Those relating to the Moravians Wesley might well have omitted, as the latter's services to him were inestimable, and one clear criticism was sufficient. On the other hand, the teachings of some of the Moravians in England were pernicious, and Wesley felt most deeply both their falsity and their danger. In fact, this whole Journal reveals Wesley's intense interest in doctrinal correctness. If anyone thinks from his insistence on the catholicity of his societies, their freedom from doctrinal tests, that he was himself a "liberal" in theology in anything like the present-day sense, he is deeply mistaken. Wesley was not only orthodox through and through on all the essentials, but he was greatly concerned in keeping his societies orthodox. Notice his scorching entry on the Rev. Dr. John Taylor's views on original sin (Taylor was for twenty-five years, till 1755, pastor of a kind of Unitarian Presbyterian Church in Norwich): "We came to Shackerley, six miles farther, before five in the evening. Abundance of people were gathered before six, many of whom were disciples of Dr. Taylor, laughing at original sin, and consequently at the whole frame of scriptural Christianity. O! what a providence is it which has brought us here also, among these silver-tongued antichrists! Surely a few at least will recover out of the snare, and know Jesus Christ as their wisdom and righteousness" (August 28, 1748, p. 374). Unlike the two former volumes, this has no entries from the recently discovered short-hand diaries. But that does not mean that it does not have much new material. (1) There are the restorations of passages in the first edition, but written by Wesley himself in the later. See pages 389, 395, etc. (2) Swindell's copy of Wesley's Journal, see pages 396, 397. (3) Meriton's version of Wesley's larger Journal, of which the regular or printed Journal is only an extract. See pages 341-345. Wherever the diligent eyes of Curnock and his assistants have discovered any additions they have inserted them at the proper place. Besides these additions in the text, there are in the notes most valuable quotations from published and unpublished material in elucidation of the text. For instance: It is well known that Wesley loved the widow Murray, a noble, pious, and able woman, in every way worthy of him, with whom he was engaged and whom he would have married in the fall of 1749 if it had not been for a combination of circumstances into which it is not necessary to go here, but of which the impetuous, persistent, and disastrous, though well-meant interference of his brother Charles was the chief part. There is in the British Museum a MS. of Wesley giving an account of the life of Grace Murray (born Norman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne) and especially of the circumstances of her marriage, etc. It was printed in full by Leger, in John Wesley's Last Love, 1910. Appropriate sections are given by Curnock, with copious elucidations of his own, pages 416-422, 431, 435-440. Having read this tragic history, we have to say that Wesley comes out of it like

the Christian hero that he was. Engulfed in the waves of his heart-breaking renunciation, he abated not one jot of his work. Place side by side his regular Journal entry of October 1, 1749, and that of his private Grace Murray MS. in the British Museum:

JOURNAL

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I preached at the Gins about eight to the usual congregation; and surely God was in the midst of them, breaking the hearts of stone. I was greatly comforted at church [he always attended the regular service of the Church of England when possible, and insisted —not always successfully—upon his people doing the same], not only from the lessons, both morning and afternoon, and in the Lord's Supper, but even in the psalms which were sung both at morning and evening services. At two I explained to an earnest congregation at Hensingham the redemption that is in Christ Jesus and at five exhorted a large multitude at Whitehaven, with strong and pressing words, to examine whether they had sufficient grounds for calling either themselves or their neighbors Christians (pages 435-6).

BRITISH MUSEUM MS.

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I was in great heaviness, my heart was sinking in me like a stone. Only so long as I was preaching I felt ease. When I had done the weight returned. I went to church sorrowful and very heavy, though I knew not any particular cause. [At this time Charles had not succeeded in breaking up the match, to which he was deadly opposed, and which he believed would utterly ruin the Methodist movement, though he was in the process of breaking it up.] And God found me there. Not only the lessons both morning and afternoon, containing the account of the three children in the fiery furnace, of Daniel in the lions' den, and of our Lord's walking on the water and calming the storm, seemed all designed for me; but even the psalms which were sung all the day. I found, likewise, much refreshment in the sacrament. When I came home I took up a Common Prayer Book, and opened upon these words: "Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries; for there are false witnesses risen up against me, and such as speak wrong. [This was literally true in this case, though unintentionally so.] I should utterly have fainted; but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart; and put thy trust in the Lord" (Psa. 27. 14). In the evening my heaviness returned, but with much of the spirit of prayer. It seemed to me that I ought not to linger here, and yet I knew not whither to go; till Mr. P.[erronet] asked, "Will you go to Leeds on Tuesday?" Immediately my mind was easy. I had sent notice of being there on Wednesday evening, but it was gone out of my thoughts. I determined to go; only I was concerned to leave Whitehaven without a preacher. We then poured out our hearts before God; and I was led, I know not how, to ask that, if he saw good, he would show me the end of these things, in dreams or visions of the night. I dreamed I saw a man bring out G.[race] M.[urray], who told her she was condemned to die, that all things were now in readiness, etc., etc.

It would be unjust to the riches of this volume to quote more of this soul-revealing history, this marvelous parallel of the public Journal with the private account of these sorrowful days. One feels almost like apologizing to Wesley and to the Almighty for reading these secret journals of a bleeding spirit, for it is like assisting at the Day of Judgment before one's time. This book also tells about the marriage of Wesley to the wealthy widow Vazeille, with much new light in the voluminous notes of the indefatigable editor, with whom we agree thoroughly when he says: "As in the Grace Murray episode, so now, it was Charles Wesley's want of tact and prudence, of calm wisdom, of strong self-control, in a word, his temperamental weakness, that aggravated a difficult situation, if it did not entirely account for the trouble [between Wesley and his wife] that followed" (page 514). Curnock quotes from the shorthand Journal of Charles Wesley (page 515). When shall we have that also published? It remains only to notice a dip or two in the notes. John Endicott did *not* persecute the Indians (page 126, note 2), and his so-called "persecution" of the Quakers was child's play compared to their sufferings in England. Wesley is unfair in using the word "murdered." The paltry few who suffered fatally in new as compared with old England were put to death by strict processes of law. And though the Methodists suffered from many mobs in the eighteenth century in England, the Quakers suffered from none in the seventeenth in America. See Palfrey, History of New England, i, 184, ii, 10-17 Boston, 1873, new ed. 1883); Channing, History of the United States, i, 531-534 (New York, 1909), ii, 68, 69 (1910). On page 140, note 3 ("Castle Bolton, where Mary Queen of Scots was interred"), is "interred," a printer's error for interned. Mary was imprisoned in Bolton in the first year of her captivity in England, for six months in 1568. She was executed in Fotheringay, February 8, 1587, her body was buried there, without honor, and after six months was disinterred and laid with funeral pomp in Peterborough Cathedral. On that empty grave (for her undutiful son James VI of Scotland and I of England removed the body in 1612 to a sumptuous tomb in Westminster Abbey) this reviewer looked down with melancholy feelings on a beautiful July day, as he thought of that short, checkered, bitterly disappointed, perhaps sinful, but, in any case, much-sinned-against life, and the sublimely heroic and martyrlike death which drew forth in these Journals the high admiration of Wesley.

The Early Persecutions of the Christians. By LEON HARDY CANFIELD, Ph.D., Tutor in History in the College of the City of New York. New York: Columbia University. Longmans, Green & Co., Agents, 1913. Pp. 215. Paper, $1.50. (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Vol. 55, No. 2.)

WE have now in English two scientific treatments of the ancient persecutions, this book and Persecutions in the Early Church, by a Wesleyan Methodist scholar in London, Principal Herbert B. Workman (London: Kelly; New York: Methodist Book Concern, 1906). What is the difference between them? Canfield is more detailed in treating the individual persecutions up to and including Hadrian, but stops there, while Work-

man considers the whole subject under more general aspects until Constantine. Canfield is concerned with facts only as an indifferent spectator, and writes, as befits a Ph.D. thesis, with detachment as a demonstrator in anatomy; while Workman, while equally scientific in his methods and scholarly in his investigations and use of sources, writes as a religious interpreter and with inner sympathy. The American gives full discussion of disputed questions among scholars; the Englishman is interested in the larger relations and matters of permanent historic appeal. Canfield devotes the second half of his large pamphlet to an exhaustive quotation of his sources both in original and in translation, while Workman weaves his translations into the text and adds appendixes of critical notes. The two books, therefore, do not at all overlap, but both are equally valuable and equally necessary. Canfield also adds a useful list of books and articles, mostly, of course, in German and French, and it is so exhaustive that we have noticed only one omission, Professor Seeberg's Warum verfolgte der römische Staat die Christen? in his Aus Religion und Geschichte, Leipzig, 1906, pp. 145-161, outside of the able and, on the whole, very satisfactory address by the senior (at that time) on the law faculty of the University of Vienna, Dr. Friedrich Maassen, Uber die Gründe des Kampfes zwischen dem heidnisch-römischen Staat und dem Christentum, Wien, 1882, 36 pages, mentioned in note 1 on page 30, but not in the bibliography. Let us give now some of the conclusions of Canfield on the disputed questions in this field. Up to the time of Trajan, A. D. 112, there was no legal utterance against the Christians as such. "Whatever martyrdoms occurred before the rescript of Trajan took place as a result of police suppression in virtue of the power of *coercitio*" (that is, the right of coercing or punishing; in this case for the sake of public order). The reputed immorality of the Christians, that they were the cause of popular disturbances, would be justification for police interference. In the first two centuries they were not persecuted for *majesta*, or treason (against Mommsen), but purely for their religion as something incompatible with public order. As to Nero's persecution, Canfield holds that it had nothing to do with the burning of Rome; that it fell upon the Christians, not upon the Jews; that Nero issued no edict; that they were persecuted purely as a police measure; that this persecution was confined to Rome, except that in Asia Minor there may have been similar cases; that the persecution in any vigorous way was only for a short time; and that not more than a score or two were put to death, including Paul and Peter about A. D. 67. There was no general persecution under Domitian, but some cases of oppression in Rome, and probably a few elsewhere. As to Pliny and Trajan, the former proceeded entirely on the general police functions of a magistrate—to put down any sect which was so obnoxious to the public mind that disorder might be feared. He himself believed that Christianity was a fearfully foolish and contemptible superstition, but otherwise innocent, and he so worded his letter to Trajan as to invite from him a mild and tolerant judgment. This in fact he received, though with the new implication that Christianity was itself obnoxious to Roman custom and law, and

as such its adherents could be suppressed, that is, if necessary, put to death, for the Name alone. This new interpretation of the law was normative ever after. The edict of Hadrian to Fundanus is genuine, and except a few local cases the Christians did not suffer in his reign (A. D. 117-138). As to the Acts of the Martyrs up to 138, where his book closes, Canfield thinks that not one of them is genuine. The proof reading leaves something to be desired. The name of the French scholar Aubé is sometimes with the accent and sometimes without it. For errors in proof reading, see pages 38, line 7 from bottom; 67, line 12 of notes; 85, note 4; 115, line 17 and note 7; 140, line 2; 151, line 18 (for *is* read *it*), 178, line 3; 194, note 1. One or two exaggerated statements may be pointed out. "The Christian writers, on the other hand, with a point of view just as distorted [as that of the non-Christian writers], saw only the injustice and tyranny of their oppression," page 121. Their point of view was not as distorted, but was, on the whole, just. The Roman Empire was really in no danger from the Christians, as can be seen from the two facts that many of the emperors did not persecute them at all and others very little, and that toleration was finally granted them without at first any special change in the laws or spirit of the empire. When Pliny's letter was written, says our author, the "suppression of the Christians was a police matter, though the confession that one was a Christian was quite sufficient to warrant his condemnation—not because it was a crime to be a Christian, *but because the acknowledgment that one was a Christian was sufficient proof that he was guilty of all crimes*" (page 123-124, italics ours). Hardly. Pliny did not think that the accusation of being a Christian necessarily meant immorality or crime; otherwise he would have proceeded at once to the sternest measures of suppression, and would not have written to the emperor at all, and, secondly, he would not have examined by torture the two deaconesses to see what he could find out. In fact, nearly every intelligent Roman knew that the charges of crime rested on popular rumor, hearsay, or slander. If not, Christianity would have been completely uprooted with a summary and determined vengeance. On this question of the cause of the persecutions compare also Faulkner, Cyprian (1906), chapter vi; and the learned article "The Rationale of the Early Persecutions" in The Church Quarterly Review (London, October, 1895, pages 26-46), which may serve to check some points in this scholarly thesis.

The Authoritative Life of General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army. By G. S. Railton, First Commissioner to General Booth, with a preface by General Bramwell Booth. 12mo, pp. 331. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Between the years 1827 and 1912 a life of most extraordinary fruitfulness was spent, and it exercised a world-wide influence for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. William Booth was, without doubt, one of the beacon lights of the Christian church. The work that he instituted and organized will continue to bring blessing to thousands of lives for innumerable years. It has been well said that General Booth had the missionary fervor of Wesley and the organizing power of Kitchener. He was

one of those Christ-filled men who, in the words of Thomas Carlyle, made fortunes out of the waste material of human life. He began his consecrated career as a local preacher in the Methodist New Connexion and at once gave proof of his gifts as a revivalist. But when he found that the organized church did not furnish him with sufficiently large scope for the exercise of his ministry, he cut loose from it and established the Christian Mission in 1865, with headquarters in Whitechapel Road, East London. This organization was reconstituted on a military basis in 1878 and the name was changed to "The Salvation Army." The heroic labors of General Booth and his talented wife in extending the work of the Army are related in this book with great vividness and vivacity by the author, who has been associated with the movement from its inception. The novel and informal methods of the Army were not to the liking of many people, and its promoters were treated as the offscouring of all things. They were greeted with garbage, they were persecuted by the police, they were evil entreated and imprisoned, and suffered other deprivations in the spirit of the noble martyrs to the faith. None of these things, however, moved the members of this body, who at all times showed characteristic courage and genuine consecration to what they truly believed was the cause of Christ. It speaks volumes that ordinary men and women, taken from the lowest walks of life, should have manifested such sterling qualities in bearing glowing testimony to the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost and with a full salvation. Twice Born Men, by Begbie, is a witness from outside to the work of the Army. Here was "Christianity in earnest," engaged in carrying out a program of such large proportions and achieving such phenomenal results as to give proof that God has been with the movement in power. The marvelous thing is that such an amazing amount of work could have been done with so small a financial expenditure. The spirit of self-denial exhibited by these servants of Jesus Christ is a wholesome appeal to the entire church. Listen to this record of work in Great Britain during a single year, and then read Rider Haggard's Regeneration, which tells about some of these activities: Nearly seven million cheap meals were furnished; 2,445,000 cheap lodgings were provided; more than 20,000 people found employment through its bureaus; 109,750 families were visited by slum sisters; 21,912 sick persons were nursed; 3,346 women and girls were received into rescue homes and later provided with places; over 3,000,000 religious meetings were held, chiefly by volunteer workers who gladly took hours from their rest time for this blessed purpose. When we realize that work on similar lines has also been done in the United States, Canada, Australia, the countries of Europe and Asia, and throughout the world, we can surely thank God for the release of such merciful impulses that have brought social and spiritual redemption to so much of humanity. What if the world has sneered at its "corybantic Christianity"?—the Salvation Army has been "the charwoman of the church" and has done unique work which has made glad the City of our God. Year after year new enterprises have been launched. Our space is limited, else much might be said of its colonization work in Canada and South Africa, its antisuicide bureau, its rescue work, not only

in Christendom, but also in Japan, India, and elsewhere. It is no exaggeration to say that the social conscience which is burdening the modern Christian Church was roused and quickened by the fervid activities of the Salvation Army. When General Booth suffered from the complete loss of sight on May 23, 1912, a message of love was addressed to him by Lorna, of the British Weekly. A few lines of this poem are worth quoting:

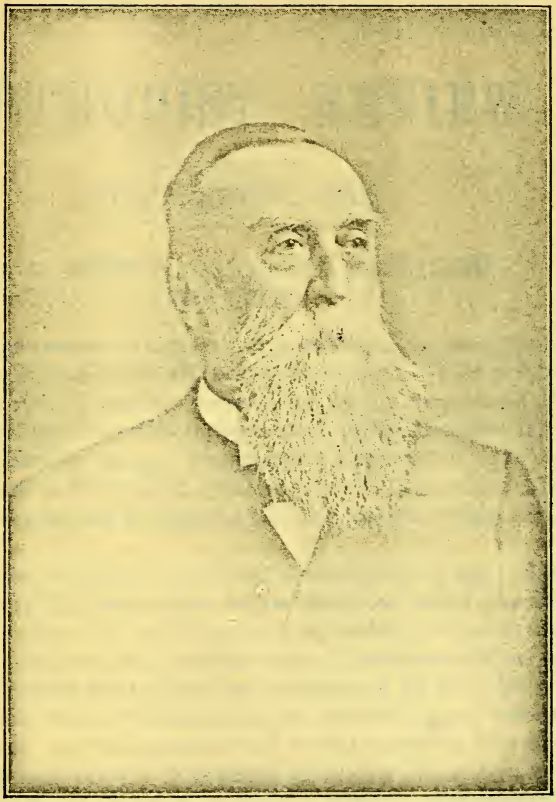
> In a world of greed and blindness
> You have been to us instead of eyes;
> Pointing England to the true horizon,
> Where her glory lies.
>
> Never quenched shall be your eagle vision;
> Brighter grows your honor in the land.

The eagerness to serve the present age, fearless of danger, regardless of sacrifice, and dauntless in hope of the redeemability of every life under the sun, has reacted on the workers themselves. The founder recognized the importance of training the officers of the Army more thoroughly. His purpose will be carried out under the memorial scheme, which contemplates, among other forward movements, the erection and equipment in London and other capitals of enlarged premises for training men and women. Under the practiced leadership of the present executive, Bramwell Booth, the eldest son of the translated General, we predict an era of increased usefulness for the Army in every department of Christian benevolence.

St. Paul. A Study in Social and Religious History. By Adolf Deissmann, D.Theol. (Marburg), Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. Royal 8vo, pp. xix, 316. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $3.50 net.

Those who have read this author's Light from the Ancient East, which was noticed in the Methodist Review for July, 1911, will be prepared to appreciate this refreshing interpretation of the life and work of Paul. The writer, who is a Christian archæologist and scholar of eminence, shows himself to be in hearty sympathy with the religious experiences of the apostle. The purpose of the book is to present Paul not as a theologian, but preëminently as a prophet of religion, with a forward outlook into the future of universal history. There is no suggestion that Paul was not a keen thinker; but this book is a healthy protest against the doctrinaire study of the apostle which has emphasized his theological speculations at the expense of his spiritual contributions to Christianity, even to the extent of obscuring them. On the very first page Deissmann challenges the curious theory that Christianity owed more to Paul than to Jesus. He writes: "Jesus and Saint Paul—the two figures do not stand side by side as first and second. From the broadest historical point of view, Jesus appears as the One, and Saint Paul as first after the One, or, in more Pauline phraseology, as first in the One." The conversion of the apostle was the fact of central importance in his life. He then came into vital union with the living Christ, and his piety was thenceforward inseparably connected with the person of Jesus

Christ. He did not invent a Christology as an intellectual concept, but he drew out of the depths of his own mystical experience of Christ a vivid and passionate message of the living Saviour, once crucified, but now alive for evermore. It was indeed the fact of the resurrection which changed the gospel of Jesus into the cult of Jesus Christ. For instance, Phil. 2. 6-11 may be regarded as a confession of the primitive apostolic cult made by Paul the prisoner in order that he might "rally his fellow worshipers of Jesus Christ round the object of their cult. round a form at once divine, human, and again divine. The confession can be understood only by the pious simplicity of silent devotion." His Christ-centered Christianity found luminous expression in the formulæ "In Christ" and "In the Lord," which occur one hundred and sixty-four times in the writings of Paul and may be regarded as the most fundamental phrases in all his vocabulary. The Pauline interpretation of faith is much more than an intellectual exercise. It is the profound realization of a vital relationship with the spiritual Christ. Paul's testimonies about salvation are therefore "psychically synonymous." Justification as of an accused person, reconciliation of enmity, remission of debt—that is, forgiveness, redemption from slavery—are picturesque metaphors, which were suggested from contemporary life; and they all make confession in harmony, like the notes of a single full chord, of the unique experience of new life "in Christ." This blessed reality of mystic fellowship has been more fully developed in the writings of John, who was a true interpreter of Paul, and who brought his bold conclusions to a glorious climax. This subject is ably discussed by Deissmann in three chapters on "Saint Paul the Christian"; they are the most important parts of his book, which contains other valuable chapters on "Saint Paul the Apostle" and "Saint Paul in the World's Religious History." We feel that the mildly humanitarian cry of "Back to Jesus," so suggestive of querulous yearning, must be replaced by the aggressively exultant cry of the apostolic age, "Forward to Christ," so optimistic because of its assurance of redemption in the one and only Saviour. It is good to be reminded that contemplation was practiced by both Paul and John, who were such constructive Christian thinkers. "By contemplation," says Deissmann, "I understand a submersion or steeping of oneself in the great certainties of faith, and wrestling with practical problems which are not interesting from the point of view of scientific theology, but torturing problems of religion." Contemplation is an active exercise, while meditation, which is a form of introspective musing, is passive. Both are, however, indispensable to the religious life; and they must be given an important place, even in this present age of quick movement and much organization, lest there be a woeful arrest of our spiritual progress. The world of Paul was an intensely missionary age. There was a great migration of pagan deities which transplanted Eastern cults to the West and North and Græco-Roman cults to the East. This fact explains in part why the apostle selected cosmopolitan cities as his special spheres of work, and why he labored abundantly "where the sea breeze blows."



W. T. Mallalieu

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1913

Art. I.—BISHOP WILLARD F. MALLALIEU, D.D., LL.D.

"There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin. That will be a great soul." I find this quotation among the memorabilia of Bishop Mallalieu treasured in the archives of the Methodist Historical Society in Boston. No wonder that he noted it and preserved it, for it is a succinct epitome of his own personality. He was a great soul, and he was great because he was true to his Lord and God.

He was converted when about twelve years of age. One writer says a few weeks before he was eleven, but others give the period as twelve. He was "thoroughly converted," alone with his Saviour in the open field, and this sense of immediate relation to his Master never left him and was the secret of his life. Wherever he went, whatever he became, he was first and always a witness to the power and willingness of God to take possession of a human heart and directly, immediately govern it. He was an intense believer in "personal religion," which a distinguished professor of church history has recently declared to be the essential characteristic of Christianity. Here was the real hiding of his power. In his early ministry and his larger pastorates; in his presiding eldership, where I first felt his power, for he was my presiding elder in my first appointment and I can feel now the force and drive of his enthusiasm; in his administrative career

throughout the States of this republic and in foreign lands; in his writings and his friendships and his whole view of life, he emphasized conversion and the direct fellowship of the soul with God as the one thing needful and the cure of all evils and all ills. He was "a God-created soul . . . true to its origin."

The facts of his life are not unusual or startling. He was born in Sutton, near Worcester, Mass., December 11, 1828, the seventh child in a family of ten. His father was engaged in the woolen manufactures that are so characteristic of our Massachusetts communities. He early took his share in the work of the household and largely made his own way through the preparatory schools and college. He acquired thus the habits of diligence and industry which characterized his whole life. He was always proud of his inherited relationships to Richard Davenport, one of the Puritan settlement of Salem, Mass., in 1628, and to Francis Mallalieu, a French Protestant refugee to England from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. No wonder he was a Protestant of the Protestants in all the story of that word which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has affirmed to contain the essence of liberty and freedom. Rather later than usual, and, as an Irishman would say, quite according to the custom, he entered one of the five New England Methodist academies, to all of which he was a devoted friend throughout his life. These academies took the place now in part filled by the superb high schools of New England; but they fulfilled a further function, which they continue to fulfill, of helping the boy or girl who enters upon educational paths a little out of the routine age or without the routine preparation. East Greenwich, R. I., was where Willard Mallalieu first started, and East Greenwich he loved with undying love. Again and again in later years he threw the whole force of his influence in favor of its continuance and rehabilitation when almost overwhelming difficulties beset it. And what it is to-day is due in no small part to his energy and persistence. He went from East Greenwich to Wilbraham, the great school in central Massachusetts which has been the prolific mother of so many conspicuous servants of the church and the country, and which bids fair under its new regime to have even a greater career in its ministration to the boys and the

youth of Methodism. When he was twenty-five years of age he entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. Four years later, when he was twenty-nine, he graduated in Phi Beta Kappa rank, which testifies to his fidelity.

All who know anything about old Wesleyan know the place which the Greek letter societies hold in that college and their influence over the imaginations of their members. It is a unique influence. The member of one of these fraternities throughout life worships at an inner shrine where burns a light that is never extinguished. I was, therefore, not surprised in turning over the few memoranda preserved by Bishop Mallalieu to find, most conspicuously placed and carefully treasured, programs of notable occasions in the Psi Upsilon fraternity in Middletown. He always found his way to this fellowship in the old college as to a flame that could relight or quicken his own fires.

Early his thoughts turned to the ministry. Sometimes he believed he was called even before his conversion, so immediately on graduating he made himself ready and in 1858 joined the New England Conference and was stationed at Grafton, Mass., "where there was neither church, Sunday school, nor congregation." This was a characteristic Methodist appointment of that time, and woe betide the day when it utterly ceases to be. He met the situation in an equally characteristic way by marrying, that same October, Miss Eliza F. Atkins, of Sandwich, Mass. Superbly she entered into this venture of faith and superbly she stood by him throughout all his career. Now, in years and weakness, she looks back without regret to this great step out into the vicissitudes and triumphs of an itinerant life.

Two years was the limit of one appointment, and the record runs: Mount Bellingham Church, Chelsea; Lynn Common, one of the great churches of New England Methodism; Monument Square, Charlestown, right under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument; Bromfield Street, Boston, then in its pride and power; Walnut Street, Chelsea, a strong church; Trinity, Worcester, the cathedral church of this section of Massachusetts; Broadway, South Boston, a large and strong church; Walnut Street, Chelsea, again; Bromfield Street, once more; and Walnut Street, Chelsea,

for the third time—twenty-four years of itinerant service in the leading churches of Methodism in Boston and its vicinity. In 1882 he was appointed presiding elder—fine old term, which has a flavor of dignity and power that is utterly lacking in our present "district superintendent." Why when our bishops cleave to the ecclesiastical title, which I believe they first chose for themselves and then asked the General Conference to confirm, and never use the term "general superintendent"—I think I have never seen it on an episcopal letterhead—should their lesser colleagues be called by a title that might be related to a railroad or a commercial establishment and be denied the good old Scripture term of "elder," with that high flourish "presiding," which was quite a feather in the cap for generations of the particularly chosen ones? Bishop Mallalieu was no district superintendent; he was a presiding elder, and of the Boston District, about the biggest thing going at that time. The term Boston added immensely, as Boston has been a fairly well-advertised cognomen throughout this country, to go no further. It added so much that various efforts have been made in the New England Conference to avoid its preëminence by changing district names to North, East, etc., but without avail.

To some of the readers of this record this may seem a digression, but it isn't. The fact is, Bishop Mallalieu, though every inch a bishop, was in his element as presiding elder of the Boston District. His care of the churches, his industry, his sense of responsibility, his aggressiveness, his revival enthusiasm, his interest in affairs, his brotherly spirit, his dominating, directing quality, all found their expression in the presiding eldership of the Boston District. Enlarge the Boston District to the length and breadth of the church—not an unthinkable proposition for a member of the New England Conference brought up under the Boston traditions—and call the presiding elder "bishop," and you have the life of Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu throughout his episcopal career.

He was a member of the General Conference of 1872, and rejoiced in his part in the election of Gilbert Haven to the episcopacy. In 1880 he was most fittingly chosen to present at the General Conference of which he was a member the memorial to

his translated friend. He was as a younger brother to Gilbert Haven; entering most heartily into all of Gilbert Haven's enthusiasms for humanity and reform and the old gospel of Jesus Christ as the sole and sufficient source of human uplift and betterment. In 1884 he was elected bishop at the same General Conference with Bishops Ninde, Walden, and Fowler. In view of his known convictions with regard to the needs and the possibilities of the colored people it was most natural for him to choose New Orleans for his episcopal residence. Here he made his home for two quadrenniums and was a veritable influence as a resident bishop. In 1892, after the custom then prevailing of choice according to seniority, he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and this was his residence for four years. In 1896 Boston became his home, and here he resided until his retirement, in 1904, and thereafter until his death, August 1, 1911. He lived in the suburbs of Boston, in the beautiful village of Auburndale, a part of the city of Newton. Fifteen years were thus spent in Boston, which, added to the two years of the presiding eldership and the twenty-four of his pastorate, all in or near Boston, make a total of forty-one years, or half of his life, thus identified with that city. And yet he was not altogether a citizen of Boston. He had the intense and aggressive Puritan temper. He carried a bit of Plymouth rock in his pocket wherever he went. He was ready to be responsible for other people's consciences as well as his own, a true Boston trait. He was antisaloon as well as antislavery. He was antiwar as well as antisaloon. He was dogmatic. As his life-long friend Bishop Hamilton said of him at his funeral, "Intense conviction characterized his utterances." "Those who knew him best never doubted his sincerity." But while he was sincere I fear he was not always tolerant. However, no one has ever said that tolerance is a Boston characteristic. Where he was not to the manner born was in his intellectual outlook. It is true that he read widely. His library shows a good collection of recent works, and he read them, as is evident by his marginal annotations. But he read not for light and leading, but the better to defend positions already taken. He rarely entered with insight into the philosophy of modern movements and less rarely with sympathy. A certain acquaintance

he had, and a wide acquaintance, but little fellowship. He graduated from college before the modern scientific courses were established. The Origin of Species was published, but had not become a part of the world life. He made many notes on evolution, for example, which I have read in various volumes on the subject, but the key to his attitude is in the one which defines evolution as "modern physical fatalism." Temperamentally he could not have approached any matter as a Darwin or a Fabre, with patient research and judgment held in leash. He stood always for the faith "once delivered" to the saints.

I do not think he ever comprehended the attitude of reflective studious minds to whom truth is cloud behind cloud lit with the sun, and mountain range beyond mountain range, and far-reaching valleys shot through with light, but darkened here and there where the shadows fall, an infinite landscape full of mystery and new revealings, an unfolding revelation of an eternal mind. He distrusted, or rather he instinctively attacked, all such mental attitudes as hostile to the one great activity of his mind, evangelism, not perceiving that the truest evangelism must take into account these changes and conditions in the philosophy of things and will be most effective when it masters them. His mind was hardly more literary than scientific. His voluminous writings in the church papers, his published volumes, The When, Why, and How of Revivals, The Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ, The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit, Words of Cheer and Comfort, his sermons and addresses—I have four before me, one on The Unity of the Human Race, one on Christian Experience, one on John Wesley and Methodism in America, and one delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Ohio Building of the American University at Washington—all are distinctly ecclesiastical and didactic or hortatory. They are direct, and frequently incisive, but they are without that literary flavor and charm which accompany imperishable documents. He studied Spanish and French and German and Italian, but not for their literature, but that he might evangelize these peoples. He was, therefore, as I have said, only in part "to the manner born." Maybe you will say he chose the better part.

As a bishop he was a careful, painstaking administrator, bearing responsibilities and not passing them over to his successors. He presided over two hundred Conferences without missing one, and was never late but once, and that was due to a railroad accident. His Conferences covered every State in the Union. In 1888 he had the European Conferences, in 1892 the Conferences in Mexico, in 1892 and 1893 he visited Japan, Korea, China, and India. He ordained the first Methodist preacher ordained in the Hawaiian Islands. When in Europe in 1888 he visited Saint Petersburg with a view to opening a Methodist mission there. In one quadrennium, from 1904 to 1908, after he was retired, he wrote nearly sixteen thousand letters, besides two hundred articles for the press, and preached and lectured in churches and camp meetings in over a dozen States. He was unwearied, a marvel to many who have to struggle to fulfill their duty to their fellows.

During twenty years prior to his retirement it has been estimated that he raised on an average over one thousand dollars a month, mostly for the church schools in the South. He construed liberally his episcopal responsibilities and put himself under innumerable burdens borne by his brethren in the itinerancy. Everywhere he was approachable by all, whether high or low, and everywhere he lived to encourage and inspire. Episcopal residency meant much to him even when the content of the term was not what it is to-day. In New Orleans he took hold at once of the university problems and began the foundations of a medical school and a nurses' training school and hospital that were much needed. He loved the South, and when he left there said: "I think of the South by day, I dream of it by night; my heart will never cease to yearn for it. I shall never cease to love and pray for all our people there." What he was to some of these brethren of the Southland is revealed in an editorial on him in Liberia and West Africa, by John H. Reed:

> He came to the South at a time when our educational work was in its formative period; when the New Orleans University had just been removed from the cramped quarters on the corner of Camp and Race Streets to the larger outlet for growth and expansion on Saint Charles Avenue. It was there we first caught the inspiration of future hope and ambition under the general superintendency of our departed friend and

counselor. Bishop Mallalieu came in the very nick of time, for it was during his eight years' residence in New Orleans that the commodious building which now stands upon this popular avenue was built and dedicated to the cause of Christian education in the South. We shall never forget the deep interest he manifested in every detail of the work as it progressed. It was Bishop Mallalieu who aroused the church in the interest of this institution, and through whose untiring efforts the money was raised in connection with the matchless pleas of Dr. Hartzell, who was at the same time corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society. It was in 1889 when the building was completed, and Bishop Mallalieu was the speaker of the occasion at the dedicatory services and delivered one of the most impassioned addresses to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening, the subject of which was "Revolutions." We well remember the enthusiasm of the vast audience when Bishop Mallalieu in this address, referring to the progress of the Negro, with his characteristic sledgehammer gestures, said: "You cannot crush the oak back into the acorn; much less can you crush whole forests back into acorns!" In the wild enthusiasm of the hour these words shot through our hearts like a piercing arrow and caused an inspiration for manhood that has never abated from then until to-day.

As the memory of those bygone days of our student life brings back the incidents connected therewith, no more pleasant one comes up than the presence of Bishop Mallalieu upon the platform of the university on Sunday afternoon in our temperance society. We all knew it meant a feast of good things. Every student wore the white ribbon with pride, and the good bishop drilled the principles of temperance into the very life and blood of the university as a whole. Bishop Mallalieu hated the saloon. No less were we cheered when he appeared in our weekly Wednesday evening prayer meetings. He brought into them an evangelistic fervor that made everyone feel that the biggest thing in student life was to be a devout Christian. Then on the holy Sabbath when the bishop ascended the rostrum with the president of the university at 11 o'clock, our hearts all beat for joy, for we knew what a burning message awaited us from this great man whose master passion was the salvation of the world. We recall now one Sabbath morning as he preached at the university with impassioned zeal, he said: "Away with your geology and your higher criticism and your science! This old sin-cursed earth needs the gospel! Jesus is the light of human reason—is the Light of the world." His handshake with a student was an inspiration to everyone that felt his touch.

It was Bishop Mallalieu who breathed into my soul the first spark that subsequently burned into a blaze as a foreign missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He organized at the university the first student organization, known as the "Band of Friends of Africa." As a student we entered among the charter members of that providential organization. The following was the simple motto: "I will hold myself in readiness at the call of God and of the church to go as a foreign missionary to Africa." This was in the year 1887. Quite seventeen years

passed before this call was manifested to us, and now away off in Africa, after nearly twenty-four years from the organization of that university "Band," the inspiration received from Bishop Mallalieu nerves us for our struggles on the distant field of the "Dark Continent." Since coming to this foreign field, among the most encouraging letters from friends in the United States, none are cherished more than those received from time to time from Bishop Mallalieu. God bless his memory!

He wrote for these friends in the South "A Hymn of Faith and Hope," to the tune of America, which should not be forgotten:

Eternal God above,
Reveal to us thy love,
  Inspire our song;
Uplift us by thy might,
Defend and guard the right,
To us in darkest night
  Thy grace prolong.

We wait the coming day
That sweeps all shames away,
  And crowns the right:
Break the oppressor's arm,
Save every soul from harm,
Let tempests change to calm,
  Let there be light!

Our fathers cried to thee,
And thou didst set them free
  With outstretched hand;
Great God! once more arise,
Subdue our enemies,
While lawless outrage flies
  Far from this land.

With steadfast hearts and brave,
Knowing that God will save
  The good and true;
Joyous we march along,
Heaven echoes back our song,
Jehovah smites the wrong,
  Day dawns to view.

What he was in New Orleans he was in Buffalo and Boston, an interested leader in every good cause. He was on innumerable boards and committees, and shirked his duties on none, but his heart was, above all, absorbed in evangelism. Because of his interest in evangelism he was interested in foreign missions and

everywhere urged advance. He was intensely interested in evangelizing all the foreign-speaking peoples of the United States, and, as I have said above, began the study of a number of foreign languages for this purpose. He was ready to seize every occasion to bring the church to the front. He was a citizen, but always aggressively a Christian citizen, and more, a Christian citizen set for the evangelization of all whom he could reach. Revivals, revivals—he loved to be in them. He loved to stir up others to hold them. He was always ready to help. He urged them by pen and voice. He was a revival preacher. His pastorates were revival pastorates of the type that the two-year pastorates emphasized. As a bishop he was a revival preacher, stirring mightily great congregations. A fine commanding figure, with his patriarchal beard, his high cheek bones, his flashing eye, he loved the platform and kindled before an audience as he denounced wrong and declared the great truths of redemption.

And there was a tender strain of sentiment in him, as when he inclosed a "wild mountain pink from Hirosaki" to a friend in the South to whom he was writing from Japan.

Surely, as I said at the beginning, he was a great soul because he was true to the creative touch of his Creator and Redeemer.

William Ingraham Haven

Art. II.—CASTE MOVEMENTS (COMMONLY CALLED "MASS MOVEMENTS") IN INDIA AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE WORK OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NORTHERN INDIA.

The evangelization of a country so densely populated as India is so great a task and so varied in character that a survey of even one division of it requires close study. To appreciate the importance of the present caste movements, however, they must be seen in their relation to the whole task. The census of 1911 reports 313,000,000 persons roughly divided as follows: Hindus, 217,000,000; Mohammedans, 66,000,000; Buddhists and Animists, 10,000,000 each; Christians, nearly 4,000,000 (3,870,203); and others (including 3,000,000 Sikhs), 6,000,000. The efforts and successes of the missions have been confined very largely to the class called Hindus. The Hindus have not only their four chief castes, but are split into two great sections, one including the so-called caste, or high-caste, Hindus, and the other the outcaste, or the low-caste, Hindus, the latter numbering over sixty millions. These castes, high and low, are divided into many subcastes, the total being estimated as high as one hundred thousand (Richter, History of Protestant Missions in India). Representatives of many Hindu castes, and also of all other sections of the population, will be found living in almost every village and town, members of a caste being usually in close association with the lower castes grouped in wards, called mohullas, in the least desirable locations. Perhaps ninety per cent of the people live in villages which are scattered all over the country in the midst of the fields cultivated by the local residents. These conditions have had much to do with the general lines of effort followed by the various Christian missions in India. A very large amount of work is confined to the higher castes, and consists of medical, zenana, and educational work, with preaching and distribution of literature in the bazaars and on itinerating tours among the villages. These efforts break down prejudice, lead to many earnest inquiries and to a

fair number of conversions. Converts, however, are apt to be forced to leave home and all its associations, sometimes being separated from wife or husband and children and subjected to severe persecution, including the forfeiture of all property rights. Frequently they must be taken into the mission compounds and taught until fitted to take up some new line of employment. Many valuable teachers, evangelists, and leading Christians are thus secured. The method, however, is a slow one, and there has been no general response on a large scale. It is largely a work for individuals.

What might be called the newer method is the endeavor to reach the low-caste people in their homes by families and groups. These people have less to leave, and, although persecuted severely, are not made to suffer in the same measure as high-caste converts. Their persecution comes from their employers and is less personal than that of the high-caste converts, which comes from their own relatives and is deeply felt as coming from those most dear. The low-caste people are essential to the life of the village and cannot be driven out *en masse*. They continue their old occupations and support themselves as Christians, also contributing to the support of their pastor teachers. From among them promising individuals are selected for higher education, many of whom become workers among their own people and help to raise them. Individuals rise quickly and often very high, while the mass rises more slowly, owing to scarcity of teachers. Working for high-caste people is like pounding away at a solid wall. Occasionally a brick is loosened, but seemingly little impression is made on the whole structure. On the other hand, the low-caste work, which is at the bottom of the system, is opening up very rapidly. If it is adequately prosecuted, the structure is bound to fall. General readjustment is bound to follow, and the gradual breaking up of many features of the caste system, while Christianity will permeate all classes and spread widely among them.

"Class," or "caste," movement would be a more accurate name than "mass movement" for many of these developments in India, but the latter has become the popular designation. All that is called "mass movement," except certain work among hill tribes,

is proceeding along caste lines, and caste, often referred to in the past as the greatest obstacle encountered in mission lands, is now proving to be an assistance in the growth of the Kingdom. "The process might be illustrated in mining. When a miner finds a profitable vein, he follows it. When some members of a certain caste become Christians, they endeavor to have their relatives and friends follow them, and the work naturally spreads within the caste. Other veins are opened up and followed out, and so the work proceeds" (Bishop Warne).

When a movement of this kind starts in a caste it may run through it. If an entrance is secured into a second caste, that also may gather large proportions. In this way several movements, each distinct, may be proceeding at the same time. These new movements are more likely to proceed from caste to caste through definite work on the part of the missionaries and Christian workers rather than the efforts of the people themselves. The members of a caste usually confine their efforts to their own community. One caste, therefore, is not likely to influence another directly except in the case of a higher branch encouraging a lower, or where many castes are being affected and the movement toward Christianity is becoming general. As long, however, as a movement is confined to one caste, Christianity is apt to be considered as a matter of that caste only. It is, therefore, of very great importance to have two or more movements proceeding simultaneously. The one-caste stigma is thus removed and the universal element of Christianity becomes manifest. Growth now becomes more rapid. In one circuit, soon after a second caste was entered, inquirers were reported from ten different castes, while in one Conference baptisms were reported in one year from twenty-seven different castes. There is always a possibility of a mass movement starting in each caste thus entered. Wise leadership is required and generous aid in the beginning of each separate movement, as small numbers can do little in supporting the worker, though trained to give from the beginning. In the United Provinces the mass movement started among the sweepers, and it was looked upon by all the higher castes as merely a sweeper movement; but when the great caste of Chamars began to open up in large

numbers, great attention was aroused. Wherever they come out openly, the way is opened for the general work as never before. It is in this connection that the real influence of the Chamar movement in our mission is seen, also the reason why it has had so much attention recently. It is the stepping stone to a greatly widened work, aside from the fact that it concerns one of the greatest castes in North India, second in numbers only to the Brahmans. Being essentially a labor class, it has the largest possibilities, though many Chamars are now little better than serfs. The purpose of this paper is to show:

I. The Underlying Causes of these Movements.

II. The Work Necessary in their Development.

III. The Remarkable Opportunity Presented by the Movements and their Bearing on the Evangelization of India.

I. Underlying Causes. An unfortunate misapprehension concerning the manner of opening mass movements seems rather widespread, namely, that they are the result of a quick and general response to evangelistic efforts somewhat akin to those of revivalists, and that numbers of people so stimulated are left without teachers, to sink back into their old state after the preacher has passed on. On the contrary, such movements are the result of steady and persistent effort along well-established lines, often with little or no response for many years, as in the well-known case of the "Lone Star Mission." The usual method in beginning a mass movement is to conduct preaching services and village schools among those who seem most responsive. In the earliest stages a cordial reception is most unusual. Active opposition may be met or a hearing be refused, even with insulting and threatening conduct. Patient endeavor, however, gradually brings the people: first, to the point of willingness to listen to the message; second, to the stage of interest; third, to belief in the truth of Christianity; fourth, to conviction of its superiority over the old faith; and finally, fifth, to the point of acceptance in place of the old—though it may mean persecution, hardship, and suffering, even unto death. There are those who call this "too early baptism." It may well

be inquired whether, in the nature of the case, an ignorant, degraded people could be asked to come further than is indicated above before cutting themselves off from the old ties. The steps are all long ones and the results of much hard work. When, finally, a man says, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and I want to be his follower and to be baptized," we believe that we should accept him, *provided* we are able to guarantee continuation of the teaching so that he shall be led on to more and more knowledge and to a real spiritual faith. Some require the memorizing of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, etc., before administering baptism. But memorizing may be very difficult, and even impossible, for persons who have had no intellectual training, and therefore may be an unfair test. The missionary must use his best judgment, and none should impeach the wisdom of the other, but let the fruits decide. The chief point is not just where the convert stands when baptized, provided he is believed to be sincere in his profession, but the place to which he will be led afterward in his Christian experience and life. It is evident to many close observers that God meets these ignorant people at a point far below Western expectation, and that they find him much as little children do in the first turning of the heart toward him, however little their understanding of the ultimate consequences of the step. It is ours to see that they are given all the care we give to little children; the same patient unfolding of the truth, the same reiteration, the same adaptation to their understanding, watching over them until we see them established in the faith, although, it may be, often grieved by lapses when least expected. Baptism cuts the tie that binds to Hinduism, and until that is severed the man is not in our hands sufficiently to make him really responsive to our efforts. "Inquirers" of long standing may slip back in a night because displeased about some trifle, but when baptized they are ours to train and lead as far as we are able. The probation system guards the Methodist Church from the danger of too early admission into full connection, while also holding the converts far more securely than a system which merely counts them as inquirers until their patience may be exhausted and they may slip away, perhaps striving to draw others

back with them. Among the lower castes it is considered best not to baptize single individuals save in unusual cases. When a man becomes ready, he is asked to prepare his family and then to prepare others in his village. If possible, one waits until several families, or, it may be, all of the caste in that village, are ready. This insures solidarity, helps to drive out idolatry at once, to prevent factions and strife, to give added strength in time of persecution from the outside, and to insure more rapid progress without interruption. Before taking the step, the inquirers are likely to talk with their relatives in neighboring villages, who may be interested, as previously noted, or who may object and succeed in stopping the work already begun. In such cases the worker strives to explain the meaning of baptism and of Christianity to all who are concerned, to minimize opposition, and to exhort inquirers to hold firm. This is not very difficult when once the movement has gained strength, although in the first instances much ignorant prejudice must be allayed. Wise leadership, perseverance, and true Christian courtesy go a long way in meeting all problems and tiding over difficulties.

Much discussion is aroused by such a question as, "Why do such movements take place?" or, "What are the motives of the people?" It may be taken for granted that a large factor in such movements is the great hope of better things aroused by the first sympathetic interest which has ever been shown in the lives of these out-castes of Hinduism. To people always depressed, always ignored, always despised, and without hope, there comes a new light, sympathy, instruction, opportunity. Is it any wonder that there is a response, especially when they see the new faith working wonders about them, lifting sweepers to be head masters of high schools and teachers of Brahmans, or holders of other high positions never before opened to any but the elect? It is exceedingly difficult for Western-trained minds to understand the real motives of the people of the East. Often the clearest light comes from intimate conversation with the more intelligent Indian workers. One of these expresses his conviction that about one third of the converts are drawn by intellectual conviction that Christianity is the true religion, about one third by a real hungering after spir-

itual things, and the remaining third by the hope of better conditions. This accords closely with the results of one's own observation, though it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the individuals except after long trial. Our problem is to take those whom we believe to be sincere, to exclude any who show any trace of low motives, and then to endeavor to lead all, not only to spiritual life, but to a far higher spiritual life than they have ever conceived. This same worker says that we must remember that the religions of India are so largely made up of rites and ceremonies that it is exceedingly difficult for the people to comprehend a religion so spiritual as Christianity. They are attracted by its beauty, its purity, its apparent truth, and its fruits, and they may accept it long before they find God in actual experience, or comprehend the things of the Spirit. This very man, a brilliant preacher and leader, a man of very high caste who gave up everything for Christ, stated that he did so from intellectual conviction purely, and that he had become a Christian worker and even a preacher in charge of a large circuit before he found Christ as a personal Saviour and realized what Christianity really could mean to the human soul. We have no one who pleads more earnestly for us to accept the people when they want to come and patiently to lead them on and on until the truth really dawns upon them. He is convinced that we expect too much if we require this in the first instance.

The people of India are deeply religious at heart. No desire can be stronger than that which cries out after real spiritual light and truth, and we are convinced that it is the evangelistic note in the preaching which is drawing the masses as no other can. Critics of the work would do well to go directly among the people and watch them in their simple worship under a spiritual leader. Visitors who have taken time for this have been thoroughly convinced of the vital character of the work and have become its strongest supporters. If this is apparent to those who can read only the light in the eye or the expression in the face, how much more is it true to those who understand the simple prayers and testimonies of hearts crying out for God and his righteousness, and from whom no other request for help ever comes—except,

perhaps, in severe persecution, sickness, or distress beyond the power to bear. When in a district numbering twenty-seven thousand Christians, gathered in only twenty years, there are but two or three helpless persons (relatives of poor workers) who receive a mere pittance in aid, such as one or two rupees a month, and where over five thousand rupees are gathered in self-support per year, providing for more than twenty-five per cent of the pastoral work, is there any warrant for doubting the motives of the converts? The work has its hardships and its weaknesses, and low motives are met, but who can claim that this is not true in Christian lands, where, in most cases, the original motive for accepting Christ is one of self-preservation, desire for reward, for heavenly bliss, or reunion with loved ones? We grow into higher motives. If we start with them it is because we are Christian at heart before our open acceptance of Christ, and because we have inherited or have been taught a vast amount of truth which, in most cases, must be given to these poor idolatrous, superstitious, and depressed people after baptism, rather than before. It must be remembered, furthermore, that while we speak of caste movements, our efforts are always directed toward the individuals in the caste, and that, to the greatest extent possible, we seek to "present every man perfect in Christ," knowing that each individual so developed will be a power in elevating those around him. It must be remembered, also, that the chief responsibility lies in the developing work which follows the coming of the masses, and that the weaknesses in the work are due not so much to errors in receiving as to lack of equipment or of adequate force for the work which should follow the initial step.

II. The Developing Processes. The work begins among a group of few or many families usually living on the outer side of a village. Near by are groups of high or low-caste people each closely associated. The worker formerly lived among his people, but now that the sphere of the worker is widening, wisdom suggests that the worker live sufficiently apart so as to be accessible to all. In many cases the request for this change has come from high-caste Hindus or Mohammedans who wish us to locate the worker where they too may associate with him and benefit by his

teaching. The Christians and inquirers usually need to be taught the gospel *in toto*. Being unable to read, they are entirely dependent upon the visits of the worker. He gathers them at some convenient hour and proceeds to conduct a simple preaching service. The people sing well when taught, and take part in prayer and testimony. Whenever possible, a school is opened for the children and such older persons as wish to learn. They are taught the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Catechism, gospel hymns, Scripture verses, etc. One aim is to teach as many as possible to read the Bible. Everyone who learns to do so becomes a possible assistant in instructing the local Christians and in interesting other residents. Village school work is also an opening wedge in the further education of the more promising young people. It is simply impossible to appreciate the effect of such teaching until one knows the life in a village. To impress undisciplined and superstitious minds with the simple prohibitions of the commandments and the various petitions of the Lord's Prayer is to strike at the very foundation of the old life of evil, of uncontrolled desire, of superstition, and of despair. A new life is revealed and made clear by the explanations of the preacher, who endeavors to exemplify it in his care of the sick, of the oppressed, and of the dying. In this way many thousands are led into real spiritual life, to conscious touch with God in Christ, and to a moral life far above the ordinary level, and often irreproachable. A still larger opportunity is offered by the children, who may be educated sufficiently to make them far more useful in their occupations, more intelligent in their understanding of the Christian life, and more helpful in the cause. In the future there will be a far greater use of the humble volunteer workers of the village. The more they can be taught in childhood in the village school, the better. They are being taught to work as laymen, somewhat like the early "class leaders," and to give the preachers most valuable assistance. They help gather the people for preaching, collect self-support, report cases requiring the pastor's assistance or attention, assist, as far as able, in instructing the people, and, in groups, help to govern the local churches. When able to read the Bible, they can do very valuable work. The movement

is full of promise, and is receiving large attention where the work is developing most rapidly. The Sunday school and the Epworth League also prove most helpful auxiliaries, and both are widely used in all parts of our work. A new course of lessons for village Sunday schools, based on the story method (the one most effective in the villages), presents the essential truths of the gospel in one year in lessons about God, sin, Christ, salvation, holy living, and heaven, arranged in a series, with teaching outlines for the worker. This meets a long-felt want. It aims to so present the gospel as to enable any individual to make an intelligent decision after a year's instruction, as well as to present the truth in the form most likely to be impressive and lasting. In boarding schools the International Lessons are used. The Epworth League gives the villagers, particularly the young, the opportunity of taking a part in public service. It is the place for developing leadership and initiative among the people, and very necessary in a land where the teacher is apt to be the only one to be heard save in the singing. The League is also a valuable aid in village or city in teaching forms of Christian activity, and now that a general secretary has been provided for India, its influence is bound to increase very rapidly and to lead to very definite and desirable results.

The more striking developments come as a result of higher education. Selected boys and girls are encouraged to attend the boarding schools, where they are taught to the extent their intellectual development warrants. In some cases village children can go only to the third or fourth class, while others may rise to the sixth, to high school, or even to college. But even those who cannot go high do most valuable work as a result of the higher training in a Christian center, and fully repay the effort made for them, while it is usual to find that their children can go much higher, and that by the third or fourth generation any inherent intellectual weaknesses are largely removed. For such as cannot rise above the third or fourth class, industrial or manual training is very desirable, and some instruction of this kind is advantageous for all pupils in the higher schools. Industrial schools, however, need to be properly equipped and operated. Those which propose to teach trades should do so thoroughly. In many cases

the present provision is so inadequate that this is impossible. Manual training is particularly useful in teaching the awkward boy and girl to use the hand and eye together, in overcoming the common prejudice against manual labor, and in developing self-reliance and initiative. Where schools are properly equipped, they are suitable for the more intelligent scholars and help to furnish the community with good Christian workmen of high grade and good principle. While some Christians have difficulty in finding employment, it is probable that prejudice will soon fade away in the increasing demand for high-class labor, and it will not be difficult to provide work for all who are really deserving. It is from the various higher institutions that the leading workers are secured upon whose coöperation and leadership so much of the success of the movement among the masses depends. These institutions, also, are doing a most valuable work in sending out an ever-increasing stream of reliable young men and women who are finding their way into positions of high honor and large usefulness in the service of the government, in educational, postal, and telegraph departments, the railways, mills, business houses, etc. To find persons in high office who in one or two generations have emerged from the lower strata is now common in places where the mass-movement work is of sufficiently long standing. It is producing far-reaching effects, elevating the Christian community and the work of missions in the mind of many former detractors, and hastening the day of larger things in self-support. Many of these educated young men are liberal in their gifts and in their voluntary efforts in local churches, where they are most useful official members, local preachers, Sunday school teachers, and leaders in young people's work. They are especially liberal in helping to educate other members of their families and in providing for those dependent upon them. We are entirely dependent upon these higher institutions for the supply of Christian teachers for our schools. The demand far exceeds the supply, and few needs are felt so deeply and constantly. The strengthening of our entire educational system is most imperative if we are to have the intelligent leadership the growing work demands and upon which its largest success hinges.

A large proportion of the boys and girls educated in our middle schools go out into the village work, where they become leaders, not only among the Christians, but among the high-caste people as well. Frequently the best-educated people in the village, careful about their attire and the cleanliness of their houses, setting such a marked example in their home life, especially in the position of their wives, these Christian boys and girls are doing a noble work, and where they are earnest, true, and humble as well, they can approach all classes with excellent results, even though they are known to be from the lowest castes. After some years of testing, the more promising among them are sent to the theological seminaries for higher training, while all are required to take the excellent courses of study arranged for all grades of workers in our church, and their advancement in scale depends on their progress in the said courses. Normal training is being introduced, and medical schools (particularly for women), while other provision is made from time to time as the growing needs of the community and the funds in hand permit.

The value of higher schools, boarding schools, can hardly be overestimated. The contrast to the life in the village is beyond description. Boys and girls are introduced to a life approximately that in a Christian land. It is not an overstatement to say that this is the most thorough method of evangelization, for until we have far more and better-equipped pastors, adequately supervised, we cannot hope to elevate the people in the villages sufficiently to give them what the boys and girls get in our schools: a true conception of the Christian life under Christian surroundings and control. In the schools we lay foundations similar to those known in the West. Here we can make an appeal to the child for a full and intelligent surrender of the will and a dedication to Christian service; here we can do individual work of an adequate nature and with satisfying results—and all these at a cost averaging twenty dollars per year per child. The notable revival of 1906 spread largely through the boarding schools. Hundreds of boys and girls entered into a new spiritual life. Workers of this type can carry high ideals into the villages and lead the Christians there into larger experiences. A notable fact about

the revival was the profound conviction of sin, the lack of which heretofore has been a source of the greatest anxiety to many missionaries in India. Consequently, we look forward hopefully to the time when these who have had deep religious experiences, and who have the consciousness of pardon of sin, will be able to go out and lead others into similar experiences. This is an illustration of the way in which the boarding school constantly proves the training ground for higher ideals and purer moral life.

The pressing demand for workers and the simplicity of village conditions make another and a quicker method of preparation necessary. Among the village Christians we find promising young men too advanced in years to enter the boys' school. These, however, with their wives may be brought into the training schools, where both men and women are given from one to three years' instruction (depending upon their previous training) in the vernaculars, in arithmetic, in the Bible, and in simple comparative religion. They must be supported while in school, as they leave their means of livelihood, but the cost does not exceed forty dollars per year for a family. These training students are very effective in village work, especially in the early stages of a movement, because of their intimate knowledge of prevailing conditions and of the life of the people whom they seek to influence. The problem of reaching the masses is largely one of producing workers. Had we the teachers, we could accept hundreds of thousands of candidates as quickly as they could be taught the rudiments. In the Meerut District alone, one hundred and twenty miles by sixty, out of a population of three million five hundred thousand it is estimated that fully one million people are accessible now to the gospel, of whom one hundred thousand are sweepers, six hundred thousand are Chamars (among whom movements are now proceeding with great rapidity), and the balance are of higher castes. The interest among caste Hindus and Mohammedans was never so great. Inquirers and converts among them are frequently met, and requests for instruction, with offers of liberal aid or the full support of the worker, are more numerous than the supply. Some remarkable movements have begun the true nature of which is not understood until one realizes what it means to high-caste people to

be willing to leave their own and to associate with out castes, whom they would not touch formerly, but with whom they now mingle and worship. These conditions are found elsewhere in large measure, and there is imperative need of increasing our forces immediately to take advantage of the remarkable opportunities thus presented. The North India Conference, after fifty years' work, reports fifty thousand Christians, with baptisms one year from twenty-seven different castes, while the Northwest India Conference (of which the Meerut District is a part) has gathered one hundred and fifteen thousand in the last twenty years. The Methodist Episcopal Mission in the United Provinces has had such remarkable success that in 1901 it had eighty-eight per cent of all the Christians in the territory (Richter). It is probable that the recent census will show even a greater proportion, as the movement is proceeding with the utmost rapidity whenever funds permit advance. The Northwest India Conference averages over ten thousand baptisms per year, though terribly handicapped financially. The crying need is the strengthening of all institutions which produce workers, with the necessary support of these workers when ready.

Increased missionary supervision is also required in many places. Supervision of work of this character demands the most careful attention. Under prevailing conditions one missionary may be compelled to oversee all that is being done by a large force of Indian assistants in a large territory. Our method places one man (sometimes an Indian) over a district. The district is divided into circuits under a "preacher-in-charge," who is an Indian in almost every case save in the centers where the missionaries reside. The work of the preacher-in-charge is to supervise the efforts of the men and women under him. Sometimes he has half a dozen, but there are circuits with twenty or more workers and four thousand or more Christians. The workers usually live in larger towns or villages, and near the larger groups of Christians, but each worker may have from three to twenty villages under his care and as high as one thousand Christians and inquirers. Some have even forty villages, but only where the work is growing very rapidly and the provision is most inadequate. The

workers who have regular day schools have fewer villages to care for, but all the workers strive to spend some time in teaching the children who live near them. The worker visits as many villages daily as time and strength permit, and is supposed to cover his circuit at least four times a month. The preacher-in-charge is expected to cover his circuit at least once a year, to visit all the villages with the worker, devoting special attention to those most in need, and to exercise general supervision. The district superintendent meets the groups of workers in each circuit three or four times a year (in Quarterly Conference), at which times the searching questions in the Methodist Discipline are asked and reports are given on all subjects of importance. Preaching services are held with the local Christians and special hours are given to the workers, upon whose steady development so much depends. When possible, the district superintendent also goes out into the villages on evangelistic tours with the workers. There is most urgent need of more of this evangelistic work, and every large district should have a man or woman set aside for it. It greatly encourages the people to see and hear the missionary, and there is no better method of training workers than to go with them and show them how to meet the local problems. It is also the best method of estimating the character of their work and their individual needs.

Once a year all the workers are gathered for three or four days in a district conference. The newer workers are examined in the prescribed courses of study, reports are given, lectures delivered, inspiring services held, discipline administered, and appointments made for the ensuing year. The district conference may be held in connection with the Workers' Bible (or Summer) School, which frequently continues for three or four weeks, during which all are enrolled in classes for special study and examination apart from the Conference courses. Devotional services are held daily, followed by three or four hours of class work, and by institutes, lectures, workers' meetings, etc. As a result, the whole body of men and women go back, refreshed and stimulated, to continue their lonely life among depressed conditions, better fitted to live above them and to lift their people. One month in the year

is set aside by our whole India mission for an "evangelistic campaign" in which all the forces take part. The definite objects are to reclaim any who have fallen away, to lead all into higher Christian experience and life, to reach other castes, to help the inquirers to a decision for Christ, and to distribute Christian literature. The students coöperate, especially in the places where the schools are located. Special attention is given to prayer, consecration, and definite plans for the work in hand. Very large and fruitful results have attended these campaigns. In all these efforts the aim is to develop and train up Indian leaders upon whom the full burden is being placed as rapidly as possible, and with most encouraging results.

III. The Opportunity and Its Bearing on the Evangelization of India. The history of older mass movements in India would seem to show (a) that, according to the faith of the leaders at the time of acceptance, practically all the people who were received have stood firm and their descendants have remained Christians; (b) that there has been a steady rise in the community, from generation to generation, usually in proportion to the investment of missionary effort along all lines; (c) that where, through hesitation or lack of equipment, further advance was interfered with, those who were ready to come have not only gone back, but have tried to exert hurtful influences upon those previously received; (d) that in most sections there has been no marked mass movement following the stopping of one which was under way; that is, those who were received have stood firm with their children, but the movement, as such, ceased. This brings us to the important question, What is to be done with the present mass movement in the north of India, chiefly in the Northwest India Conference, which is still growing with great rapidity, but which is imperiled by weakness due to lack of leaders and funds? In the opinion of many, it is the key to very much larger progress among all the out castes of North India, numbering many millions, and through them to the whole situation. Already it seems that the movement in the older North India Conference, once so very hopeful, is in the condition noted in the third point (c), and that the chief hope of reviving it is to press the adjoining work so as to arouse new

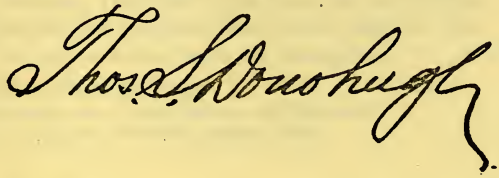
interest which will spread on all sides. The language is largely the same, and the people are closely related. The interest among the classes previously referred to is at its highest point in the territory covered by the Meerut, Roorkee, Delhi, and Punjab Districts of the Northwest India Conferences, where the calls for instruction and baptism exceed anything previously experienced. The force of workers is pressed to the breaking point, particularly the missionaries, several of whom have given way under the strain. There has been very little increase in the appropriations and in the missionary force, notwithstanding the rapid growth of the work. Now the future seems to depend upon such reinforcements as will relieve the over-burdened workers and rapidly produce large numbers of native assistants to enter the widening and rapidly ripening fields. Could several million converts be gathered in a compact territory in a few years (which seems only a question of investment), a profound influence would be exerted upon all the people. The remaining millions of the out castes would be even more accessible throughout all India and the largest victory yet won in the evangelization of that or any similar land would be in sight. There are marked advantages to be gained by such a forward movement. In the first place, it would offset the efforts now being made by Hindus and Mohammedans to secure these same classes, chiefly for political reasons, which would make them vastly more inaccessible, and throw away much of the advantage we have gained. Furthermore, attention is being drawn to the important fact that these so-called "out caste" or "depressed classes" are in reality the laborers of India and, in point of fact, probably potentially the most valuable asset in the land. The higher castes have an assured position, which they will not relinquish easily, while these will enter into new conditions, meet new needs, and, especially as Christians, be the persons who will most surely bring about the modifications essential to the development of Indian life. As a consequence, there are strong reasons why we should aim to secure the whole of any class and train all together. The increased numbers make self-support more practicable, where it is now difficult because of the poverty of the little groups scattered here and there; a united community would

more speedily adopt Christian customs and escape from the tyranny of old ties; the danger of part of the class turning back and stopping or injuring the old movement is largely averted; the rate of advance would be increased by the removal of obstructions, also the numbers of notable cases of great evangelists and other Indian leaders, now too few; the larger number would exert more influence as a community, be better able to stand alone, to realize their strength, and to use it in such a way as to exemplify their Christian teaching and standards; and the movement would encourage the many thousands of heart Christians among the higher classes to come out openly and throw in their lot—with all the possibilities of larger and more far-reaching movements thus thrown open.

The attitude of the people may be made clear by one or two illustrations: In one district a man who could not be used as a worker was lost sight of for a time, after which he came to the district superintendent and told him that six hundred people were ready for baptism in his village. The district superintendent found them remarkably well taught, and sent for Bishop Warne, who was fully convinced of their sincerity and approved of their baptism. The same man had brought the leaders of several other village groups, who were also encouraged to do likewise. A most promising movement is under way. In another district a low-grade worker was dismissed because of supposed inefficiency, but in the recent census fifteen thousand persons proclaimed themselves as Christians and his followers. These illustrations show the advantage of a movement under the control of the mission, leading to efficient teaching and discipline, also the danger of large movements improperly guided and taught, which may reflect on the cause and multiply the number of those who are Christians only in name. Nevertheless, both show the readiness and temper of the people who want to become Christians. The recent census reveals the fact that many thousands have enrolled themselves in this way, though known to the missions only as inquirers, if at all.

The mass movement requires strong faith in the power of Christ to lift those who call upon his name, however low they may be in the beginning. The work and glory of Christianity, how-

ever, is in preaching the gospel to the poor, who, transformed and elevated, evangelize those who were formerly above them. May we, with Christ, "see harvests, not mere crowds," in those now accessible, and be encouraged by the results already achieved, as well as by faith, to take those who seem so ready, confident that they are his children and among the "other sheep" of his fold.



Art. III.—HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION OF CHURCH SINGING

On a lovely eminence in the city of Zurich, in Switzerland, overshadowed by fragrant, venerable linden trees, repose the ashes of the Swiss philosopher and composer, Hans Georg Naegeli. The plain monument in golden letters bears the inscription,

> In der Lichtwelt der Kunst
> Bleibt ewig das Wesentlichste und Bildenste
> Das in schoener Tonform gesungen Wort.

In English:

> In the luminous realm of art
> There is nothing as essential and of as high educational value
> As human thought uttered in the beautiful form of song.

This comprehensive sentiment is a quotation from Naegeli's own writings and conveys the correct theory that the art of music rises to its highest and most sacred service only when its charms are wedded to language. Then it ceases to be merely an æsthetical factor and rises to the importance and dignity of a moral factor, which to be is the divine destiny of all art; a destiny, however, which absolute music, music without words, can never reach to the fullest extent. Instrumental music may certainly afford delights unspeakable. It will unseal the deepest fountains of emotion when its divine finger touches a susceptible soul. One may be tossed about in raptures by a sweet melody or by the majestic power of polyphony as a butterfly is carried away by the fragrant breezes of a day in spring. To study the fine logic of a fugue, the clever syllogism of a sonata, the classic architecture of a symphony, the military array and disposition of an orchestra, the tonal quality and charm of voice and string, of wood and brass, is as much an intellectual treat as it is an emotional enjoyment. The facts surely bear May Byron out when, in her "Beethoven," she says:

> Music possesses all the characteristic beauties of other arts. The composer shares form and color with the painter—a much more elastic variety of form and an incomparably wider use of color in the magnificent paint-box of the orchestra. The composer's art, moreover, is not station-

ary at one fixed point, one moment, so to speak, seized and immortalized on the canvas, but has the fluidity and onward movement of actual life, passing with bewildering rapidity of transition from one phase of thought to another, even as life does. And the composer, while he shares with the great prose writer and the poet the power of expressing things marvelously well, of uttering in beautifully poised and balanced rhythm the whole gamut of human emotion, yet has a greater power than theirs; for he can put into a single phrase with an exquisite intimacy of intuition a meaning which could hardly be denoted in a hundred words. He can condense into a couple of bars the essence of a whole chapter.

This brilliant eulogy, the slight extravagance of which for the sake of its beautiful form we all will gladly pardon, corroborates Naegeli's proposition, inasmuch as it speaks of the composer's supreme power and almost unlimited means to utter the whole gamut of human emotions. Emotion is the magic realm of absolute music. But to influence the moral side of human nature in a potent and conscious manner, to touch the will-center in man, it needs the help of a text, without which it is more limited as to moral influence than painting, sculpture, and, of course, poetry. Can ever the grandest symphony, rhapsody or concerto influence a person for good or evil as may a good or bad drama, a lascivious or chaste figure or group, or a religious or sensual painting? Music alone is not able to convey facts or principles. It can suggest joy, sorrow, expectation, restlessness, passion, and the like, but language must define and direct the feelings it awakens in the soul. Only a text can bring them to bear on the will—a text which it then embraces and exhibits like a gold ring a diamond, like the candlestick a light. Here undoubtedly is the reason why Beethoven in his grandest symphony, the apotheosis of "joy, the heavenly spark of the godhead," took recourse to Schiller's text, though joy is easier of expression in music than most other emotions. On the other hand, while music, to become a moral factor, needs the help of words, the effect of language is greatly increased and prolonged by music—a most important fact, to which the extensive use of song in religious worship is due. Music is the natural and essential companion of religion; for the sacred is also the beautiful, and when its inward beauty assumes outward form, then the sacred enters the sphere of art. It is, therefore, quite natural that religion and music should go hand in hand from the

early beginning even in cultured heathendom, and especially in Israel. The oldest songbook is a religious hymnal of one hundred and fifty numbers, the Psalter. From the Jews the use of song in worship passed over to the Christian church, there to become an invaluable means of edification in and propagation of the faith.

The history of the development of singing in the church is very interesting indeed. Even the briefest glance at the principal phases of that history is instructive and profitable. The first we learn from the sources is that in the apostolic era it was customary for individuals to render their testimony at meetings in the form of improvised song. But soon the general confession of the Christian faith and hope found its more adequate and impressive expression in congregational singing; this not only giving the worshipers the necessary active part in public service and at the same time gratifying the emotions awakened by the religious appeal and reflections of the hour, but appealing to the intellect by the beautiful symbolism of music. For could there be any more striking illustration of the secret and beauty of that unity in diversity, of that harmony of souls which was to be realized in the Christian church and life, than music, with its wonderful code of spiritual and natural laws embodied in melody and harmony, or than a worshiping multitude whose voices are blended in song? As Saint Augustine (about B. C. 400) wrote:

> The young, the old, the rich, the poor, men, women, bondsmen, and freemen, all unite in song. All earthly distinctions cease; the congregation forms one great choir.

The further process of development up to our present day unveiled a law pervading the entire history of the church: the law that congregational singing rises and falls with the religious condition of the church. The seasons of a high tide of spiritual life are always the times of increased productiveness and of a revival of congregational singing, while a relapse into formalism always means a less-participating and finally a silent congregation. We can observe this law as early as in the postapostolic period. Religious life then suffering under incessant dogmatical contention, singing became entirely devoid of its originally de-

votional, personal character, and, like the sermon, was used merely as a weapon in the warfare against heterodoxy and heretics and naturally passed from the congregation over to the clergy, or, by and by, to the professional choir. Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan (he died 397), introduced a new and better era in church life, which was marked by a new departure in church music. He saw the injury done to the church in silencing the congregation and set himself to the work of remedying the situation, and the way he did it was as successful as it is interesting. He eliminated the dry and difficult polemic songs of the past time and introduced songs of vivid melodious and rhythmic movement. Old Latin church hymns were remodeled and rhythmicized, others of Oriental origin were translated and set to music, and new ones were written, so that before long there was a repertory of new and popular melodies which the crowds that again filled the churches were only too glad to join in singing. While Ambrosius might perhaps have been a little more scrupulous and conservative in selecting the tunes, he certainly most gloriously gained the end he had in view. I beg to refer to just one incident that shows the power of church singing at that time: it was the majestic song of a worshiping multitude that saved the life of Athanasius. He was to be arrested by soldiers during a service in his church. When the soldiers heard the congregation sing, they were so overcome that they did not venture to enter the church, thus involuntarily giving the noble preacher a chance to escape.

But the election of Gregory the Great (200 years after Ambrosius) to the Papal See brought a change and a relapse so radical that by it the congregation was silenced in the church for one thousand years. He would not even suffer its participation in the antiphonal hymns, formerly sung by clergy and congregation alternately. As the use of the Latin language was made obligatory in the church, so church singing was stereotyped, not to say petrified, in the Gregorian "Cantus Firmus," committed, of course, exclusively to the clergy, and intended for all future to exclude every possibility of a menace to the dignity of church worship by the introduction of musical elements of secular origin and reminiscence—an apprehension which was not without reason;

but the overstringent measures which it led to remind one of the command of a king to poison all fish in all the waters of his kingdom because one of his household had once swallowed a fishbone. A silent church is worse than a forest in spring without the song of the birds. And it is more unnatural. No wonder, therefore, that about the time of the Reformation, when a new spiritual era dawned upon the church, congregational singing begins to reappear. But it had to overcome opposition from many sides at first. Ministers who praised God in song were called "priests of Baal" by Wycliffe. Some Waldensian leaders held that singing was an entirely useless waste of time in worship, others held that it belonged to the usages peculiar to the Hebrew religion and was no more appropriate in Christendom than circumcision and the celebration of Jewish Sabbaths and new moons. Calvin, prone to asceticism and personally unmusical, failed entirely to see the "divinity" of music as an art and was reluctant to permit musical instruments and singing in the church. Even Zwingli at first opposed, yea, ridiculed, it. When he petitioned the magistrates of Zurich to abandon church singing, he sang his request to them, and said in explanation of this queer way of doing that it was not a bit queerer than praying to God singing and with organ accompaniment. Yet he was too musical himself and too far-seeing to continue to oppose church singing after he saw the wonders it wrought in the Lutheran movement. So later on he tolerated and even encouraged it, though, in his radical way, he stripped the churches of mural and other paintings, of sculptural ornament, of bells and organs.

The language of the church having been exclusively Latin, the reformers, of course, first had to create songs and hymnals in the language of the people. Knox wrote the Psalter metrically in English and published it set to music in four parts; and Luther, unquestionably the great pioneer of Protestant church singing, issued his first German hymnal, with eight tunes, in 1524, and another one, containing one hundred and twenty-nine tunes, twenty-one years later, after the people had learned to read and write. In sharp contrast to the artifices of the later development of the Gregorian chants, he gave the people songs of popular char-

acter, many of them taken from good secular sources and remodeled in text and music for spiritual use. The pleasing melody was removed to the upper part and the whole in alert rhythmic movement showed the character of the glad message it was to bear. Lucas Osiander's German hymnal, published in 1586 and bearing the title "Spiritual Songs and Psalms Set in Four Parts According to the Counterpoint Method for All the Christian Congregation to Sing," was the classical demonstration of the new departure and soon became normative for the other lands. Thus the Reformation brought a revival of congregational song that was as far-reaching in its effect as the new methods in theology. What is called in German "Choral" was the precious and wholesome musical fruit it yielded to the church: a dignified plain song for public use at the services, to be sung *unisono* with organ accompaniment or *a cappella* in four parts. Four centuries have passed since the Reformation. What have they brought in the way of progress? Not what might have been expected. With the relapse of Protestantism into orthodoxy and formalism after Luther's time there came a stagnation in musical development—I am referring to congregational singing only—which relapse in continental Europe is only now beginning to be overcome. The choral was sung unrhythmically, and even in our quick and nervous age it was sung in the tiresome tempo of past centuries that were of far slower pulse and pace. It was really a relapse into Gregorianism, from which the recovery would have been much slower had not strong influences from the Western side of the Channel and the Atlantic touched the Continental shores—influences, however, that failed to reach the Greek Catholic Church, whose congregations are entirely silent to this day and whose choirs consist exclusively of male voices. Nor did it materially affect the Roman Catholic Church, the musical liturgy of which strictly adheres to the Gregorian order, but which has of late begun occasionally to permit congregational singing, always *unisono,* and generally of songs of melodic value and of that quaint charm which antiquity lends.

What course did things take and what is the situation on this side of the Atlantic? While in the colonies that had an estab-

lished church, the Anglican, the Reformed, or the Catholic, the respective liturgic order of these churches was simply a transplantation of the European conditions to American soil, that is, granting music the same place in public worship as it held in England and in the Catholic and Reformed portions of the Continent, the Pilgrims and Puritans (in consequence of strong Calvinistic influence) united in distrust of music. The Pilgrims would, if possible, have abolished it entirely. They allowed no hymns or music in their services but the psalms, and these to be sung in only five different tunes. And even then there were serious debates over the question as to who should be allowed to participate in the singing, except the "Amen," in which all were allowed to join: whether only the elect, those that had "found grace," or all; whether men only, or women as well; whether old tunes or also "tunes invented" should be permitted to be sung. Skillful singing was, of course, considered by many a direct sin, as well as the introduction of an instrument for the reinforcement of the voices. That was in the beginning, "when the earth was without form and void," up to two hundred and fifty years ago. The rising star of the new world brought a better day for American church music. In 1713 the first organ was put to use in King's Chapel in Boston, and as early as 1717 a singing school was established in the New England metropolis, though, according to a London publication on church music in New England, there were "no musicians by trade" there. But congregational singing began to flourish, especially in nonconformist circles, and soon everywhere. And by and by America got its own religious composers.

It is quite in keeping with the development of things in general in America that our first religious composers were laymen in music. William Billings (1746–1800) was a tanner by trade. What he wrote for choirs was a bold attempt at florid counterpoint work, but was anything but musically correct, as he lacked all knowledge of harmony. However, he went to ecstasies over his own chaotical productions, so as to exclaim in the preface to one of his books: "The new style has more than twenty times the power of the old slow tunes; each part straining for mastery and victory; the audience entertained and delighted—their minds

surpassingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part, and sometimes for another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter; now the valid treble. Now here, now there, now here again. . . . Rush on, ye sons of harmony!" Surely his day was the golden age for struggling composers. Holden was a carpenter; Dan Reed a comb maker; Jacob Kimball a lawyer. Humble and imperfect as the efforts of these musical pioneers were, these men deserve anything but ridicule—for they were thoroughly in earnest; and they made the very best of what was at their command. Can that be said of those that came after them—of the church to-day? The long and extensive revival of religion and of church interest that swept over our land, especially in the past century, could not fail to bring with it a tidal wave of new religious song. Be it frankly admitted that this wave washed many a precious pearl to our shores, still it remains true that its waters were deplorably shallow. The great mass of its hymnological residue were songs of a kind that lacked all qualities that constitute a high grade of religious hymn. And while, fortunately, these unsatisfactory products failed to find their way in great numbers into our official hymnbooks, they filled the pages of the hymnals for young people and Sunday schools; songs that have one quality at least, rhythmic life, but altogether too much of it, so that most of them would (but for the religious text) be more suitable for a dancing hall than for church use; songs that lack all higher musical elements, undignified, lacking originality, melodic grace, and harmonic correctness—not to speak of refinement; cheap, trivial, tiresome, jumping songs, machine-made musical-factory ware—so many thousands a year—which to hear soon becomes intolerable and which to sing with any kind of æsthetical satisfaction and feeling of reverence soon becomes impossible; musical products of altogether incompetent composers, most of whom belong to the class represented by the above named Billings, who, in the introduction to his first song-book, with childlike frankness confessed his ignorance of musical law. I quote him:

> Perhaps it may be expected by some that I should say something concerning rules of composition. To these I answer that Nature is the

best dictator; for all the hard, dry, studied rules that ever were prescribed will not enable any person to form an air any more than bare knowledge of the four and twenty letters and strict grammatical rules will qualify a scholar for composing a piece of poetry or properly adjusting a tragedy without a genius. It must be Nature; Nature must lie at the foundation; Nature must inspire the thought. For my own part, I don't think myself confined to any rules for composition laid down by any that went before me. . . . In fact, I think it is best for every composer to be his own carver.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am the last man to underestimate lay talent. I am fully aware that, even as science owes a great deal of its modern achievement to the discoveries of laymen, music is greatly indebted to contributions of amateurs. But the publication of hymnbooks that help to mold and to determine the musical taste of a nation ought not to be left to them. Our Sunday school hymnals ought to be at least as good with regard to contents and form as the textbooks of our public schools. Therefore their editing ought to be left to professional men who will see to it that the musical orthography of these books is without blunders and that jewels of sacred poetry are not set to music in brass or tin. The church is the natural foster mother of music, particularly of singing, for from earliest youth to the very end of life it has people under its musical influence in innumerable services and gatherings where there is always singing. In the most solemn, in the joyous, and in the saddest hours of life it gives them its music, thus more than any other factor forming the musical taste of the generation. From the days of childhood it fills the memory with tunes that will quicken or deaden the musical ear. The opportunity of the church in this direction is the measure of its responsibility. Has it done its best, its duty? I am sorry to have to say, "No." In all other realms of art that touch church and religious life, in architecture, in painting, in literature, more care has been taken and more solicitude has been shown than in music. Here simply anything and everything was good enough. Consequently, the taste for good music was, and is, being systematically corrupted by the hymnological trash and forbidding tunes upon which the children are raised in Sunday school and through which they are, as a rule, fairly

whipped in a senseless tempo by instruments played as mechanically as a hurdy-gurdy on the street.

The worst of it is that in this way not only the musical taste is corrupted, but the very desire also for singing in church is destroyed. To anyone who is historically informed, as well as religiously interested, the fact that in our land congregational singing in public worship is dying out in an alarming degree is a source of serious apprehension. After an absence from this country of almost two decades, I find a most surprising change in this respect. The worshiping multitude listens almost silently to the choir, quartet, or organ, instead of joining with united and hearty voice in song. Sadly few are the churches (especially among the upper classes) of which Saint Augustine could say today as he wrote of those of his time, "O Lord, how I have wept over thy psalms and hymns as I was so agreeably and deeply moved by the pleasant voice of thy holy congregation. It penetrated into my ear and thy truth dripped into my soul. O the sweet ecstasies I had in tears." Why this deplorable silence of our congregations? I fear one of the foremost reasons is the fact that, as indicated a moment ago, the inclination to participate in singing at church is to a great extent killed by the cheap and forbidding music in Sunday school and young people's meetings.

How do we come to have so much inferior and harmful music in our popular hymnbooks? I account for it, first, by the incompetency of musical leaders and composers in the church. And here I think particularly of committees for the preparation of hymnbooks, and of evangelistic singers who, with few exceptions, are without musical education, but who largely furnish the revival music of our day, which is first sung by enthused masses and then finds its way into the homes, churches, and, finally, the hymnals. Another reason is the mercenary spirit of publishing houses which keep pouring religious hymnbooks over the land with no other object than business profit—books, therefore, that cost them little and bring them much. As a third reason I mention the senseless clamoring of the masses for "new" music, no matter if it is poor. "When we get tired of it," they say, "we'll

have new stuff again." And thus church and Sunday school songs are manufactured like paper napkins and toothpicks, once to be used and then to be thrown away. It is apparent that the church cannot tolerate this state of affairs without most seriously endangering its most vital interests. But where is help to come from? In the first place, from the conservatories of music, in the way of respectful but energetic protests and by patient and convincing instruction by competent writers in leading secular and religious periodicals as to the proper ideal of sacred music for congregational singing. Then above all, of course, through the publication of approved compositions by expert composers; songs that, according to the law that "the better is the enemy of the good," will crowd out the others.

It may be of interest here to state that, in order to protect religious circles in German and Dutch-speaking Europe against a threatening inundation of English, American, and German music of the undesirable type characterized above, there was a society formed in Elberfeld with the purpose (among others) of encouraging capable composers to turn their attention to this promising field of religious compositions and to supply the need of new religious songs by compositions of quality. The best talent was and is being solicited, and the compositions that have been passed by a competent commission of examiners are bought, the best of them being awarded prizes, and then published and sold at or below cost—for profit is no object at all—in order to get them among the people. Furthermore, great public song services are held in which these new hymns are sung by very large and well-drilled choirs to bring them to the notice of the public and to create a taste for them. Why could not something of this sort be done in this country? But something more is desirable: the introduction of lectures on history of Church music into the curriculum of theological seminaries. Now, as a rule, ministers are about as well versed in music as musicians are in isagogics or hermeneutics or Aramaic syntax, a deficiency in their equipment which is deplorable.

I regret to have to close these remarks without sufficient time to develop what to my mind is the ideal of church music for con-

gregational singing. We need, I think, two classes of songs. First, hymns of the order of the best German "choral" for the regular church service—church tunes in the strictest sense, the chief properties of which must be dignity and simplicity; a combination of Gregorian seriousness and solemnity, and of Ambrosian melodicity and rhythm. Our church hymnals embody quite a number of this kind, but there is room for and need of more. Then we need hymns for other meetings and for children and young people. These may be of a lighter quality and of livelier movement, covering in greatest variety of conception and expression the whole range of religious thought, experience, and emotion. They must be popular in the high sense of the word, melodious, winsome, and of easy harmonic arrangement; in similar relation to the church tunes as a dwelling house to a church building, as a lovely flower of the meadow to the solemn lily of the conservatory. The question with regard to hymns must never be, Are they new or are they old? There will always be those that insist on tunes of venerable age, especially for use in the solemn official church service; and others that want new hymns. The calendar is of no importance here at all. We do not want that which is old or which is new, but that which has the quality of eternal youth. And there are two sources from which songs of the described qualities are to be had. First, the wealth of the hymnology of other nations and ages, both sacred and secular. Some of the most celebrated and beautiful church tunes even in the classical hymnals of Europe are of secular origin. Second, the wealth of talent which God has given our own land and nation, but which has not as yet felt itself called to enter this particular field of sacred music. Many outside the musical profession proper are interested in the state of congregational singing as a potent factor in church and national life. We long for a better future; but its molders and leaders must come from the conservatories.

A. J. Bucher.

Art. IV.—GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS

Among the things in religion best worthy of study and fullest of lessons for every age is the Quaker movement, of which George Fox was the father and founder. It has close connection with Puritanism, on the one hand, and with Methodism on the other. It has a thrilling history, in which occur sharper contrasts than in any similar record. It has a phenomenal rise and an equally striking decline, the causes of which are especially instructive. It made a clear contribution to the accepted body of Christian truth and its mission to the world is not yet exhausted. It has done great things; it was highly respectable even in its lowest numerical estate; it still has a future. Professor William James, in his great book The Varieties of Religious Experience, well says:

> The Quaker religion, founded by George Fox, is something which it is impossible to overpraise. In a day of shams it was a religion of veracity, rooted in spiritual inwardness, and a return to something more like the original gospel truth than men had ever known in England. So far as our Christian sects to-day are evolving into liberality they are simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the early Quakers so long ago assumed. No one can pretend for a moment that in point of spiritual capacity and sagacity Fox's mind was unsound. Everyone who confronted him personally, from Oliver Cromwell down to county magistrates and jailers, seems to have acknowledged his spiritual power.

Well known are Carlyle's words in Sartor Resartus:

> Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians and treated with some degree of ridicule by others, namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself, and across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation shine through in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty, on their souls; who, therefore, are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed; or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced.

That Fox was a prophet, a hero, and a saint there can now scarce be question. He was not a sage, not a philosopher or a theologian, not largely educated or altogether well-balanced,

more's the pity, and from this deficiency came much loss to the movement he inaugurated. But he was by no means a half-crazed fanatic or blasphemer, a delighter of giddy brains, a seeker after novelties, a heretic of heretics, as so many of his time declared. He and his followers accounted themselves, with much reason, "Friends of the Truth" and "Children of the Light." They called men to the eternal inward realities and to lives of unswerving devotion to righteousness. They protested most vigorously against the formalism and deadness of contemporary Christianity, emphasizing the paramount importance of repentance and a personal striving after holiness of heart and life. They insisted on the necessity of a spiritual experience. They bore to the world the clearest witness of God's redeeming grace and forgiveness which was heard in England during the whole of the seventeenth century. They declared that no man, woman, or child under heaven was left without sufficient light and strength to be saved. They preached not only a free and a present, but also a full salvation, the fullest possible kind, preached it with such vehemence, self-sacrifice, and spiritual exaltation that some of the phenomena of the day of Pentecost were reproduced. Religion was to them a living presence within the heart, marking them off very distinctly from the men around them and making the earthly life but a small matter in comparison with the eternal. They emphasized personal communion with God, on the one hand, and practical righteousness on the other. Their whole endeavor was to bring back primitive Christianity, and their hope was to see all Christendom transformed, to see a reversal of the process which so disastrously changed, in the early centuries, the apostolic into the Catholic type; that type which exalted the priest above the prophet, which hardened into fixed institutions and rigid dogmas the freer life of the Spirit. The Quakers were the chief exponents in England for that age of the three great truths (1) that every man is accountable to God, and to God alone, for his beliefs; (2) that salvation consists in loving God and keeping his commandments, and in nothing else; (3) that force must never be employed to extend or defend religious opinions. He taught the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit on human minds and the supremacy

of the Inward Light; that there was in all the hearts of men some manifestation of God, and by attending to it they would have more.

The character of George Fox stands out as one of the purest and noblest with which the annals of religion make us acquainted. William Penn, who knew him most intimately, being with him for months, together by night and day, by sea and by land, in various countries and on the most trying occasions, bore testimony that he never saw him out of his place or not a match for every service:

> In all things he acquitted himself like a heavenly minded man: civil beyond all forms of breeding in his behavior, very temperate, eating little and sleeping less, though a bulky person; a discerner of others' spirits and very much a master of his own. He was no busybody, nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical. He was so meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be his companion; a most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give offense. He was an incessant laborer, unwearied, undaunted in his service for God and his people; he was no more to be moved by fear than by wrath. On all occasions, like his beloved Master, he was the servant of all. He had an extraordinary gift of opening the Scriptures. But above all he excelled in prayer; it was a testimony that he lived nearer to the Lord than other men.

Thomas Ellwood, friend and amanuensis of Milton and suggester to him of "Paradise Regained," knew Fox intimately for thirty years and was the editor of his Journal. This is a part of what he says about him:

> He was indeed a heavenly minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord, and preferring the honor of God before all things. . . . He was valiant for the truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it, immovable as a rock. . . . Graceful he was in countenance, manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communion, instructive in discourse, and free from affectation in speech or carriage.

He was a man of lionlike courage and adamantine strength of will, absolutely truthful, fearless, wholly devoted to what he believed to be his God-appointed mission, and without any of those sidelong looks at worldly promotion and personal aggrandizement which many fairly sincere leaders of church parties have cast at intervals during their journey. He was entirely persuaded that he had a message from God to deliver to mankind, and in its deliverance he was ready to endure everything cheerfully. As an

evangelist he had no equal in the century in which he lived, and it is doubtful if any one so thoroughly acquainted with the deep things of God and so successful in impressing them upon the people had appeared for some hundreds of years in England.

He was an extraordinary man in many ways. As an organizer of the Quaker system he deserves high praise, showing great powers as a religious legislator for the new society. He was far in advance of his age. He it was mainly who associated philanthropy inseparably with Quakerism. He advocated general education, was anxious that Philadelphia should have a botanical garden, battled for perfect religious and civil liberty, pleaded for the rights of the Negro and for the reform of the prisons. He exhibited marvelous power and keenness in the courts, boldly confronting the prejudiced judges, defying the bar, puzzling the lawyers with his subtleties, picking flaws in the indictments, and wringing from the baffled magistrates reluctant acquittals. His courage and skill were most marked. All were struck with the energy and firmness of his addresses, the force of his language, his just application and accurate knowledge of the Holy Writings. He was usually able to confute all opponents who made the Scripture their rule of doctrine, his quotations being always to the point and his explanations clear. In conversation he was grave, courteous, full of love and good will to all mankind. He was a wonderful example of his own doctrine that Christian perfection was to be attained by the perfect submission of our wills to God's will, through the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. George Bancroft said, "The mind of George Fox had the highest systematic sagacity." Coleridge said, "There exist folios on the human understanding and the nature of man which would have a far juster claim to high rank if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fullness of heart and intellect as burst forth in many a single page of George Fox." Professor Huxley writes of the Journal as containing passages of great beauty and power. Charles Lamb also speaks very highly of it. Sir James Mackintosh describes the famous Journal as "one of the most extraordinary and instructive narratives in the world, which no reader of competent judgment can peruse without revering the

virtue of the writer, pardoning his self-delusion. and ceasing to smile at his peculiarities."

In person Fox was somewhat corpulent and his height above the common standard. His countenance was smooth and placid, his intelligent gray eyes were vivid and piercing. He was tall, strongly built, a singularly handsome man, with a powerful voice and a dignified appearance. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat of tanned leather. He possessed a rarely equaled power of influencing men. His patrimony was amply sufficient to supply his frugal needs and provide funds for his travel and his work. His marriage, late in life (1669), to the capable and most devout widow of Judge Fell was one of rare Christian beauty and perfect harmony. Oliver Cromwell was greatly impressed by him and treated him with distinguished consideration. He was brought before the Protector several times and talked with him very freely, exhorting him "to keep in the fear of God that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and that it might order all things under his hand to God's glory." "I spoke much to him of truth," writes Fox, "and a good deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately As I spake he several times said it was very good and true. As I was turning to go he catched me by the hand and with tears in his eyes said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of the day together we should be nearer one to the other,' adding that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul." Fox met the Protector at other times, rode by his carriage at his invitation and talked much with him, interceding in behalf of those who were suffering, and was always well received. He warned him against accepting the kingship, which was taken in good part, and with thanks. A letter from Fox to Cromwell concludes thus: "From a lover of your soul who desires your eternal good." Fox and the other chief Quakers regarded Cromwell as a man raised up by God, whose service, however, would have been much greater had he been completely faithful. His moderate attitude toward the Friends endeared him to them. He and they felt mutual esteem for one another, recognizing similar qualities and sincerities.

The full title of the celebrated book already referred to (the title given it by Editor Ellwood) is this: "Journal, or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, Christian Experience and Labor of Love in the work of the ministry, of that ancient, eminent, and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, George Fox." It is one of the most striking, original, and valuable human documents now available to man, not in all parts easy to read, with many pages that can profitably be skipped, especially those containing his extended letters, but, on the whole, breathing so lofty a spirit and chronicling so marvelous a career that it has highest claim to reverence and attention. Methodists will inevitably be reminded of Wesley's Journal, which was perhaps suggested to him by this one, although, so far as we are aware, he never refers to it. Wesley had considerable dealings with the Quakers of his day, sometimes pleasant, sometimes the contrary. He heartily approved the earnest religious spirit he met among them and commended them for the plainness of their dress and speech, bearing witness that the love of God was in their hearts. But when they stirred up dissension in some of his societies he issued a pamphlet setting forth clearly his strong objections to many of their tenets and practices. He called Robert Barclay's Apology (the chief standard of doctrine among the Friends) "that solemn trifle," and says, "Between me and the Quakers there is a great gulf fixed. The ceremonies of baptism and the Lord's Supper keep us at a wide distance from each other." He calls their "theeing and thouing" "a piece of egregious trifling, which would tend to make all religion stink in the nostrils of infidels and heathen." Many of their practices gave great offense to his stalwart common sense and his high church affiliations. In his Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion he speaks of some of the inconsistencies of their community in very severe terms. "A silent meeting," he says, "was never heard of in the church of Christ for sixteen hundred years." To a person who had left his society and joined the Quakers he writes:

> Friend, you have an honest heart, but a weak head; a zeal, but not according to knowledge. Once your zeal was against ungodliness. Now it is against forms of prayer, against singing psalms or hymns, against

appointing times of praying or preaching, against saying "You" to a single person, uncovering your head, or having too many buttons on your coat. O what a fall is here, what poor trifles are these!

Quakerism anticipated Methodism in many important points: its hostility to the abominations of Calvinism, its advocacy of Christian perfection, its emphasis on inward experience and the direct guidance of the Spirit, its itinerancy, the prominence given to women's labors, its noble endurance of gross misrepresentation and fierce persecution for Christ's sake, as well as in the curious detail of conducting the business of meeting by means of answers to queries. Quakerism met the hunger of its century, the seventeenth, for a genuine burning word of God, just as Methodism did that of the eighteenth, and the rise of Methodism in the eighteenth century so satisfied this longing without the needlessly offensive peculiarities of Quakerism that the ground was effectively cut from under the latter and their increase prevented. Perhaps they resented this. At least they did not profit by the general religious awakening inaugurated by the Wesleys as did other bodies of Christians. They stood on one side idly watching the mighty work go on, and some of them criticized and condemned it. They neither helped it nor were helped by it. The light of Quakerism in that age of increasing darkness which preceded the coming of the Wesleys had gone out, or was hidden under the bushel of their meeting houses. God rebuked their degeneracy, it has been well remarked, with a divine irony. The first revelation that Fox had, an important one for his day, was that "being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to qualify men to be ministers of Jesus Christ." God now showed the Quakers that being bred at Oxford was not enough to disqualify men from being chosen messengers of salvation. Fox protested most fiercely against "a hireling clergy" as being "priests of Baal." But now these were the ones in large measure that turned the people back to God. John Wesley accomplished a work for his day almost exactly analogous to that of his predecessor, George Fox. His better-balanced brain and university training, also the more advanced century in which he lived, gave him large advantage over Fox; his longer life and superior organizing ability also helped. But

he was no more thoroughly devoted to God and nowhere nearly as much persecuted.

Fox was born July, 1624, at Drayton in Leicestershire, his parents being upright, God-fearing, and of martyr stock. His boyhood was sedate and devout. His relatives wished him to be a priest, but he was finally apprenticed to a man who was shoemaker, wool dealer, grazier, and cattle merchant. In these matters he showed himself skillful and brought much prosperity to his employer. In July, 1643, being nineteen, he left his relatives and his business and started out to see what God would have him do, being persuaded that he was called to some special work. He wandered about in much darkness for a while, getting no competent counsel, finding no one who could "speak to his condition," but studying the Bible, praying, and groping his way toward the light. At length, in 1646, he came to a personal knowledge of Christ as the one able to save and keep from sin. He was taken up into the love of God, he says, and made to apprehend that Christ is able to destroy the devil and all his works, "and is at top of him." Continuing to meditate, with fasting and prayer and weeping, God brought him out into a still larger and wealthier place and taught him how to lead a holy life. He is widely quoted as somewhere saying (possibly concerning an experience at this time), "I knew Jesus, and he was very precious to my soul; but I found something in me which would not keep patient and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave him my will he came into my heart and cast out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient; and then he shut the door." After this he began to have "openings" or disclosures of truth which formed the basis of his public teaching. The first three were to the effect that none are true believers but those that have passed from death unto life, that university training is not enough to make a man a true minister of Christ, and that God dwells in human hearts rather than in temples made with hands—the latter being simply meeting houses, not churches.

Going one day, 1649, into "the great steeple house" at Nottingham, he heard the priest praising the Scripture as that by

which doctrines and opinions were to be tried. Whereupon he was moved to cry out, "O, no, it is not the Scripture, but it is the Holy Spirit which is to lead us into all truth and give us all knowledge. "The officers promptly seized him for this and thrust him into a nasty, stinking prison," the smell whereof got so into his nose and throat that he could scarcely breathe. This was his first experience of those terrible prisons with which he was to become so sadly familiar during the next thirty years. A century and a quarter was yet to roll away before John Howard horrified the people of England by his disclosures of the condition of the pestilential jails. In Fox's time the loathsome foulness of these places and the cruelty freely practiced in them almost surpasses belief. The prisons now are homes of great comfort, palaces, compared with those rotten pest holes which were sometimes little better than cesspools. It was in places like these that Fox spent six years out of the next twenty-five. In 1650 the magistrates at Derby committed him to the house of correction for six months as a blasphemer because he preached against their sins. When the term of commitment was about out, the commissioners of the commonwealth offered him a captaincy, the soldiers having clamored for him; on his refusing, because of his objection to war, they were greatly enraged and bade the jailer put him among the rogues and felons. So, he says, "I was put into a lousy, stinking place without any bed, and among thirty felons, where I was kept almost half a year." Many people thought he would never come out alive. A little later he was imprisoned at Carlisle among thieves and murderers, amid all manner of filth, "never a house of office to it," he says, "and the prisoners so lousy that one man was almost eaten to death with lice; and the jailer was very cruel and beat me with a cudgel for no offense." In 1655 he was put into Doomsdale, where they put murderers after they were condemned; few that went into it ever came out again in health. The excrements of the prisoners that from time to time had been there had not been carried out for many years, so that it was all like mire, in some places to the tops of the shoes. The jailer would not let them cleanse it, nor suffer them to have beds of straw to lie on. He poured filth upon them through holes above.

They were obliged to stand up all night, for they could not sit down in such ordure. It was evident that they meant to kill him.

He was arrested almost times without number, but in no case for having done any wrong. It was usually because he would not (could not conscientiously) take oaths, and would not remove his hat as a mark of respect, or would not go to "the steeple houses," or, when there, would deliver his soul. He had very many marvelous escapes from death at the hands of the mob. Often and often the rabble would set upon and beat him until he fell down in a swoon, would stone and strike him with dogwhips and horsewhips until his body and arms were yellow and black and blue with the bruises received. At one time they threw him headlong over a stone wall. At another they knocked him down, kicked him, trampled on him, beat him with stones and staves till he lay senseless on the wet earth. When able to get up he stretched out his arms and said with a loud voice, "Strike again; here are my arms, my head, my cheeks." And they did strike, with redoubled fury. At one prison he lay all one cold winter in a tower where he was almost smothered with smoke coming from beneath, from the rooms of other prisoners; where it rained upon his bed, where the wind blew open whatever he put in to stop the rain from coming, until his body, nearly starved, was so racked with pains that it greatly swelled and his limbs were much benumbed. At another time, he writes, "I was so weak with lying almost three years in cruel and hard imprisonment, my joints and my body were so stiff and benumbed that I could hardly get upon my horse nor bend my joints, nor well bear to be near the fire, or to eat warm meat, I had been kept so long from it." Once after being beaten and stoned he quietly remarks, "Being filled with the Lord's refreshing power I was not sensible of much hurt I had received by their blows."

He bore everything patiently, in the sweetest and most forgiving spirit, unshaken in his loyalty to the government, unsoured in his disposition toward mankind. "The more they imprison me, the more the truth spreads," he writes. He would not walk out of prison, though he was given many opportunities, if there was any suspicion attaching to it that he was flinching from his appointed

testimony or that he was himself escaping at the expense of other less prominent people. On the contrary, he exposed himself intentionally to shield others. He always sought the post of danger and the most arduous work. His freedom was frequently offered him if he would go home and preach no more, or if he would pay the jailers' fees, but this he always refused. And the prison doors were at last opened unconditionally, there being nothing else to do. He lay in prison a long time on one occasion because he would not accept the king's pardon. "I was not free to receive it," he says, "knowing that I had not done evil. I had rather have lain in prison all my days than come out in any way dishonorable to truth; wherefore I chose to have the validity of my indictment tried before the judges." The case was finally brought before the judges, after many delays, and there were found to be so many and such gross errors in the indictment that it was quashed, as null and void, and he was set at liberty.

> Thus, though I had suffered imprisonment a year and almost two months for nothing, I was fairly set at liberty upon the trial, on the errors of my indictment, without receiving any pardon or coming under any obligation or engagement at all; and the Lord's everlasting power went over all, to his glory and praise. . . . When I was in prison . . . a friend went to Oliver Cromwell and offered him, body for body, to lie in Doomsdale in my stead if he would set me at liberty. Which thing so struck him that he said to his great men, "Which of you would do so much for me if I were in the same condition?" He did not accept the friend's offer, saying it was contrary to law, yet the truth thereby came mightily over him.

This offer to substitute was quite a common thing. Many friends did this out of love to God and their brethren, that they might not die in the stinking jails, "and in love to those that cast them in, that they might not bring innocent blood upon their heads; which we knew would cry to the Lord and bring vengeance upon them." In 1659 no less than one hundred and sixty-four Friends assembled in Westminster Hall and sent to the House of Commons a paper offering their bodies, person for person, to lie in jail in place of those that had been for a long time imprisoned. The House did not like it at all, because of the scandal cast on the magistrates and ministers, and ordered those who were assembled to go home. They were men of substance and position in the Quaker

community. It was surely among the golden deeds of history. There were seldom less than one thousand in prison for the truth's testimony. In the midst of the turmoils and disturbances of the times it was very easy to rake up charges against anybody, and it was constantly done against the Quakers to get them into trouble. When King Charles II came in, about seven hundred Friends were set at liberty who had been put in prison under Oliver and Richard. But in the Fifth Monarchy excitement, very soon after that, several thousands of Friends were cast into prison and suffered severe persecution although perfectly innocent. In 1662 the number in prison was 4,200, and twenty died that were in the jails of London alone; in 1664 twenty-five; in 1665 fifty-two; and many others, after being set at liberty, died in consequence of their sufferings. There is no parallel to this in the history of the last three centuries. In a letter to King Charles, Fox says that 3,173 were imprisoned for conscience' sake under the Protector, and seventy-three of these are still imprisoned, and thirty-two have died, and that 3,068 have been imprisoned in the king's name. Between the years 1660 and 1685, the reign of Charles II, over 13,000 Friends were imprisoned in England, 198 were transported as slaves, 338 died in prison or of wounds received in assaults while attending meeting. The pretexts usually were refusal to pay tithes, or swear, or remove the hat, or preaching in public places, or disturbing public worship, or Sabbath-breaking, or traveling to their meetings, or holding an unlawful assembly under the Conventicle Act. All the old statutes of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, which had been passed against the Papists and other recusants, were brought to bear against them, and new and cruel statutes were passed to torment them in cases where the old ones failed to answer. The most grievous fines, a large portion of which went to the informer, were imposed upon them. On the Quakers of Bristol there were levied at one time fines amounting to £16,400; and the value of their property destroyed in England during the period of tribulation amounted to more than £1,000,000. They bore all without flinching, never returning evil for evil, nor showing any spirit of retaliation. When urged to denounce their enemies, they invariably replied, "We leave them to the Lord."

This history affords one of the most striking pictures of Christian resignation under suffering that the world has yet witnessed. They ultimately triumphed by the might of passive resistance, wearing out their persecutors and purchasing for England the precious jewel of religious liberty. Between fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred Quakers were released by the Act of Indulgence of James II in 1686. Then came the Toleration Act of William and Mary, in 1688, which practically put an end to the wretched business, and the Friends were left in peace to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Then a strange thing occurred. Up to that time, and a little after, their numbers had pretty steadily increased until there were over 35,000 in 1661; 60,000 in 1688; and perhaps nearly 100,000 in the three kingdoms in 1700, mostly drawn from the trading and yeoman classes, although there were some artisans and laborers, a fair number of merchants, and a few gentry. But this was their highest point. When the sufferings stopped the growth also soon stopped. Prosperity was much more fatal than persecution. They grew rich, and wealth brought conformity to the world. Fox's death closed the heroic, apostolic age of Quakerism. His health was much impaired by his long imprisonments, many hardships, and extensive travels in Europe and America, besides the many perplexing cares of management which multiplied upon him toward the last. But he labored with single-eyed faithfulness to the end, and passed on in the sixty-seventh year of his age, December 13, 1690. As he came out of his last meeting, a day or two before the end, he said, "I thought I felt the cold strike to my heart," but added, "I am glad I was there; now I am clear, I am fully clear." In his closing hours he said, "All is well, the Seed of Good reigneth over all, and over death itself." Thus he finished his task—a man of heroic mold, of dauntless courage, of invincible faith, with a quenchless fire of love for his fellow men and an all-absorbing purpose to be true to God. This will excuse many mistakes of judgment, many failures to apprehend the Scriptures rightly and to hear the Spirit's voice correctly. Much of his work was destroyed because the materials were wood, hay, and stubble, but his personal salvation was a great one. Few men have de-

served better of their generation or have lifted a stronger, clearer voice of faithful testimony. He stands with the martyr throng. He overcame by blood. He must be very dear to Christ and very near his throne.

In 1700 the Quakers were estimated to be equal in number to all the other Nonconformists (Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Roman Catholics) put together. In 1800 their number in Great Britain and Ireland had sunk to 20,000, in 1880 to 15,000. There are few more now, 22,000 being connected with the London and Dublin Yearly Meetings, but this includes about a thousand in Australasia and Europe. Meanwhile the population has increased from 5,000,000 in 1700 to 40,000,000 at present. If they had retained their own children they would have at least 700,000. Quakerism is practically extinct on the continent of Europe, only two hundred remaining, half of them in Norway. In America it has done better and now numbers (including Hicksites and Wilburites as well as Orthodox) about 125,000, of whom 100,000 are Orthodox. The estimate for America in 1800 was 50,000 and in 1850, 70,000.

The astonishing decline in England has been very carefully looked into and there are abundant explanations. Here are some of them: The disowning or expulsion of great multitudes for marrying out of society, or being married in the churches; the practice of birthright membership, by which all children of Quakers were registered as members without profession of faith or change of heart; little effort was made to add proselytes by conversion from the world, so that the society was turned into a clan, or close corporation, with little infusion of new blood; the snare of accumulating wealth led to worldly conformity and spiritual laxity; undue insistence on minor matters, such as speech and dress, the tendency being to emphasize them rather than love to God and one's fellow men, of which, of course, they had no monopoly; opposition to art and music; silence in worship as a principal part of it, a system which could not appeal to any but a small class; poor preaching, due to the prevalence of the idea that intellectual attainments are of little or no value to a true ministry, and that education in such cases is a hindrance; disuse

of baptism and the Lord's Supper; depreciation of the Bible; little employment of public prayer or Scripture reading; emigration. These and other such things sufficiently account for the rapid falling off of numbers and zeal. It is thought that the rigid enforcement of the marriage rule (no marriage in parish churches by priests) cost the society about one third of its membership, including many who were better Christians than those whom the discipline did not touch. The movement stiffened into formalism, became strenuous about mere technicalities and careless about aggression and evangelistic efforts, and so sank into a small powerless sect possessed of large pecuniary means, but of little spirituality, strong in social and humanitarian efforts, but weak in the conversion of sinners. John Wesley, in a letter dated 1772, says, "Go not near the tents of those dead formal men called Quakers."

Furthermore, an exceedingly fundamental feebleness in the sect was this: it never succeeded in properly defining and adjusting its chief doctrine, the Inward Light, or the manifestation of Christ in the heart, the immediate teaching and influence of the Holy Spirit in the human soul. This was Quakerism's main mission and message to the world. But neither Fox himself, nor the stronger apologists who followed him, William Penn and Robert Barclay, were able to explain satisfactorily the relation of this Inward Light to the equally inward individual reason or to the external authority of Scripture and the historic Christ and the Church. This difficult and complicated matter, on which difference of opinion still remains among good men everywhere, had been but little threshed out in the seventeenth century, and it is not at all to be wondered at that Fox and his friends were incompetent to settle it. Puritanism was built on an infallible verbally inspired Bible, whose unlimited divine authority was accounted an axiom. Fox rightly revolted at the Puritan system, and got hold of an important truth when he laid chief emphasis on the voice within. But he was not able adequately to guard and guide it. And because it was not guarded it led him into fanaticisms and eccentricities that wrecked his enterprise as soon as the supporting influence of an unjust persecution and of his own personality were withdrawn. The Inward Voice, unchecked by other sources

of truth, is an unsafe guide. So is the Scripture; so is the reason; so is the church. The ultimate and supreme authority cannot rest in any one of these sources, but must consist of all combined. To appeal solely to the immediate voice of the Spirit in the individual soul is to invite numberless harmful idiosyncrasies. To appeal solely to the Scripture is to ignore the manifest weakness of a mere book religion with its possibilities of manifold contradictory interpretations. To appeal solely to the church is to run into the fogs and mists of tradition and the danger of sacerdotal despotism. To rely solely on the reason is to trust it in a region where it is unfitted to soar and to invite destructive pride of intellect. Each of the four must check the other. The Holy Spirit is supreme, no doubt, but he works in part through the good men of old who have left us their record of revelation; in part through the general body of good men to-day who constitute the spiritual or invisible church; in part through the human reason which must sit in judgment on conflicting claims; in part through the individual soul to whom he immediately speaks. A proper balance is manifestly the only safeguard from error. This Fox did not have—could not be expected to have. It was not so much his fault as his misfortune. His enemies and critics did not have it. He escaped from their errors only to fall into some of his own. And errors along these same lines are by no means banished from the world even yet.

Quakerism has in many ways done a good work. If fanaticism was the word most closely associated with its early days, philanthropy has been preëminently the glory of its later years. Its labors for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, for the protection and instruction of the Indians and the weaker races of mankind, for the amelioration of penal laws and prison discipline, for the adoption of intelligent methods with regard to the insane, its outspoken testimony against war, intemperance, corrupting amusements, extravagance, and vain display, its recognition of the equal rights of women, are all extremely creditable. It has stood in the foreground of Christian reformers. It has maintained a high standard of integrity and practical virtue. Its annals have been adorned with not a few of the salt of the earth.

William Penn, Robert Barclay, John Joseph Gurney and his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, Stephen Grellet, John Woolman, John Bright, John G. Whittier, J. Rendall Harris, Albert K. Smiley, stand out most prominently. But there have been multitudes of others. It stands twenty-ninth to-day among the Christian denominations of America in point of numbers, and tenth in the smaller list of denominational families. It is quite steadily increasing in the States west of the Alleghanies, the Indiana Yearly Meeting being much the largest. Its adherents are confident that it has a future. Very extensive modifications have already taken place and are likely to continue. Vocal and instrumental music has been very generally introduced into its meetings, and there are even choirs, although congregational singing is the rule. There is usually a continuous service, with Scripture reading, prayers, and sermon, but occasional short periods of silence are quite largely a feature of the meetings, and liberty of soul is jealously guarded. The old peculiarities of dress and speech have been abandoned. The practice of using numerical names for the months and days is rapidly dying out in ordinary conversation. Regular ministers, with some special training, are now generally engaged and remunerated for their work, but the support of the pastors is meager and the average length of the pastorate is small, not over two years. Marrying out of society is no longer penalized. Revivals are held and about half the gains are from special evangelistic efforts. In short, the younger generation has taken things into its own hands pretty vigorously, and has decreed radical alteration in the various matters which time has clearly shown to be errors or fatal weaknesses. There is a close approximation to other denominations in very many particulars, an approximation which is sure to increase. A very vigorous and advancing interest in foreign missions has for some time prevailed. It began about forty years back. The Friends of England and America have prosperous missions now in Palestine, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Africa, Madagascar, Mexico, Alaska, Cuba, Jamaica, and Guatemala.

What do Friends stand for to-day? The Declaration of Faith, issued by the Richmond Conference in 1887 and quite

generally accepted by Friends as an authoritative statement, shows that in most particulars they are fully in line with other orthodox bodies and that the common ideals of the Christian church are theirs. They still insist, however, that the Lord appointed no outward rites or ceremonies for use in his church, and that the sacraments are to be observed only in a spiritual way. They oppose judicial oaths, and every kind of war; yet they hold that magistrates are to be a terror to evil doers and civil governments are to be obeyed, not specifying what ought to be done in case there is widespread refusal to obey. The Declaration announces that "whatsoever anyone says or does contrary to the Scriptures, though under profession of the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, must be reckoned and accounted a mere delusion," but it also asserts that "the great Inspirer of Scripture is ever its true Interpreter," and that "the sanctified conclusions of the church are above the judgment of a single individual." No specific mention is made of the Inward Light. So that it would seem a matter of doubt whether the Friends stand to-day as much as they did, or as much as they might with fitness, for this, their original insistence on a direct authoritative communication of the will of God to the soul. Their rules strongly advise against the use of tobacco and against joining secret societies.

What are the chief lessons of this Quaker movement, which, starting in 1647, when Fox entered on his ministry, has now seen two hundred and sixty-six years? We learn from it that a church shut up within itself will soon perish; it must be aggressive; that one generation of religious reformers very rarely bequeath to the next the same degree of piety or the same measure of zeal with which they themselves are inspired, but they may pass on a residuum of truth which shall flourish again after temporary subsidence; that no religion can live on its past; each generation must have fresh light from God for the needs of its own times, must have the courage and wisdom to slough off excrescences, change modes of statement, and adapt itself to the age in which it would operate, sacrificing the nonessential to safeguard and strengthen the essential; that some extravagance is better than dead formalism, for it indicates the presence of spiritual life; the

fanaticisms of Quakerism were, after all, of small moment compared with the great spiritual force which at first it carried, its true godliness and Christian faith; that the miraculous infallibility of the Bible and the supreme authority of the ever living Spirit are doctrines which cannot permanently coalesce; that there may be much inspiration without infallibility, and that the latter delusion, or the feeling of absolute certainty that we alone are right, is pretty sure to give rise to intolerance and bitterness toward opponents and the accounting that all who differ from us are sinners; that slavish literalness in the interpretation of Scripture, so common with the uneducated, leads invariably to inconsistency, for it cannot be uniformly carried out, and to a multitude of practical evils; that a truth may be very important, and yet not the whole truth, and if held inflexibly, without reference to its complementary parts, may do great mischief and give rise to harmful reaction; that persecution is powerless to destroy the truth, and only raises up more friends for that which is seen to be unjustly assailed and inflexibly supported; that a doctrine may be substantially right in itself, in the abstract, and yet may be unfitted for wide usefulness, taking the world as it is, because too refined or lofty for average human nature; Stephen Grellet could make, as he said, every common meal a sacrament, but most people cannot; that the common institutional type of religion, which so readily becomes fixed in rigid forms, needs continually to be corrected, enriched, and invigorated by a more spiritual conception wherein alone resides its life and power; that the task which confronts the Christianity of the twentieth century is the revitalizing of its forms, the pouring of heart power into its organization, and the exalting of the inward voice of the Spirit, which is in so much danger of being smothered by the rattle of ecclesiastical machinery. All this and more the study of Quakerism teaches.

James Mudge

Art. V.—PRAGMATISM AND HAECKEL'S DENIALS

Pragmatism has revivified present-day philosophy. In James, Schiller, Dewey, and others, the system has had stalwart exponents. Not yet has it clearly enough defined all of its basic conceptions to have gained the whole-hearted approval of philosophers, but among all thinkers it has deservedly won a sympathetic hearing. Its courage is commendable. Traditional speculation it is not afraid to criticize. The charge against this is that it too often tends to be satisfied with narrow abstractions. Too often it has a mania for mere "logic-chopping." It lives in the clouds. It despises concrete problems. Professing to seek the truth, it has been indifferent as to relating its discoveries to the practical needs of life. It has had a passion for the valid without being very enthusiastic about utility; an obsession for theories without caring much as to the vital significance of conclusions when demonstrated. As Bowne says:

> A fearful proportion of philosophic discussion has been at best empty and often pernicious. Consequently, common sense has thought rather meanly of philosophy, either as losing itself in abstract verbiage which makes no connection with reality, or else as falling into dangerous and destructive errors.

But pragmatism makes a new demand upon philosophy. It sets a definite task for speculation. This must relate itself to everyday life and must minister to human welfare. Any system which does not do this is a dreary Sahara of sterility. As Bawden says, "Philosophy is too frequently out of touch with the affairs of men." It must become as relevant to the needs of humanity as are religion and art and science. Philosophy for philosophy's sake has not been an unmixed blessing. It gets its new birth in becoming philosophy for life's sake. It must pay its way. It exists not merely to debate about truth, but to make truth serve the needs of man. Validity and utility must go hand in hand. As Bowne says, "The first, last, and only duty of philosophy must be to interpret this world of personal life and relations." Then is philosophy true to its high calling. As Schiller declares:

It is never more flourishing and influential than in periods when it seems to make some response to the outcry of the human soul; to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Reason and the ratiocinative process are justified only when they strive to satisfy and modify the feelings and desires which underlie all other aspects of personality. Ideas must be instruments to action. They must be forces to mold the destinies of men.

Consequently, by emphasizing what other systems have at times so flagrantly overlooked, pragmatism becomes, indeed, a new school of philosophy. It lays ever increasing stress upon the practical side of thought. Creighton argues that pragmatism subordinates logical thinking to the needs of practical life. Thought must not aim at truth in general, but purposes to discover in concrete circumstances the best means to the realization of some practical end that life demands. Any theory is demonstrated when it is proven that it will "work." The practical test of the truth of a theory must be by appeal to all of its consequences. Royce contends that every idea that is useful as a guide of life is so far true; and we regard as true those ideas which we personally find it convenient, successful, expedient, to treat as verifiable, even though we never verify. Never are we to lose sight of the practical bearings which we conclude the object of our conception may have. To trace and compare the respective consequences of different systems is the best way, therefore, of establishing the different meaning of the different concepts. Of pragmatism Bawden says:

It seeks to do justice to the neglected claims of common sense, of religious faith, and of science in determining a true philosophy of life. It has taken up arms against all forms of dogmatism and apriorism in so far as these stand for intellectual interests which do not grow out of nor minister to the needs of life.

That as a system pragmatism has not reached final conclusions is not to be wondered at. It is an explorer. Some of its characteristic contentions are far from convincing. In many points its argumentation is weak. Its basic tenets have not been clearly defined. But that it has won a permanent place in philosophy; that it has made significant contributions toward the solution of the ever-pressing problems of thought and life; that it has proven itself friendly to man's larger interests—this all

must be readily acknowledged. Probably its greatest strength lies in the fact, mentioned by James, that it is merely a new way of saying some important things more or less clearly advocated for some time. For its historic background it goes back to the immortal Kant and his advocacy of the doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason. We cannot prove the reality of God, freedom, immortality, and the moral law; but, since we are active, volitional, rational beings, we have both the right and the duty to postulate the reality of these things and whatever else may be essential to moral action. That the theologian, therefore, should have become profoundly interested in the new school of thought is easy to understand. Somehow the opinion has gained wide currency that pragmatism is a strong ally to religion, and that by it faith finds new arguments for its existence. There is no doubt that "faith" as a religious asset has vastly more value philosophically since James wrote his Will to Believe. Pragmatism has endeavored to become spokesman for the entire nature of man. With significant insistence has it laid emphasis upon all the mystical needs of man's spirit. It has not hesitated to champion the worthfulness of the unproven, the mysterious, the subconscious, the instinctive, the intuitional. It argues that the true is not merely that which is defensible by irrefutable logic. The true is that which ministers to man's spirit, enlarges his life, enhances his glory, protects his dignity, increases his happiness, safeguards his spiritual interests, ennobles his character. By these majestic tests is the validity of truth definitely and incontrovertibly demonstrated; nor can any demonstration be more conclusive. Just here does pragmatism make vital connection with the age-long controversy between theism and materialism. Materialism has always endeavored to accredit itself by discrediting some of the undemonstrable tenets of theism. Its appeal has always been to the reason, from which in vain a final answer could be sought. Ever has it pretended to prove its own strength by pointing out the unproven conclusions of theism, but as to its own essential weakness there has never been any serious doubt. It is a speculative absurdity. It does violence to every canon of logic and reason. It has utter worthlessness as an explanation of the problems of

life and nature. But, despite this unanimous verdict of accredited philosophy, it finds, even in our day, a lonesome but vociferous advocate in Ernest Haeckel, of Germany. For a lifetime he has been endeavoring to give currency to his discredited speculative aberrations—but in vain. Nor can there be found against all of his conclusions a more stalwart, unyielding foe than the pragmatist. This new type of philosopher insists upon investigating materialism, not merely from the standpoint of its intellectual conceptions. Its validity must be determined not only according to the standard of reason, but by the broader demands of the entire human nature. Is Haeckel's monism true? Then—so answers the pragmatist—it must minister to life. If it is philosophically tenable it must enhance human welfare. If as a system it is worthy, it must minister to the profound needs of man's complete personality. It must react favorably upon every vital human interest. As a philosophic scheme it must assist in the transformation and uplift of society in its manifold phases. Never can its validity be determined merely by its conformity to abstract intellectual norms, but by its total reaction upon life. If it does not stand approved under this test, then its fundamental insufficiency is demonstrated; and more completely and radically demonstrated than if it were merely proven to be speculatively insufficient.

A conclusion is a vital thing. It must never be considered irrespective of consequences. One of the biggest blunders among certain philosophers has been just this tendency to undervalue any but the intellectual arguments. The "true" has been conceived merely as that which was logically consistent and in all details demonstrable. But the pragmatist insists upon trying the case in another court. Of vastly more significance to him than logical consecutiveness is the proof which is furnished by practical consequences as these show themselves in mankind's everyday life. This is the highest, the final appeal. That which is condemned by its practical results is indisputably false. As Bawden declares, "The real is the needful; the important, the necessary." Most wisely does James insist that, unless this test is legitimate, metaphysical disputes would be interminable, and that the pragmatist

is right in demanding that, where systems are antagonistic, the legitimate way to determine their respective values is by trying to interpret each notion through tracing the respective practical consequences. Pierce's fundamental contention was that beliefs are really rules for action, and that we need only consider what conceivable effects of a practical kind the object may involve. An idea is true so long as to believe it is profitable to our lives. The true is the source of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good, too, for definite assignable reasons. Certain ideas are not merely good to think about, or agreeable as supplementing other ideas that we are fond of, but they also are helpful in life's practical struggles. Nor can the significance of such an interpretation of truth be overestimated. The deathblow to materialism comes not from logic, but from life. That which belittles life, and mildews its glories, and destroys its higher potencies—that is hopelessly false. If theism as a system is justified by its total of consequences upon life, then, by the same test, materialism as signally fails. Apply all of this to the philosophy of Haeckel. For more than a generation he has been one of the foremost scientists of his time. In the field of original research his work has been remarkable; but he aspires to be a philosopher. He has endeavored not merely to collect data, but metaphysically to interpret them in all of their interrelations. But this task requires peculiar mental gifts and intellectual insight, and in these he has been pitifully lacking. In the grasp of some of the fundamental problems of philosophy he has been woefully deficient. Consequently, he degenerates, in his argumentation, to an egotistic dogmatist. Bitterly attacking the traditionalists for their adherence to orthodox beliefs, he himself becomes the most arrogant of dogmatists. At the cardinal beliefs of Christianity he contemptuously sneers. Faith he tries to laugh out of court. With the precious facts of spiritual religion he is utterly out of sympathy. Nor does he realize that among accredited philosophers he stands as one of the most ludicrous theorizers of his generation. He belongs to that class of thinkers of whom Bawden says that they spin a universe out of their own inner consciousness and try to make facts fit their system. Haeckel always despiritualizes the universe.

Always matter is supreme. He disputes every accepted essential of theology and metaphysics. His denials take a threefold form. Made delirious by naturalistic conceptions, his life-passion has been to overthrow the belief in God, freedom, and immortality. Against each he marshals the so-called unanswerable facts of science until to his own mind they are utterly discredited as valid intellectual conceptions. He declared: "Monistic cosmology proved, on the basis of the law of substance, that there is no personal God; comparative and genetic psychology showed that there cannot be an immortal soul; and monistic physiology proved the futility of the assumption of free will. The science of evolution made it clear that the same iron laws that rule in the inorganic world are valid, too, in the organic and moral world." For a Supreme Being he finds no necessity. He declares: "Throughout the whole of astronomy, geology, physics, and chemistry there is no question to-day of a personal God whose hand disposeth all things in wisdom and understanding." In place of God he hypostasizes a mysterious "matter" concerning which he says: "Matter, or infinitely extended substance and spirit, or sensitive and thinking substance, are the fundamental attributes of the all-embracing divine essence of the world, the universal substance. The abstract law of mechanical causality now rules the entire universe as it does the mind of man. The anthropomorphic notion of a deliberate architect and ruler of the world has gone forever, and the eternal iron laws of nature have taken his place." In the same spirit of iconoclasm does he deny the belief in man's free will. This he boldly declares to be but "a pure dogma based upon an illusion, having no real existence and not being an object for critical scientific inquiry." He claims that the great struggle between the determinist and the indeterminist has ended to-day, after more than two thousand years, completely in favor of determinism. The human will has no more freedom than that of higher animals. Each act is fatally determined by the organization of the individual and is dependent upon the momentary condition of the environment where the strongest motive prevails. Physiological changes regulate all mental states, and consequently control all action. From this denial of the freedom of the will to the

disbelief in immortality is but a step. This he calmly calls "the highest point of superstition, the impregnable citadel of all mystical and dualistic notions." Philosophical thought, he claims, is complicated by the selfish interests of the human personality, who is determined to have a guarantee of his existence beyond the grave at any price. The higher necessities of feeling are so powerful that they sweep aside all the logical arguments of the critical reason. In the light of the empirical data of modern biology the belief is a monstrous, selfish delusion. There is an immortality of the cosmos, but no individual immortality, for such a thing as a soul is a misnomer. The human soul is merely a collective title for all the psychic functions of protoplasm, and these are all determined by physical and chemical processes. Haeckel is surprised that to-day millions of believers, even of the cultured classes, look upon the superstition as their dearest possession and their most priceless treasure. The belief is but an empty dogma which is in hopeless conflict with the most solid empirical truths of modern science.

Thus speaks Haeckel, the archapostle of materialistic monism. But despite his loud protestations and his reckless dogmatism, mankind tenaciously clings to these three fundamentals of reason and faith. At every cardinal point the traditional philosopher can demonstrate Haeckel's bankruptcy. Materialism is the climax of irrationality, the very culmination of superficial reasoning.

But there is a higher disproof of Haeckel's system than that which comes even from logic. Apply the pragmatic text to his dogmatisms, and only then do we fully see their inherent weakness. Test his materialistic beliefs by the results they inevitably produce upon life, and then only does the overwhelming disproof of their claims appear. Measure them by their practical consequences, and then is their iniquitous insufficiency irrefutably demonstrated. If, as pragmatism maintains, truth is that which satisfies a need, and truth must be validated by its results, then how signally do Haeckel's contentions fail. If, as James declares, "truth is that which gives the maximum possible sum of satisfaction and produces those abundant consequences useful to life," then how fundamentally fallacious are Haeckel's denials concerning God,

freedom, and immortality. The practical argument for the existence of God is unanswerable. Destroy the belief in a Supreme Being, undermine humanity's trust in an all-wise, all-loving Creator, and life's glory departs. As James states, "The use of the Absolute is proven by the whole course of religious history." If there is no God, then the universe is an awful chaos; then spiritual manifestations are meaningless; then prayer is a solemn farce; then religious aspirations are wild delusions; then ethical standards that rule among men are but pretentious mockeries. Then there can be no high demand for royalty of conduct, and unselfishness of sacrifice, and heroism under suffering, and courage in the face of hardship. All these regal things have their meaning only as they are recognized to be the achievements of man's spirit striving to conform itself to the holy character of an infinite, or overruling, omnipotent, benevolent Spirit. All have their roots in the belief in God. Not by accident is it that the materialism that denies God reacts most tragically upon life. It inevitably opens the floodgates to degrading passion and debasing animalism. It plunges humanity into the despair and hopelessness of pessimism. It incites to most heartless selfishness. It despiritualizes life. Overthrow man's belief in an ethical God, and immediately moral values disappear. Lose sight of a holy, self-sacrificing God, demanding righteousness and unselfishness and love, and immediately the soul becomes a cesspool of passion and hatred and selfishness. Question the existence of a Being who is interested in the establishment of a "moral kingdom" among men, and all spiritual strivings, all willing acceptance of the harsh experiences of life that discipline the soul, all struggle against lower tendencies—all these forever cease. Life in its higher ranges becomes utterly impossible without the thought of God to stir, purify, and ennoble. Well does Bowne say, "Theism is the demand of our moral nature, a necessity of practical life. Our human interests can be conserved and our highest life maintained only on a theistic basis." Atheism ever fails to solve the problems of the world and of life. It can furnish no adequate motive to righteousness. It can guarantee no obedience to life's loftiest standards. It can arouse no great moral enthusiasm. Atheism hopelessly cripples life. Where there

are only blind, mechanical forces, operating without beneficent purpose, where there is no personal Being governing all things for his children's welfare, then all holy meaning forever vanishes from life. By the logic of direct necessity, therefore, does man's entire life call out after a God. Well does James declare, "If the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily, then it is true." In the light of this contention, how impregnable is man's belief in God; how imbecile Haeckel's denial of him.

Equally irrefutable is pragmatism's conclusion concerning freedom and immortality. Never must these vital realities be treated merely as verbal abstractions. These primary doctrines of theology and philosophy must be comprehended from the viewpoint of their tremendous practical usefulness to man. Deny freedom, conceive of man as a deluded automaton in the meaningless grasp of mechanical laws, and what are the deadly consequences to life? Then all distinctions forever vanish between right and wrong, error and falsehood. Then all personal responsibility ceases. If all action is physically determined, if choices are only seeming and in reality follow the line of least resistance, then individual accountability is totally overthrown. As an automaton man can have no ethical duties. Nothing can be expected morally of a being "held by iron laws." He must ever follow the strongest inward motive, however suicidal it may be. He must go with the current of his physical feelings, yield to all physical antecedents, even though these plunge him into a chaos of immorality. Indeed, spirituality, ethical conformity to high ideals, loyalty to truth, all of these would be meaningless achievements, because purely accidental. Then sane reason can have no place in the weighing of motives; then conscience can have no regal sway over man's thoughts and words and deeds; then final outcomes in character are insignificant; then life is tragically crippled; for this is eternally true: humanity feels the magnetism of high spiritual ideals, exercises most painstaking care in its moral choices, is persistently alert against error and evil; struggles valiantly against unethical pressures, only when it basically believes in its freedom. Determinism suffocates morality. And if by such a pragmatic test as this Haeckel's denial of freedom is condemned, how can it

claim to be philosophically decent? In precisely the same way must the essential validity of the belief in immortality be demonstrated. If it beneficially influences man's life, then pragmatism declares it to be true. If it adds to the sum total of his welfare, inspires him to moral achievement, uplifts him from the lower planes of existence, motives him for spiritual struggle, then its irrefutable truthfulness has been proven. As to the practical consequences of the doctrine there can be no question. It adds to man's dignity by placing the highest possible evolution upon him. It declares his essential sacredness. It holds out to him the glories of an ever-unfolding existence. It promises to him maturity in his spiritual powers. It furnishes him with the matchless incentive of a life under ideal spiritual conditions in the presence of the all-loving God. Nor can the significance of such a conception be overemphasized. It gives meaning to his aspirations. It holds him fast to his most exalted hopes. It purifies him from all guilt. It stirs him to unselfish endeavor for others. It nerves him to all heroism. It fires him with a desire for personal holiness. It makes the spirit brave under adversity, optimistic under hardship, hopeful under sorrow, triumphant under affliction. It inspires him to emulate the character of God, whose child it declares him to be. No wonder that, being fraught with such mighty consequences, it has become, as Haeckel says, "the last citadel of superstition." And legitimate it is for us to ask what would follow in practical life if this belief that thus transfigures humanity were destroyed. This is the final test, and to this there can be but one answer. Faith has a right to rule when thus grounded in man's highest needs. It will ever triumph when it gloriously declares that we are the children of God, destined through his love to inherit the rich eternities. Not even death can separate us from him. The moral universe is to triumph. Character will survive the shock of the grave. Because we are his children we are to see him and to be like him. These movings of our spirit that lead to a trust in him are the essential instincts of our God-touched nature that inevitably turn toward him. We may submit the life to him, believing that he will forever safeguard its highest interests.

Against Haeckel but one verdict can be brought by the pragmatist. His contentions are false because life proves them so. His denials not merely furnish no inspiration toward a noble existence; they terrifically damage life. They do irremediable injury to the holy nature of humanity. They suffocate the instincts of the spirit. They furnish no motives to nobility of character. They belittle all man's power. They furnish no incentive to social or individual righteousness. They negative his strivings. They hopelessly bewilder and perplex and dishearten humanity. And by their fruits are they known. Such a spiritualized society as is the result of the accepted Christian creed would be forever impossible under Haeckel's system. Because he minimizes the glory of life does life speak its irrevocable verdict against him. His denials are forever ruled out of court. They are not "the truth."

Philip F. Frick.

Art. VI.—ANCIENT WORTHIES—CHRISTOPHER NORTH

The books that have been tested and tried have held their grip. Death takes care of the paltry in literature. The ancient worthies were not owners of a ranch, but they dug deep in their garden-patch. To-day it takes a clear sunlight to see cause and results. The love for those tested books, with their true insight into human nature and their marvelous word painting, is not found in the heart of the commonplace man of this age. Alas and alas! His heart and brain are in love with business ventures, airships, electricity, gasoline, gas. "I am a stranger to you and you to me; if you be going this way I shall be glad of your company" (John Bunyan). Only the good reader finds the good book. One reader turns leaves, as the wind might in the Vale of Vallombrosa, and finds no meaning, while another, on those same leaves, finds passages which seem to be confidences laid aside from all else and unmistakably written for his eyes alone. Another reader is the ordinary book-consumer of commerce. He reads the book at the same moment that others are reading it. He is not seeking the culture of a finer, nobler manhood. He is not looking for books in which he will find such an inner meaning of nature and of life that all can be transmuted into character-building. This class of readers keeps a dragnet at the public library and the bookseller's, and to them all is fish which they haul to shore. There is a fashion in books as in garments, and vanity is gratified if one is up-to-date in coat, gown, or book. Did you ever notice the keen delight readers of "the best sellers" take in comparing mental notes in titles of books, or names of authors? But with books to-day, as with the fashion of the 1830 gown, there is a tendency to go back to the ancient, say the few who discern the literary styles from afar. Dr. Johnson once growled because no one possessed sufficient sense to pass by the modern book and read books that had been tested. But there is a difference between the age in which Dr. Johnson lived and the age in which we live. He may have done good by growling. They lived to think; to study, to admire what others had done. We live to pass away time; to seek pleas-

ure; to admire ourselves. The world is, also, full of those who cannot understand how it is possible for any past age to have the grace, force, beauty, wisdom in its life, in its literature, which our own age possesses, and to them the modern, the very latest, has a charm found nowhere else. Did you ever have your one lighted electric bulb suddenly go out in your den and leave you in total darkness? Your first involuntary thought was one of sympathy for the whole city left in total darkness. Every age and country, from the time of Job till this day, has had its grace, force, wisdom, in literature, and art, and science, though many may be ignorant of the fact. All the lights in the city were burning but our own defective bulb.

To take up a character like the one before us carries us back less than a century to that era named by Stedman as the era of "The General Choir," where the solo leaders were few in number. It was a time when recognition was slowly—O, how slowly!—given to Tennyson; when Wordsworth was growing into favor. Landor, who for seventy years was like the girl in the fairy story who whenever she spoke dropped pearls and diamonds, yet with all his ideality was never a leader. Beside these in that General Chorus were De Quincy, Thomas Moore, Hartley Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Montgomery, Joanna Baillie, Hogg, Maginn, Cary, Lockhart. "Christopher North," John Wilson, was born at Paisley, Scotland, May, 1785; died, near Edinburgh, April, 1854. At the age of thirteen Wilson became a student of Glasgow University, which then had a curriculum like a New England high school—the languages, philosophy, and literature. He lived in the family of Professor Jardine, and through the influence of this noted Professor of Logic and the cultured atmosphere of the home life he entered Oxford six years later as a gentleman-commoner, not dependent on the University Foundation; ate at the table, in silk gown and velvet cap, with the dons.

At Oxford Wilson competed for and obtained a prize of fifty guineas. The poem which won the prize was on "Painting, Poetry, and Architecture." Other poems were sent out to the world, so that when he went home to his mother's at Edinburgh his reputation had preceded him. Soon after this he wrote "The

Isle of Palms" and was at once placed among the best living authors. In this poem there is one passage describing the wreck of a vessel which might have been the Titanic:

O! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive thro all its leaves;
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of grief and joy
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife by turns she wept and smiled
As she looked on the father of her child,
Returned to her heart at last.
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of the waters is in his soul.
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;
The whole ship's crew are there!
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair.

Wilson was a man of wealth. When about twenty-seven he bought a romantic estate, called Elleray, on the banks of Windermere, in Westmoreland, where he became a friend and neighbor of Wordsworth at Rydal, and of Southey and Coleridge at Keswick. In one biography of Wilson his daughter gives a whole chapter to what she calls "a very tender episode" when he was a student at Oxford. The distressing statement is made that he had to take examinations just after he had given up all hopes of "eternal felicity" because of the loss of "Margaret's love." Soon after he bought Elleray he married the beautiful heiress Jane Penny of Liverpool. He fell in love with the lady when she was traveling, and followed her to various inns in the disguise of a waiter. Her father, after a time, noticed that wherever they went they had the selfsame attendant. An explanation was demanded. Wilson gave an explanation, his name and position in the world, then obtained

permission to win the love of the lady. The day they were married he wrote his friend Findley, "It is a mild and peaceful day, and my spirit feels calm and blest."

As might have been expected from such a temperament as Wilson's, he was deeply in love with his bride and, for thirty years, till the time of her death, she was, as wife, mother, counselor, companion, the greatest wealth a man could possess; happy herself in making her husband happy and in being the light and joy of the home.

The ideal life at Elleray was broken up by the loss of their property through the dishonesty of an uncle, who acted the part of the unjust steward and by his treachery sent Wilson and his family from affluence to poverty. His mother, a woman of influence and wealth, offered them a home in Edinburgh. He was admitted to the bar, but knew so little about his profession that when cases came to him he told Lockhart that he laid them on his table, "but he did not know what the devil to do next with them." Money had to be earned. The only thing he had ever done was to write poetry, and poetry, as sold in the market, would not furnish bread and butter for himself and family. The few little books he had published did not make an income sufficient to buy their salt. Periodical literature was getting well established, and contributors at that time were well remunerated. Jeffrey was editor of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, established in 1802. The London Quarterly was established in 1808, and Blackwood's in 1817. Jeffrey's Magazine was a Whig publication, while the Quarterly and Blackwood's were both in the Tory interest. Women have always been more or less interested in national affairs. And, also, they have been more or less prejudiced in regard to their own viewpoint. The mother of Wilson was a keen Tory. Wilson, to earn for his family, had an accepted manuscript for the Edinburgh Magazine. The mother heard of it; she called her son to her room and in a clear, cold tone remarked, "John, if you turn Whig, this house will be no longer big enough for us both."

These magazines, with the great London dailies, were established when the nation was quivering with a new sense of life. The periodicals with great eagerness took up the questions, one

after the other, of education, philanthropy, religion, trade, commerce, and, above all these questions, the political situation in continental Europe was a source of great anxiety in England, naturally making a great demand for the periodicals that gave information on the topics that interested the people. At once the new ventures were a success, nearly all having world-wide circulation. The rapid movements of statesmen and generals gave abundant supply of material, and the magazines, especially Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, at once took a high stand in quarters where formerly political articles had been tabooed. Blackwood was a decided party man, a Tory, and hated the Whigs with strong English hatred. From the first he planned to assail Jeffrey, his magazine and party. The history of the creation of Blackwood's Magazine, commencing with dull, uninteresting numbers, became, before the year passed, a matter of world record. In the October number appeared an article entitled, "Ancient Chaldee Manuscript," which was written after the fashion of the Old Testament and was a sharp satire on the most noted members of the Whig Party in Edinburgh. It created such astonishment, wrath, and hatred that Blackwood cut this article from the later numbers of the edition and no one confessed its authorship. It cost Blackwood several thousand dollars in suits and damages, but it brought the magazine to the front and, also, brought to it many powerful and constant writers, among whom was John Wilson, "Christopher North," the probable author of "The Chaldee Manuscript."

Among other writers of note were "Timothy Tickler," whose real name was Robert Syme, an uncle of John Wilson. John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, first came into notice in Blackwood, in February, 1819, where appeared a review of "Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk," a work said to have been written by Dr. Peter Morris, in which he sharply criticized the Whigs of Edinburgh, Scottish university education, the social life of the city, the bar of Scotland, with sketches of its leading members, the state of religion, and, by no manner of means the least of the loves and pride of Scotland, the famous Glasgow punch! The review of this book of "Peter's Letters" was said to have been

written by Mordecai Mullion—one of Lockhart's eidolons. The fact of the case was that no such book had been written, but the review excited so much curiosity and the book was so much in demand that further and fuller reviews were given with copious extracts, including descriptions of the leading lawyers, Cranstoun, Clerk, Jeffrey. The sensation was so considerable that Blackwood actually put into type, as fast as Lockhart could write it, what they called a second edition of "Peter's Letters." The outcry at the first was sharp, but many wise, beautiful, and descriptive chapters were produced, making such a mixture of sharp, serious, and absurd *postulatum,* with the wit and humor of the whole, that it was, as the English say, a very clever thing. The next thing that dazzled the reading world of Blackwood was Christopher in the Tent, the greater part of which was written by Wilson. But the learned effusion attributed to Dr. Parr was doubtless written by Lockhart, as was the amusing, mock-pathetic "Lament for Captain Paton," by the Odontist—then called tooth-extractor—James Scott. James Scott, the dentist, was a little bald-headed, illiterate, egotistical citizen of Glasgow, wholly ignorant of literature; but Lockhart, with other contributors to the magazine, took the man into their company, called him "doctor," kept him puffed up and mystified by publishing songs and ballads to which his name was attached, until the little man actually thought that he wrote them. They took the man's pet phrases and illustrations, mixing them so adroitly into the songs that even his acquaintances were deceived and wondered how such an ignoramus could write such things. They so worked upon the egotism of the man that he sang in public, as his own composition, the songs these men wrote. The clever ballad mentioned, "The Lament for Captain Paton," gained from the outside world such a reputation that, not long after its publication, James Scott, when on a visit to Liverpool, was actually entertained at a public dinner on the strength of his reputed connection with Blackwood. The wits, after that, even went to the length of announcing the publishing of a book, Ballads by James Scott, Esq. The dentist was eager to have the volume published, sat for his portrait for a frontispiece, and was willing to defray the expense of publication.

John Wilson now, eight years after his marriage and the beginning of a home at beautiful Elleray, apparently settled himself to literature as a vocation. He took a small house in Ann Street and with wife and six children took up the burden of a life of limitations. The next April the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the death of Dr. Brown. John Wilson became a candidate. Other distinguished men were competitors. In these days of office-seeking and political wrangling we can understand the bitter fight made by the friends of the candidates for this position of honor and responsibility. The two prominent candidates were brilliant Oxonians. One, Sir William Hamilton, Bart., had lived a quiet, studious life, affording no mark of censure to the most malicious enemy. On the other hand, John Wilson, though gifted with philosophic as well as poetic faculty, had by his trenchant pen excited much indignation. But, worse than all, he was a Tory, and of the positive kind, while the other candidate was a sane, sensible Whig. Sir Walter Scott used his influence in behalf of his friend Wilson, as did Lord Melville and other leading men in London. Wilson was elected, and for thirty-one years gave lectures, earnest, enthusiastic, eloquent; one biographer says "so beautifully blended were their poetry and philosophy that they were addressed as much to the heart as the head." The income from this honorable position was about $5,000 a year, which amount lifted from him any undue anxiety in regard to the care of his growing family.

Blackwood, who had a great knowledge of books and knew what the reading public desired, conducted the business department of his magazine, but depended upon Wilson to carry the heavy burden of providing its contents, either with his own pen or through contributors chosen by him. The letters written by Blackwood at this time, as published in the Life of Wilson, by Mrs. Gordon, tell the story of the work done by Christopher North. To somewhat relieve the mental pressure, the easily written, but brilliant, series of dialogues for the magazine were now commenced, the famous "Noctes Ambrosianæ." The name was not chosen, as one might think, because of the deliciousness of the food offered, but, according to the version given by Wilson, because the nightly

meetings were held in the parlor of a tavern keeper named Ambrose. In these dialogues, if Christopher North could get the help of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; of Dr. Maginn, the young, witty Irish genius; of Lockhart, learned, bright, ready, faithful, able; and of Syme—"Tickler"—he was thankful, but if for any reason they failed him, he invented the speech for each, put into the mouth of each his individuality, and from 1822 till February, 1833, Wilson never once disappointed Blackwood and never flagged in spirit, pluck, or interest. The Noctes contained such general information as the world wanted, sharp in personalities, keen in wit, restful, with a genial sense of humor, and excellent in its literary style.

Quotations could never give the many-sidedness of Christopher North nor the delightful and unexpected creations which would be enjoyed by the gentle reader. In one number, Hogg, with his charming Scotch patois, delights, Tickler gives his political opinions, which are the same as North's but widely different in mode of expression, and one really does not know whether North wrote them or Tickler (Syme) himself. Dr. Maginn, with his ready Irish wit, would be so personated that, to read what Christopher North gave to the world in these dialogues, one could but own that the author was story-teller, wit, critic, poet, essayist, and rhapsodist all in one. Alongside the story told by the devoted lover of nature there is the pathos of an incident that breaks the heart, philosophy deep as the Stagyrite's, and fun and wit and genial humor that bring sunshine to the day of darkest clouds.

When we remember the common conversation in even polite society in the time of the Georges we may consider this magazine comparatively free from coarseness. In one dialogue, supposed to be in the parlor of the tavern keeper, Christopher North tells the Shepherd (Hogg) that he is a great dreamer. The Shepherd takes up the cudgel and declares that it is a man's business to dream; that he scorns a man who does not dream, but snores instead. And he suddenly asks:

> "What would be the harm of puttin' him to death?"
> "What! murder a man for not dreaming?"
> "Na! na! but for no dreamin' and for snorin' at the same time. What

for blaw a trumpet through the hail house at the dead o' nicht just to tell that you've lost your soul—and your senses, and become a breathin' clod? . . . What a blow it maun be to a man to marry a snorin' woman! Think o' her durin' the hail honeymoon, restin' her head, with a long, gurgling, snorting snore, on the husband's bosom!"

One dialogue is supposed to be held at Buchanan Lodge, and all the contributors of the magazine are supposed to be interested in the "bonny bee-humming-bird-nest-concealing bower, with its bricht and balmy beauty that is nae less than a perfect poem!" North tells the Ettrick Shepherd to look at the humming bird:

How she covers within her couch—only the point of her bill and the tip of her tail visible—so passionately cleaveth the loving creature to the nestlings beneath her mottled breast. They will break the tiny shell, and, each morning beautifying from down to plumage, till next Sabbath sun shall stir them out of their cradle and scatter them in their first weak, wavering flight, up and down the dewy dawn of their native paradise. Hushed as a dream, shy, yet confiding, as she sits there ready to flee away with a rustle in a moment, yet linked within the rim by the chains o' mither love, motionless as if she were dead.

A storm is described so vividly that one almost dodges the mist as he sees

"the eddy churn the red river into a spray that is so updriving ye see not a hundred snaw-white torrents tumbling frae the tarns, and every cliff rejoicing in its new-born cataract. The lightning comes with a flash gaen' through the head until one fears he is stricken blind. The cloud army comes on in the dead march with nae muffled drums. Rattle-rattle-rattle as if great granite stanes were shot out o' the sky doon an invisible airn-roof and plunging sullenly into the sea. The eagle durna scream, but the demon, the raven, croaks-croaks—is it out o' the earth or out o' the air, cave, or cloud? My being is cowed in the insane solitude. . . . But pity me . . . bless me . . . is that a wee bit Hieland lassie sittin' in her plaid aneath a stone, a' by hersel', far frae hame, haein' been sent to look after the lambs? for I declare there is ane lyin' on her bosom, and its mither maun be dead! . . . Dinna be frichtened, my sweet Mhairi, for the lichtnin' shall na be allowed by our Father to touch the bonny blue riband round thy yellow hair. . . . There! a bit o' Scottish thunder and lichtnin' for you, Mr. Tickler, an gin it does na satisfy you—aff to the tropics for a tornadoe!"

There are few discussions on "Woman," but to us in this age, when women come to the front in divorce court and before police judge frankly stating that the husband is cruel, and wanting relief in cold cash for wounded body and distressed spirit, what was said nearly a century ago in similar cases is interesting. In the

"Noctes" the wife of a drunkard is seen in her darkened room, excuses made by her for the deserted home and for her bruised body, but never a word of blame on the drunken husband. Loyal to her marriage vow and loyal to the father of her children is the word-picture given.

One of the (imaginary) dialogues on "Women Phrenologists" is supposed to have been in a stage coach going to Edinburgh. Tickler pretends to go to asleep while the Shepherd holds conversation with one of the lady passengers, Mrs. Gentle, who asserts that "Phrenology is quite epidemic, Mr. Hogg, among our sex at Edinburgh." Mr. Hogg, having much the same opinion of a woman phrenologist as Dr. Max Schlapp, of Columbia University, has of a suffragette, remarked in reply that phrenologists fail to realize the duties of womanhood and seem to lose their womanly qualities. "The ladies that are phrenologists are bold among men; loud talkers, and long as weel as loud; grow red in the face when you happen to contradick them." He expresses his shame that men are willing to have their heads "pawed upon by fingers familiar with plaster o' Paris casts o' murderous Jezebels; . . . perhaps the very skull of her that has been hanged, and disseckit, and made an anatomy!"

"Aren't you pressing the point against phrenologists too far?" sweetly inquires Mrs. Gentle.

Here Tickler awakens.

Just before this ride in the coach the Shepherd and Tickler had been in bathing, and while in the water Tickler tells such a fascinating story about the mermaid who had come from the cave and had been also bathing that both forgot to get ready to go on board the steamer, and it came in sight while they were yet in the water. The Shepherd feels so much like a cherub—such as he sees in church, "just mere head"—that he forgets their condition and calls out to the captain for a boat. Tickler hushes him with, "Why, mon, no one ever boarded a steamer in our plight. There would be fainting from stem to stern, in cabin and steerage." The men waited for the next steamer.

The contributors did what they could to mystify the readers of the "Noctes" in regard to the people represented by the dif-

ferent characters. In one number they made "Christopher North" a man whom they are urging to marry the widow of some dead and gone general. But North declares that the minute he begins to press matters the widow takes out her handkerchief and, through sighs and sobs, speaks of "the dear old General."

The Shepherd curtly replies,

"Deevil keep 'the dear old General.' Has na the mon been dead these twenty years? And if he had been leevin', would na he been aulder than yoursel' and far more infirm? You're no in the least infirm, sir."

"Ah, James! that's all you know. My infirmities are increasing with years."

"Wad you be so unreasonable as to expect them to decrease with years? And her infirmities—"

"Hush!" answered North. "She has no infirmities."

"Nae infirmities! Then she's no worth a brass button. But let me ask you as an interrogatory, Hae ye ever put the question? Answer me that, sir."

"Why, James, I cannot say that I ever have."

"What?" said the Shepherd. "And you expect that she will put the question to you? That would indeed be puttin' the cart before the horse! If the women were to ask the men there would be nae leevin' in this world. Yet, let me tell you, Mr. North, that it's a shameful thing to keep playin' in the way you hae been doin', for these ten years past, on a young woman's feelings."

(Tickler.) "Ha-ha-ha! James! 'A young woman!' She's sixty if she's an hour!"

(North.) "You lie. She's not old."

Of course this sharp remark showed Tickler how North felt regarding the lady, and he began smoothing the ruffled spirit of his friend by saying, "Why, I didna call her 'old,' but merely said, 'She's sixty if she's an hour.' I didna call her old!"

In quoting from the "Noctes" one does not care for quotations on political or sociological questions, for many are like the questions of to-day, nearly one hundred years later. The political discussions had the same unpleasant personalities we find in some periodicals of this age, and many of the problems, like the "Rural," were always left open for further debate. There are topics in lighter vein which are well worth reading. Some of the lightest show us what amused the readers of that age, the thinking men who found rest and recreation in this way.

One day Mr. North tells his friends that the day previous,

when weary, he sat down near the monument in the square, and when reading his paper he suddenly found a crowd of women around him. He kept his eyes on his paper, but heard the remarks from the different ones about him and was puzzled to know who they were, why they were there, and the cause of their remarks. One voice said, "He is really a decent-looking man." Another seemed to be speaking to a friend, "He has been a fine fellow in his day." The third, in peremptory tones, said, "Come away, Meg. He is ower auld for my money." Soon a fourth voice in a stage whisper declared, "You've only to look at him! He has cruel, gray-green eyes; you make sure he looks like a man who would murder his wife."

"What was the meaning of all this, sir?" inquired the Shepherd.

North looked at the questioner a minute before he replied. "Why, James, some ninny had advertised in the newspapers for a wife with a hundred a year, and he informed the female public that he could be seen reading a newspaper near the monument in the square, and on inspection."

"Ha-ha-ha! So Christopher North sat publicly on a bench near the whole city of Edinburgh as an adverteeser for a wife wi' a moderate income . . . undergoin' an inspection like a recruit by the surgeon before he's alloo'd to join the regiment." Tickler sat by Mr. North a few moments in silence, then added: "I've often wished, Mr. North, that you would publish a few volumes of sermons—sermons on lying. . . . Without meaning to give offense to any individual in particular—they all do—lie."

The Shepherd turned toward North and musingly said, "What a revelation of an auld sinner's heart there will be at the Great Day of Judgment!"

"Many revelations!" said they all.

Our last imaginary dialogue is in the parlor of the tavern of Ambrose. The clerk of the Balaam-box, where rejected manuscripts are put, is present. The devil from the printing office and the incremators are also there. The room has been turned into the editor's sanctum. It took the Shepherd, Tickler, Beelzebub, and Ambrose to get the will-filled Balaam-box on the table. When

it is opened an examination of the contents will be made so that all may feel how just the editor has been. The incremators are firemen belonging to the editor's office. To make the key turn in the lock the Ettrick Shepherd sits upon the lid like a guardian angel. When at last the key turns, the lid, like a catapult, dislodges the Shepherd, who alights on his feet several yards from the table. We can see the rejected manuscripts bounce about the room until Tickler puts his feet on some of the heavy ones to keep them down. Some one picks up one of the poems and reads aloud. The Shepherd gets behind all the others and says, "Whisht! Whisht! Whisht! They're my ain verses. Lord safe us!" Five verses of eight and twelve lines each are read in a loud voice and a verdict of condemnation follows. The incremators step forward. The fire is kindled. Sonnets, charades, elegies, pastorals, lyrics, farces, tragedies—all go into the general blaze.

The Shepherd looks at the ashes of all these brain-children, from all over the kingdom, and dolefully says, "There is nothing now left but the thin, black wavering cloud o' annihilation and oblivion. It is a said sicht, and but for the bairnliness o' it I could weel greet. Puir chiels and lassies, they had great hopes when they sat down to compose, and invoked Apollo and the Muses!"

But the hardened editor turned to the Shepherd, saying: "James, the poor creatures have been all happy in their inspiration. Why weep? Probably, too, they kept copies, and other Balaam-boxes may be groaning with duplicates! 'Tis a strange world we live in!"

Then comes the reading of the most sentimental essays and poems, which are given to the reader. Every few lines some one of the listeners interrupts, right in the middle of the most strained passage, with absurdest of absurd sentiment, as though it were a part of the essay, or a line in the poem.

When the scuttle was filled with the rejected poems the incremators were called and the manuscripts poured on the flames with the remark from an onlooker: "O! wae's me that poetry should be siccan a drug in the market! Is there no chance, think ye, o' its lookin' up?"

The editor looks at the Shepherd and sadly replies: "None, James. All your old stagers are done up. Sir Walter Scott has done his best in verse. So has Southey; so Moore; so Wordsworth; so Crabbe; so Campbell; so James Hogg."

Not many modern home libraries lay claim to the five volumes of Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ," by "Christopher North," Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh and Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. And if one had the books he might not enjoy such purely literary pages. The politics and criticisms might interest the scholar. The rhapsodies, perhaps, would satisfy the most poetical or imaginative, but to one capable of appreciation the wit and humor would give all the prismatic colors, and the hours spent with the author would prove restful, enjoyable, to many leaving them healthfully braced, as with a tonic, for the calls of duty. The brilliant dialogues between the famous characters of that age are full of headlong eloquence, literary beauty, rare fun, interesting personalities. As a writer for the first thirty years of the last century, Christopher North left a great influence on the literature of later years, the nature and extent of which can be seen in this generation and which perhaps will be imitated for generations to come.

Charlotte F. Wilder

Art. VII.—STEEPLES AMONG THE HILLS

The automobile stopped, and I did like Lot's wife. The afterglow died on the old steeple. The chill evening of late August was ready to creep from the dusky ambush of the forests over the barren bog that was once a lake and the scattered houses that once were new. This might have been a happy place once, but it was long ago. "So far away and so lonely" were the only words that would come to me. In such a place as this a man saw his lost sweetheart a thousand years ago as she went away on her bridegroom's arm, and still his soul clung to the place from which the glory had gone, until at length he died, and his ghost came back to haunt it till it, too, became weary and ready to die. Such a sense of loneliness haunts the far-away rural highlands. I was glad to speed on. It is better to visit these hamlets at noonday than at evening. One can work with high courage in thin settlements where the tide is incoming and all is new. It is different where empty houses with sagging doors and black windows, like eyeholes in a skull, sit grinning into the gloom. "Ichabod—the glory is departed from Israel!"

This decadence is enough to sink us in a horror of discouragement. But it is no more than that. All we need is heroes. There are still homes enough in the "hill country of Ephraim" to exhaust the labors of the mightiest pastor. Weather-beaten old houses of God, forsaken by man, are going to decay, but in every case of this that I have known the edifice was still within reach of men enough to fill it. It is common talk that some places are overchurched. Nonsense mostly. I know a little village that has two large church buildings. One would hold the congregations of both. The salaries of both would be small for one. Federate? Yes; why not? Outside the village and the membership of both churches there are absolutely one thousand souls who must be churched in this place or nowhere—work to exhaustion for five pastors, if the place had them, and for every member of both churches. It is a case for waking up, not federation. In this particular instance, who talks federation? Not the members of

either church, but respectable people who would like one well-filled church as a standing excuse for their own absence; one fairly paid parson as a means to lighten their own possible subscriptions. Even the best motives for federation look to the good of the fold, not the sheep on the mountains; the church institution, not those whom the church should reach.

There is one heresy, therefore, which must not be heard; namely, that after a young pastor has served his rural apprenticeship he should go away to a larger field in the city. He may go to the city. Yea, he has, he does, he will. Often, he ought. But to a larger field he never will go. White forever to the harvest, it stretches away over magnificent miles to the four quarters of heaven. The church at its center may be of the smallest in salary and in membership (and the smaller the more unmanageable they are), but the numbers to which this church or none must minister are often equal to three city parishes. Not only that, but covering the distance consumes the time, and the topography of the trolleyless country redoubles the task. This is no weakling's work. Columba landed on lonely Iona, but he was mighty in labors till he died. That more real dignity inheres in any other job, that more brains are needed to be pastor of any city church whatever, or to be bishop in the church of God, is utterly all a lie. One might have the genius of Simpson the eloquent or of Fowler the thunderer and still be all too small for this rural task. Men leave it for a hundred reasons, but the one real reason for which no man will ever leave it is that his gifts are too large to be wasted in it. If distinction is wanted, look elsewhere and look at once; but if work, *"hoc opus, hic labor est."* The athlete hurls the quoit and the admiring crowd wonders at the long, easy flexion of his knotted muscles, but nobody sees old Atlas down beneath the awful mountains. He never can rise, he never can rest, he never can change his position, but his aching shoulders upbear the world on which both the athlete and the populace stand. And we country pastors, I say, are like Atlas. We no sooner train our young till they can help us than away they go to fatten the city churches whose pastors are the friends of our youth, the Jonathans we lost when most their love would have helped us.

Our hearts break with loneliness, our heads ache with study, our feet are weary with walking, but our churches will always be small and we will shepherd our sheep for the folds of another. So it is, and so it will be. Life trends from the highlands down to the cities. Just barely to keep our numbers good requires labor that would double the glory of more fortunate churches. Faithful pastors appear as if they had failed, and only those appear to succeed who are Herculean in labors. So it is, and so it will be. We might as well face the situation now as ever. Life is more and more industrial, which means congestion at the centers. Once it was agricultural, which meant not only a better distribution of population, but that the center of rural interests was in the country. Now not even that is true. Once all the religious, social, and intellectual life was furnished by the church. Social life is now offered elsewhere to distraction, and those who want intellectual life can find it in a thousand other ways. This means smaller congregations, but of better strain. With diminution of "Amens" and shouting, a larger proportion of our churchgoers certainly come from pure religious interest now than was ever the case before. But we cannot forget that to lack men is a fatal lack. Jove, the almighty; and Mars, the god of war; and Venus, the goddess of love; and Apollo, the god of archery and of song, were all friendly to Troy, yet Troy fell; for it had only Hector and Æneas who were mighty enough to contend with Diomed, Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, and Achilles. If we fail it will be for lack of heroes. A few are not enough, however heroic. But one other lesson from the Iliad we must not forget. One day Mars went down to the battle, and was going to do wonders for Troy, but Pallas (significant that wisdom is more than might?) inspired Diomed to wound him, and he fled back to Jove, complaining of Diomed's insolence. If one inspired Greek could send the great god of war bawling back to Olympus to tell Pa that he had been abused, cannot one inspired Christian do things to the devil?

But what are our conclusions? What is needed to save the rural church? Most of all, a vision of its tremendous importance, an acceptance of its perennial difficulty. Cities have agonies of

their own and cannot think of us. We care for ourselves or we perish. Our leaders need to be the largest men the church can honor—only they will not be thus honored. To be so faithful in the rural work as to earn promotion elsewhere is little good to us. The rural victorious pastor is the man who makes this business his life's devotion, who lets no man insult him by supposing that there is a greater work than his, and who does not understand the language which implies that to leave it is promotion. But can we ask men of genius to forsake their splendid prospects for the rural toil and endless privation? We cannot ask it; we never shall; but one of these days God will raise up mighty men who will do it without the asking. They will be men of utter sacrifice for the churches that probably will never know enough to appreciate them, but these men will know that the rural churches raise the leaders of the world's Christianity, and Christianity is a cripple if the rural church fails. The only city which can add to the royal dignity of these self-crucified giants is the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

There are certain other very definite needs of the rural church. Like Brutus and others, the members are all honorable men—individually; the local churches need a sense of business honor as organizations. I am not generalizing now, and the less true to fact these words can be proved, the better I shall be pleased. I am merely talking about all the rural churches I happen personally ever to have known. There are two things I am not talking about. First, I am not talking about stinginess, though it is true that salaries are where they were before the cost of living doubled. In the five years from 1908 to 1912, inclusive, the average salary of the whole Vermont Conference was $526.42. In making this average the few charges paying large salaries were considered like all the others, but the double preaching appointments were reckoned as if one charge. These two facts prove the average strictly rural salary to be far below $526. But the strictly rural preacher is just the man whose study is at immense cost of book-buying, because he is far from libraries; whose pastoral work is at great cost of team-keep because God tumbled the mountains between him and his people; whose personal touch

with the great outside world is impossible from the cost of travel; whose annual trip to Conference is often itself a hardship. "Who gives this bride away?" "We could, but we won't," said the chorus of young men in the back of the church. All the above I could say, but I won't. Neither am I talking about the simple meanness of some kinds of human nature. "Ten thousand souls no bigger than his could all dance turkey trot on a pinpoint and have room to rent!" exclaimed the exasperated, apropos of such. A worn-out floor was replaced in a parsonage, though the part of the floor running through a narrow hall was overlooked in the order. The minister of course rectified what was only a ridiculous mistake, but he tells me that when the bill came to the Ladies' *Aid,* one good (?) sister (!) said, "If the minister wants a floor in the hall, let him pay for it himself." No (for here at last is what I really was going to say), when I say the church needs business honor, I refer merely to the letter of the law. Stewards as a board should have some slight sense of honor about insisting upon the payment when due of that salary which they themselves fix at their own figure. A green youth of twenty-one, I was pastor of my first church. My salary had not been paid for months. I was homesick and discouraged, and it was Christmas time and I had no money to buy a present for any that I loved. At last I went to my financial agent and asked would he please collect me just one dollar of the hundreds long overdue. With the air of Jove giving his nod he handed me a paper dollar —and immediately entered it on the ledger of his grist mill as one dollar loaned! Now I want that man to go to heaven (not particular as to date), but do you blame me for not wanting to see him there? I have had enough of him here. In all the rural churches I ever have known the salary is allowed to go haphazard until toward Conference time. If, many months late and the last thing before Conference, the financial agents, after causing privation all the year, do finally collect what is due, they expect to be praised for their efficiency. If they do not get the salary paid they wish to have credit in the reports for doing so, because, they say, it is all pledged. But even then, instead of hiring the money till they can make the collections, so that the report can

be truthful, they will expect the pastor to cover their shiftlessness with a lie and report all claims paid. More than once it has been necessary to refuse this lie. "But," says some one, "if the deficiency is reported at Conference, and the pledge should be paid *afterward,* there is a lie too." Most assuredly not! First, a report closed at Annual Conference can cover only what was actually accomplished within that Conference year. The last thing in the world which it can touch is something in the next Conference year which, however good the pledges may be, is only an expectation. If in the next year it does occur as expected, in that year let it be reported. Finally, reporting a deficiency which is a fact cannot be a lie (even if the deficiency were later paid) and never could imply a wrong to anyone, for the very printing of a deficit should rouse the certainty in everyone who reads that it would be paid. Methodists, we suppose, are considered honest. Ministers are human, and in these days have got to have some advantages to keep abreast of the culture of the age. Just so long as rural churches have no sense of honor about meeting their obligations, just so long will it be true that our bright ambitious young pastors will go where that sense of honor is, if they can find it.

The next great need of the rural church is pastoral visiting. "Yes," some layman will say, "we have wanted that all along. I told you so!" No, brother, you haven't wanted it all along, and you haven't told us so. I use the word pastoral in its true shepherding sense. What you meant by pastoral visiting was probably visiting by the pastor, most likely in a social way. If he got right down to pastoral business you were not so insistent about his coming. True pastoral visiting will certainly mean fewer social calls. For what burdens are upon the rural pastor! I say nothing about study, and the business and financial work which a minister ought never to need to touch, but which a rural church thrusts upon him. I take merely the spiritual work. If family prayers and home instruction were more general, the work with children would be less exacting, but with these in disuse the proper training of the children, especially of the boys, in Christianity is almost enough to take all the minister's time. Next,

think of the great outlying country. Your pastor does not claim these people in his parish, but neither does the next pastor up the line. No man careth for their souls. I have seldom known a country parish which did not have around it, unclaimed by any, a greater country of poor nobody's people than two parishes combined. In the vicinity of one small village that had three churches I tried for a year to visit only those whom my church or none must shepherd, and I could not once cover the ground. City churches have assistant pastors, but how would the officers of a little country church receive the proposition of hiring two or three pastors? Remember the miles of travel on a country pastor's round, and the impossibility of his having other conveyance than his feet except at the expense of necessary books. How, then, is this pastoral visiting to be done? There is but one way: churches must no longer expect a minister to spend most of his time coddling those who were church members perhaps before he was born. Members must unite with him and all together shepherd the wandered sheep. The minister will be their inspirer, guide, and adviser, visiting all whom they visit and visiting them too. But, because from the very numbers involved these visits cannot be often, each layman must have his list or his territory, and put much of his leisure into this pastoral visiting, or it simply cannot be done. When once this is done, the rural church will have shepherded the people committed to its care, doubled its numbers, multiplied by three its income, and will have a band of laymen compelled by the mighty power of God.

To lose our Conference academies, which are under distinctively Christian faculties, would be fatal to rural Methodism, for to them we must ever look for our leaders. Ninety per cent of all the ministers in the land are from the church schools. Ninety per cent of the graduates of little Baker College go away converted. Out of two thousand graduates De Pauw has 450 ministers, 57 college presidents, 55 seminary and academy principals, 146 college professors, and 524 other teachers. Wesleyan has had two United States senators, a dozen judges, and eleven bishops. Ohio Wesleyan has furnished not only seven bishops and twelve college presidents, but also eight governors. And these

arguments which justify the church college justify the Conference academies. They furnish in like manner the rural leaders and stand between us and an uneducated ministry. Churches which cannot have the pastorate of college and theological graduates are saved thus from entirely ignorant leadership. Vermont Conference would have died long ago if it had not been for Montpelier Seminary. After an appeal in behalf of this institution (for these schools cannot always completely overcome their handicaps) a steward of the church said that when a business did not pay it was time to turn the key. What could I answer? "That is true of a business. It is not true of a school. I will not ask whether you would say the same of the public schools, which never pay one red cent—whose bills you altogether pay by tax. I will not ask whether you would say the same of the church, or whether it ever pays to put mind before money. I will not justify the State's need of the church school by the fact that Vermont, with its two hundred and forty-six towns and cities, has only fifty-eight high schools of the first class and only twenty more of any class whatever, rendering the education of Vermont youth by the public schools alone a physical impossibility. I will take the matter entirely on your own ground. Most of the ministers of our Conference never went beyond the Conference academy, and you are getting the service of these for five and six and seven hundred dollars. The high schools are not furnishing us candidates, and if we had them from the college and theological seminaries you would have to pay at least one thousand dollars and house. Here, then, is an actual cash saving to your local church of from three to five hundred dollars a year, the continuation of which you are asked to make possible by a very small subscription." The man objected that, if it actually came to a question of paying a thousand dollars a year, of course they would have to close their church. What am I trying to say? The rural church must get vision or die. That man was one in a well-to-do village and farming community of a thousand people, with a church partially endowed, who, with any decent business management, could have paid two thousand dollars a year to the church and its benevolences and never known the difference. Yet they groaned at

eight hundred dollars, which (and it included their endowment) covered every expense whatever. Such churches must wake up or die. In thirty years twenty-five representative rural churches of Vermont have had a net loss of fifty-three per cent of their membership, and in twenty-eight years at the present rate will be dead. Yet the census shows only thirteen per cent loss in population. The grand list of the townships will show no reason for starvation salaries, and I give you two reasons soberly alleged for not collecting the salary when due: "I think it is best to leave it till the end of the year, for we always have done it that way and it is easier to get it then." "I was sorry not to collect your salary before Conference, but I have a hired man through sugaring and he doesn't work so well when I am not around to watch him." If these excuses were made insolently you could knock a man down, but they are made with such perfect innocence that it takes the heart out of a pastor. And when the minister doesn't care very much you may be sure the church will care less.

What can be done where a rural church does wake up? There is a church of seventy members which never paid more than five hundred dollars, without parsonage. The salary dropped down to two hundred dollars and the attendance to thirty. There was no longer a resident pastor. The community became awakened by its own very rottenness. This year they have bought a parsonage. They have nine hundred dollars pledged on a yet incomplete salary. They have an able resident pastor and more than a hundred members in the men's Bible class. I knew another church of fifty members which reached the high-water mark of salary at three hundred dollars, but immediately dropped back to two hundred and fifty dollars because to pay more was simply impossible. Then, with no added wealth, the right man came to them and they paid him, largely in advance, eight hundred dollars a year; the Ladies' Aid meantime, within three years' space, building and paying for a hall larger than their church. There is another place, far among the hills, of which it was said, "It is a place of ruined houses, a weird place—a place for witchcraft and murders." Then I remembered that as I drove around the thicket-bordered dismal marsh that once had been a lake I had been told

that few men dared to row on the water that still remained. Its name was Wicked Pond, because long ago, when the road of the cattle drovers passed it, men were robbed and then rolled, carriage and all, down into the lake, sinking out of sight in the bottomless quicksand. And what should be the name of this place for half a century? It was Sodom; and when people wearied of the wicked word they renamed it as Adamant. But this I know: in spite of forbidding name, and weird tradition, and Sabbath-breaking far and near, I have seen forty bright-eyed little folk gathered on Sunday afternoons by a sturdy band of Christians that for twenty years have kept a Sabbath school together without church building, without the encouragement of a pastor, and largely without the help of man. Now they talk about a church building. They have preaching every Sunday. They mean business, and will soon be an organized Methodist Episcopal Church, courageous and growing.

Noble is the work of keeping, in all the nooks of all the everlasting hills, the steeples pointing to the stars!

Arthur Wentworth Hewitt.

Art. VIII.—A CHRISTMAS PUDDING

A Christmas pudding is a marvelous thing. No wonder "Mrs. Bob Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose." No wonder Bob Cratchit declared it the greatest success achieved since their marriage, as his wife "entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top." Yes, a pudding is a marvelous thing. But there are puddings and puddings. I am about to offer you a recipe for one to be eaten as an appetizer for the genuine one you will eat on Christmas Day. For many of us have lately taken the notion that we must "do something to get ourselves into the spirit" of this greatest of feasts.

Take first what Charles Dickens has given us in his volumes of Christmas books, particularly in his Christmas Carol. Here is a capital story for the season: first of all because it touches humanity at so many points. "Happiness! That's Christmas." Gilbert K. Chesterton makes the "mystery of Christmas identical with the mystery of Dickens," for "Dickens devoted his genius in a somewhat special sense to the description of happiness," and succeeded in giving his Carol what Chesterton calls "the atmosphere of rejoicing and riotous charity." For this there are several very apparent reasons. One is the complete revolution in the character of Scrooge. With what satisfaction we see the miraculous change in the old fellow, who exclaimed at the beginning of the story, " 'Merry Christmas!' out upon Merry Christmas. What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money. . . . For finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer. . . . If I could work my will every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart." Is it possible that this is the same Scrooge whom we hear exclaim the next

morning, after his journeys with the Christmas Spirit: "A Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling family"? A large measure of the happiness we find in this story is our own delight in seeing that Scrooge is "better than his word," and in knowing that "to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father."

At this point it is interesting to contrast with Scrooge's idea of Christmas what several others in the story thought of it. When Scrooge cried bitterly to his nephew, "What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough," this was the capital reply of the young husband: "Come, then; what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough." And then he continued: "I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, loving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of when men and women seem by one consent to open up their shut-up hearts freely; and therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold in my pocket, I believe it has done me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!" Then there is another fellow whose conception of Christmas is full of the joy of boyish exuberance. This is Scrooge's clerk, Tiny Tim's father, who, closing the office in a twinkling after Scrooge had walked out with a growl, started home "with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down on the slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt to play at blind man's buff."

Well, to come back to Chesterton, he is again right in crediting another source of the good cheer in this story to its "winter weather" setting. What could warm the very cockles of our heart more than such a scene as the following:

> By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their mar-

ried sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, and be the first to greet them. Here again were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripping lightly off to some neighbor's house.

Or one of such quaint unreality as this:

A light shone from the window of a hut. . . . Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children . . . all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

But no Christmas pudding can be all raisins and nuts. Gladly though we all hail Dickens master of Christmas in fiction, we have others as well who offer us goodies. Take for example, Arnold Bennett, who stands as the exponent of those troubled men who are endeavoring "to keep the bottom from falling out of Christmas." Dickens, who was blessed by living in an age more naïve than ours, was undisturbed by any such anxiety as this. His spirit was not unlike that of those quaint singers of old who sang,

O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,
Wie grün sind deine Blätter.

But in his well-worth-while book, The Feast of Saint Friend, Bennett confesses to an enormous "discount of faith," and wonders whether the studies of Darwin, Huxley, etc., and the wave of skepticism they inaugurated, are responsible for it. He feels that "we need something to renew the thrills of childhood," and to assure ourselves that "Christmas is not decadent, and that all is still well with it." "By virtue of the children's faith the reindeer are still tramping the sky," he likes to believe, and that "Christmas Day is still something above and beyond a day of the week." And how he struggles to have us retain the family feast and festival! "What if they do imply excessive eating and merrymaking? Our present disinclination for feasts," he says, "and our morbid, self-conscious fear of letting ourselves go are sure signs of lack of faith. . . . The acceptance of the ridiculous (as in a tug of war, for instance) is good for you. It expands you beyond your common-

sense." With characteristic candor and his knack of going to the very heart of things he admits that Christmas has lost some of its flavor and vitality, and urges us to restore it by concentrating on "the cultivation of good will. Not by the establishment of a grand international society . . . with headquarters at The Hague, but by cultivating it first within your own heart and . . . exercising it upon . . . the one member of the household who most frequently annoys you." Just put yourself in the place of this individual, he says, and the difficulty will be removed, for it is impossible to think long of a person without feeling kindly toward him. He calls this "the supreme social exercise," because it is the giving of oneself in the most intimate sense, and "Christmas, in addition to being the feast of Saint Friend, is even more profoundly the feast of one's own welfare."

And we cannot finish our Christmas pudding without adding another ingredient, one prepared by a woman's hand. Margaret Deland, in her essay "Concerning Christmas Giving," traces much of our unrest and anxiety at this period to our present method of giving. She calls it a "miserable and foolish business of giving because we have received, encouraged by shop keepers, fed by our own mean ambition and vanity, nourished by paltry unwillingness to be under obligations." It is a matter for women to adjust by common sense and reverence, and not something which legislation can adjust. For in the women's hands rests most of the buying as well as the giving of gifts. "The woman who this year winces as she is wrapping up for Mary the spoolcase given her last year by Jane will do it next year without a scruple and very probably consider it a good joke." But such an action, claims Mrs. Deland, "belittles her in her own eyes, coarsens her instincts, and blunts her spiritual perceptions." Perhaps the most practical suggestion the essay offers is this: When we cannot really afford to send an appropriate gift to Mary or to Jane, instead of "scraping up" something for her substitute a neatly written note of this tenor: "I want you to know that your patience, courage, and tenderness during this last year will help me to live more bravely this coming years. Yours, Delia."

And then, if you would add a thoroughly fresh and tasty

flavor to your pudding, take The Pigeon, by John Galsworthy. The Christmas atmosphere of this play is due to something more than the fact that the action opens on Christmas Eve. The spirit of the ever-giving, self-impoverishing old artist Wellwyn is simply the soul of "Christmas all the year." And the situation brings us at once enough social problems to keep us thinking from one holiday season till the next. The altogether lovable Wellwyn, the dear old "Pigeon," is the despair of all social reformers, because he is too full of compassion to be discriminating in his charity. Though we share his daughter's anxiety when we see him so shamefully imposed upon by the three he takes into his home on Christmas Eve—the vagabond Frenchman, the intoxicated old "Cabbie," and the hopeless young flower-seller of the London streets—yet we have the satisfaction of seeing his charity avail a little more in the end than the ineffective and heartless theorizing of the would-be reformers Canon Bertley, Professor Calway, and Sir Thomas Hoxton. And at the end, when the "three rotters" have degenerated to about as low a level as they can, and when the dear old "Pigeon" finds it necessary to move to the seventh floor quarters on Fleet Street, the young Frenchman returns and says to Wellwyn, as the men are taking the furniture from his house, "Monsieur, . . . you understand. Those sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and chain our 'abits—that soothes for them the æsthetic sense. . . . But our spirits they cannot touch, for they nevare understand. Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange." And when Wellwyn urges him, "Don't be so bitter. Think of all the work they do," the vagabond continues: "They do a good work while they attend with their theories to the sick and the lame old, and the good unfortunate deserving. Above all to the little children. But, Monsieur, when all is done, there are always we hopeless ones . . . you are the sole being that do us good—us hopeless ones. . . . You treat me like a brother." Have we not here the problem which all Christianity and all sociology are trying to solve: the union of heart and mind, of free-handed bounty and discriminate giving; the marriage of the charitable impulse and the scientific social spirit?

And now is your Christmas pudding ready for its sauce. What shall it be? Surely there could be nothing better than these quaint old English carols to warm you completely with the Christmas spirit:

So now is come our joyfullest fest,
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.

Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry.

And so,

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.

Madeleine Sweeny Miller

Art. IX.—TRISTRAM—THE FOOL

It is a trifle difficult for us to imagine just what the Shakespearean and Tennysonian "fool" must have been. As out of the mouths of babes and sucklings come words of wisdom, so from the lips of such as Dagonet fall sentences indicating an insight and penetrating discernment such as few might utter who have been honored with the name of "wise." Dagonet, the dwarf—the deformed, dancing grotesquely, "like a withered leaf"—Dagonet, seeing with discerning eye the follies of the court and the sins of its queen with its chiefest knight, beholding the virus of disbelief and of sensuality working its way into the veins of all the knightly body of King Arthur's Table Round; Dagonet, beholding the spiritual vision of the king's followers change to spiritual blindness—seeing Eternal Truth overcome so slowly by Error that he alone could see the change, as one watching the sky sees it slowly darken before the winter's blast into dull gray and change to darkest night, yet scarce can tell when the light ended and the night began; Dagonet, seeing what the king himself could not see—the enthronement of Error in the very halls of Truth, the setting up of the kingdom of Darkness in the very shadow of the kingdom of Light; Dagonet, looking on these things, yet still believing in his king and Truth—that there was still a Right, though hidden by the Wrong, trusting where he could not see, holding fast to his faith in purity when it was invisible, retaining his spiritual vision amid discouragements, believing that "somehow" good would be "the final goal of ill, to pangs of nature, sins of will, defects of doubt, and taints of blood"; Dagonet, alone true to his king and faithful to his trust—free from knightly vows, but bound by a tie of trust more lasting than the oaths of knighthood—he was less fool than philosopher and true knight. But this Tristram, who took upon him knightly vows of purest truth and fairest purity but to soil them with the mire of falsehood and deceitful perjury, whose mind was too shallow to hold for more than a passing moment the high ideals of chivalry, he who, catching a glimpse of the pure light of truth, allowed the

clouds to cover the horizon of his soul's discernment; he who, losing the ideals of life, was content to follow the leadings of a capricious and groveling mind; he who descended willingly from the heights of spirituality to wallow in the mire of sensuality; he who laughed at purity and scoffed at truth because his mind was too narrow to hold within its compass that same purity and truth he so despised; he who could not, or would not, see even in the tempted and sinning Lancelot and false queen the yearnings of their yet unstifled souls for higher and better things, he who gave free reign to his passions and desires, who was not even "falsely true," flitting from one guilty love to another, not as Lancelot—loving with the love of a life, and falling because so tempted—but tempting himself, holding before his own eyes new pleasures of sense to arouse his lusts, not even falsely true and faithfully unfaithful, but singing with lecherous tongue the lay of "Free love—free field . . . new leaf . . . new love, to suit the newer day;—free love—free field—we love but while we may"—this Tristram, not Dagonet, was the fool of King Arthur's Table Round.

He is a fit type of his class. A man blind—not born so, but because he will not see; not born blind, and thus to be pitied, but burning out his own eyeballs with the irons of self-indulgence heated at the fires of passion. Blind because he did not care to see; without remorse for guilt, without regret for infamy, without desire for forgiveness, exulting in his guilt and rejoicing in his shame, reveling in the wretched delights of his sinful life, he was the fool. He sang of freedom in life and love who was a slave to his own passions. He deceived himself to think that his bonds were ornaments and his shackles chains of gold. He was fool because he was blind in the midst of beauteous landscapes, fool because in his deaf ears were sounding delightful symphonies, fool, harping himself and others "down the black king's highway to play at ducks and drakes with holy vows upon a lake of fire."

Not Dagonet, seeing King Arthur's star "up in heaven," and hearing it make "a silent music," while himself, Arthur, and the angels heard, but Tristram, this other, searching in vain the

distant heavens for its light, was the fool of Arthur's court. Not Dagonet, believing in Truth when he saw all false, but Tristram, scoffing at goodness, and finding in the failings of his fellow knights and ladies merely excuse and warrant for his own deeper faults, he was the fool. Not Dagonet, looking beyond the present world of conquered truth and vanquished honor to a future full of hope and budding with promise of a land where Error is enchained, and Darkness is dispelled, and Wrong is overcome by Eternal Right, but Tristram, looking forward only to a life "when old and gray, and past desire," an existence of unsatisfied lust and longing without power of fulfillment, was fool. Not he of high ideals, but the creature of low aims; not he who serves his conscience as his king and believes man's word is God in man, but he is the fool who disbelieves in truth because he finds some false and in virtue because he sees some impure. Not the idealist, but the materialist, is fool. Not he who in spite of discouragements, in spite of blasted hopes and blighted trust, cherishes still the ideals of truth and righteousness, believing, when knowledge fails and trusting where he cannot see, wearing "the white flower of a blameless life" unsullied by a sinful world, but he who measures all men by the petty dimensions of his own soul, who reads men's minds only in the light of his own dwarfish nature, is the fool.

Not the Dagonets of this life, but the Tristrams, are the fools.

J. P. Stafford

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

HENRY WHITE WARREN[1]

THE name of Bishop Henry W. Warren will be forever associated with two schools of theology: Gammon School of Theology at Atlanta, Ga., for the training of spiritual leaders for the colored race; Iliff School of Theology at Denver, for the training of spiritual leaders for the white race. In the stablishing and strengthening of both he was mightily helpful and the imprint of his strong laboring hand is upon them forever.

That we should bring this sacred body here and lay it for a little while within this altar is meet and right, for this institution was dearer to him than any other on earth, and the dearest spot in this building was this chapel, and the dearest part of this chapel was the altar and the pulpit. The chapel will not do anything to the dear body, but the dear body by resting here a while may lend a new and lasting sanctity to this chapel. Certain it is that the name of Henry W. Warren will not perish from this place through generations to come. May he through his ever-abiding memory be the patron saint of this institution; may his spirit be the guardian angel of its future. It will do well to take its keynote from his heart and life.

My journey of four thousand miles by rail in order to comply with the call to be here to-day seems to my love and loyalty well worth while. How it happens that I am here making this address in Iliff Chapel is a long, long story—forty-three years long. I am here not because of any official position of his or mine, nor because of any official relationship anywhere in the years between him and me. I am brought hither by the simple power of friendship, along a way of pleasantness and peace; a path which started from the American Chapel on the Rue de Berri in Paris, in the summer of 1869, when we both were young, and leads now to Iliff Chapel, Denver, in the summer of 1912; a path that runs over the earth, across many lands and seas; that climbs the peaks of the

[1] A personal tribute delivered in the chapel of Iliff School of Theology, University Park, Colo., by William Valentine Kelley, July 29, 1912.

Alps and looks down from the shoulder of the Matterhorn, scales the Breithorn, goes into Italy over the Saint Theodule Pass, and circles by the tour of Mont Blanc to Chamounix; a path that wanders in Egypt by the pyramids and the Sphinx, that coasts up to Jaffa from Port Said, climbs over Bethoron, and goes over the mountains that are round about Jerusalem into the Holy City; that runs southward to Bethlehem and Hebron, and northward over the shoulder of Olivet to Bethany to sit down and dream the story of Jesus in the home of Mary and Martha; and then comes back across the Kedron, stopping to meditate in the Garden of Gethsemane, and traveling by the Via Dolorosa up to Calvary; a path that turns northward to Nazareth and Tiberias and Hermon and Damascus—such are some of the windings of the path of friendship whose earthly course ends here. I could furnish a large certificate of my right to stand here. After a friendship that never dropped a stitch in its more than twoscore years, I speak here with the passion of a long deepening and intensifying affection and under stress of strong emotion in a great bereavement. I know I shall speak impulsively, having no word written. For me to speak freely from my personal standpoint is my necessity as well as my desire, and I doubt not it would be my departed friend's wish.

It seems likely that I knew Henry W. Warren through and through. I have been well with him and sick with him in journeyings by sea and by land. Often we shared one room, and sometimes one bed, alone together for weeks and weeks. I have been practically alone with him for weeks of mountain climbing in the solitudes of the earth. I have been almost essentially alone with him for a month in the saddle and in tents in the Holy Land. If you do not come to know a man in that kind of intercourse, living with him day and night, week in and week out, month after month, then you will never know him. And whatever I may say here is affirmed with knowledge, and not surmised out of ignorance.

Now what was this man to me after all this close and continuous intimacy? It is not possible for any one of you to anticipate what I am going to say. Henry W. Warren is to me and has been for forty-three years the man with the reverent soul and the bowed spirit. Let me explain. The first time I ever saw his face was in the American Chapel in Paris one summer Sunday morning in 1869. The sermon of the morning was by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, pastor of the church. The text was the passage from Isaiah: "Lo, this hath touched thy lips," taken from Isaiah's vision of the Lord in the temple, where

the prophet heard the six-winged seraphim cry, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory"; and the posts of the doors were moved, and so was the prophet, and in the presence of the infinite holiness he cried out, "Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips"; and one of the angels took a live coal from off the altar and put it to the prophet's mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thy iniquity is taken away and thy sin is purged"; and the prophet heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" The man whose lips by live coal had been touched, and who by that celestial cautery had been cleansed from all iniquity and made fit for the Almighty's use, answered, "Here am I; send me." The minister that morning in Paris made us live through that great vision which God's ancient prophet had in the temple, and drove its lesson deep into our hearts. At the close of the service I went forward with many others to thank the minister for his message; and I met there at that altar a man who had just listened to this sermon, a face I had never seen before, a man of whose existence even I had not known; and the thing that struck me as I looked this stranger in the face was that I saw in his eyes the bowed spirit of the man, awestruck as one who has been in the presence of the Lord. He looked as if the live coal might have touched his lips; he looked like a man subdued by a heavenly spell, who might be ready to say to any call of God, "Here am I; send me."

Now you see what I mean when I say that Henry W. Warren was to me the man with the bowed spirit and the reverent soul. He was so at the very first. But there is more.

Four years later, on Good Friday morning, we were in Jerusalem together, and we went up to Calvary, the traditional Calvary, where it is reported our Lord was crucified, and we knelt down on the rocks by the socket into which it is said that the foot of the cross was sunk, and there we tried to yield up our souls afresh to the crucified Lord and Saviour, and when we rose from our knees, and from silent prayer, I looked again into his face, and once more in that one memorable moment he was to me the man with the bowed spirit and the reverent soul.

Once more. I was in Cincinnati at the General Conference in 1880, the day the new bishops were consecrated, and when the consecration service was ended I went to him on the platform. He gave me both his hands and with all our mutual recollections flowing out

of the past, and making memory like a chancel with holy figures painted on it, I looked into his face and saw that same look of the bowed spirit and the reverent soul. I saw that same old look there and then, as he said tenderly and with deep emotion, "God bless us all." I saw in him a man who, if he had heard the Lord say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" was ready heart and soul, brain, body, and spirit. Every atom of his being was saying, "Here am I; send me," and in that spirit he went forth on his bishopric for thirty-two years of active service.

What was the first thing that new bishop did? In those years the rule was that the bishops chose their residences in the order of their election. It was his to have first choice from four different places designated by the General Conference as episcopal residences, to make his own selection among them. I do not remember at this time what the other places were, but we all remember that Henry W. Warren's choice was what most men would not have considered the most desirable, nor could he consider it at all desirable from the point of worldly comfort and dignity. He chose to identify himself with our black people in the South. He chose Atlanta, and in three days from the time the General Conference adjourned he was on the field, prompt, ready, all of him there, obeying the order of the church, which to him was the voice of God. Like a good soldier, he was fit to command because he had learned to obey, and he set his men that example. He was all his life a great, obedient servant, a willing servant to Jesus Christ and the church. He made no requests of the church in the beginning of his ministry, nor at any time thereafter; nor at the last General Conference had he a word to say to the church as to his wishes or desires; he was in truth a servant of the church and of God, and he was not then going to begin to make requests and ask the church to grant him favors. He left it all to the church without a word, as he had always done.

This man with the reverent and obedient spirit was an amazingly sensitive and responsive soul. A spacious nature his was, a large heart, a commodious mind—a spacious and responsive nature, every nerve vibrant to the touch divine, as was the prophet's soul in the vision in the temple. What a joy such a human instrument must be to the Lord God Almighty; an instrument that makes such instant and perfect response must make the Lord feel as a player feels when he has a perfect organ which responds with precision and promptitude to his every touch.

The test of soundness in a living organism is its responsiveness to its environment, its prompt and suitable and adequate reaction to stimuli. This is what the scientists tell us. That is true spiritually as well as physically; and soundness marked the nature of this man. If there was one thing that was characteristic of him it was soundness of body, soundness of mind, soundness of heart; a nature that was healthy and whole, and that had the vigor and the sensitiveness and the joyous responsiveness of a perfectly healthy organism. Responsive he was to the call of the spirit of God. Responsive he was in obedience to the orders of the church. Responsive you and I found him in personal intercourse, answering with smile and laughter and suitable word, with utter sympathy surrendering himself to you with responsiveness complete, perfect, satisfying. Sensitive and responsive also was he to all the beauty and wonder and sublimity of the world, which spoke to him as with the voice of God. The stars talked to him. The Southern Cross reached to him from the southern skies when he was down at Patagonia. It stood for him, not merely as a physical thing, that Southern Cross, but as the emblem in the sky of the cross on which the Saviour died for men. His spirit saw that Southern Cross plunging its foot deep down into the abysses of human sin and sorrow and lifting humanity up into infinite day. A sound, responsive, wholesome nature! So I found him, so the church found him, so you found him, all of you, in so far as your life brought you in touch with him.

I leave off as I began. I have seen in Henry White Warren a bowed and reverent soul standing in awe of life, in deep and joyous awe; his reverence, his sense of God and of the divineness of his relationships with men making life seem sacramental to him. Standing here in the sanctity of this hour and place, sanctity seems to me to have clothed him from first to last during the years I have known him. As to his lips and his life he seems one great white sanctity. I have known no cleaner man, no whiter soul. He was as White as his own middle name. Nor have I known a man whose deep soul seemed to me to make more room or give sincerer welcome for the incoming of God. The church saw in him "that stoop of the soul, which, in bending, upraises it, too"; that obeisance of spirit by which man flies to God's feet. Forty-three years, and a few minutes to talk about it in! Want of time compels me to cease.

Where is he now? What are his employments and recreations? His favorite recreation while here was astronomy. He made play-

fellows of the stars; he told their number and called them by their names. He was at home away yonder in the infinite spaces. I remember a night coasting up toward the Holy Land, which we were to enter on the morrow, I seated flat on the deck, and my back against the bulkhead, on a Mediterranean steamer in the dark. He came up the companionway, saw me sitting in the shadow, threw himself down at full length, made a pillow of my lap with his face toward the stars. After lying a while in silence, he began pointing out to me his favorite stars. And then, from that, not as if he were talking to anybody, but indulging in revery and soliloquy, he went musing backward over some of the tenderest and holiest memories of his life. He told me how he and his brother, William Fairfield, when they were young, went to the White Mountains, roamed among the hills, plunged into the cool streams, cold from mountain springs. Such scenes, and some yet more sacred, he pictured with fond recollection, and I listened in silence, feeling myself a privileged younger minister to have such a man of God interpret the stars and tell me about the tenderest things of his life. We were coasting that night up the visible land called holy. Now he has passed on and up to the eternal Holy Land out of sight. But his face does not vanish from me; rather it grows in vividness, and I seem to see it yonder among the stars. He is not a stranger there.

Many years ago there was a venerated judge who lived in Buffalo, N. Y. His favorite recreation was botany. Many a time he could be seen wandering off into the country mile after mile for half a day or a day at a time with his basket, botanizing, studying the plants and wild flowers. When he was old and retired he moved to Albany, and there he used to go botanizing in the cemetery, spending much time with his dear blooms. One bright day he stumbled over a hidden footstone and they found him there, past eighty, that Christian jurist, lying with his dead face in the grass, and the wild flowers kissing his forehead and his cheek.

I can almost see the face of our bishop yonder, past eighty, up there among his beloved stars, no star of them all so radiant as his white soul. They that be teachers as he was shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as he did, as the stars for ever and ever.

And now, looking beyond the stars from the deep, dark shadows of this earthly life of ours, from the vacancy which he has left about us, do we not

Hear overhead a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night that all is well?

Our bishop who so often cried *Laus Deo* would bid us all join in the acclaim:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Most appropriate to append to this address are Bishop Warren's verses on "Paul's Anchor-lifting." Reading his Greek Testament at 2 Tim. 4. 6, he notes that for this "departure" this wide-sailing missionary apostle uses the Greek word *analusis,* which in Homer's Odyssey and elsewhere means "loosing the cables or lifting the anchor for putting out to sea." Musing on Paul's anchor-lifting and his own not-far-distant casting-off of earthly moorings, our bishop lets us know how he feels about it in these fit lines of farewell and forelooking:

Though tides of great power from the far-away stars,
And wide-sweeping gulf-streams have mightily whirled
In the infinite oceans of limitless space,
My anchor has held to a lone island world.

But the time for the casting-off cables has come,
New love sways my heart to polarities new,
And the well-stationed stars are lighthouses clear
By which the right courses are laid down true.

A Pilot has come who will guide my bark home
To the radiant port on the heavenly shore;
He rules every storm by the word of his power,
He has sailed the bright way with thousands before.

Farewell to the isle that has held me so long;
All hail to the spirits that people all space,
To the stars of the morning now chanting their song,
To new visions of love in my loved Pilot's face.

The glory of God shines over the wave,
The city and mansions awaiting take form,
And the voices of praise that the ransomed ones raise,
Resound like the sound of the sea in a storm.

A SONG OF DEGREES; AN O'ER-TRUE TALE

THE vainglorious minister, puffed with swelling and sonorous pride, sang it in public, and the degrees were his own; though where

and how he got them all we do not know, we cannot guess. The song was one grand crescendo, beginning simply and rising through ten services to a tremendous and overwhelming climax. The congregation and community were apprised of it beforehand by printed bulletins distributed through the town; and listened in amazement for a month as the parson, having studied up in his arithmetic the possibilities of permutation and combination, played ingenious variations on his accumulated degrees, until at last, for the closing service, he pulled out all the stops, or all but one, in one tempestuous, culminating blare and thunder of self-glorification

> That deafened the astonished town,
> And nearly shook the building down.

The first service was preannounced on the month's bulletin simply as "Holy Communion"; nobody visible in the announcement but the ever-blessed Lord, whose ordered memorial the sacrament is, and his devout worshipers. The second service, with almost equal simplicity and modesty, promised a "New Year's Sermon by the Pastor"; no degrees, and not even his name. For the next there is a "Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Blank," the pastor, on "The Fight of Faith." At the next, a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, D.D.," the pastor, on "What to Seek First." At the next, a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, B.A., D.D.," the pastor, on "The Transfiguration of Christ"; and again, the same day, the same increasingly titular "bignitary" preaches on "Eternal Life and How to Obtain It." At the next there is a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., D.D.," the pastor, on the slightly incongruous subject, "Jesus Only." (Note that the name of Jesus appears without any title or degrees.)

Only a few hours intervene before the next service, but time enough, the man of many degrees judges, to permit the people to recover from the effect of having B.A. raised to M.A.; so he thinks it safe to raise his other exponent from D.D. to LL.D., without danger of proceeding violently or forcing things more than they will bear in his considerately gradual method of breaking to the neighborhood the knowledge of his glory; and the advancing bulletin next announces a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, LL.D.," the pastor. (Note how the lone grandeur of that lofty title is enhanced by its precipitous solitariness; none but a bold as well as gifted artist could have planned that steep and stunning effect.) The growingly obtrusive great man's sermon was on "Satan versus Christ." (Note that Satan is refused his proper title; not one of the many which have been conferred upon

him is accorded; no recognition here for a single one of his degrees in wickedness.)

From this final eminence of distinction, *ultima thule* of ambition and renown, that last great title, Doctor of Laws, turns back to gather up one by one the preceding lesser degrees, in order that the different items may be strung together and the comet show its head and tail connectedly; so at the next service there is a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., LL.D.," the pastor, on "John the Baptist in Comparison with Others." (Note that John wears only his goat-skin; no college degrees.) And the last of the ten upsoaring services is made superb and stupendous with a "Sermon by Rev. Blankety Blank, M.A., D.D., LL.D.," the pastor (why was poor little B.A. left out of the procession here?), on "The Unchanging Christ" (no titles).

To relieve the people of the strain of all this worldly pomp by an occasional rest, the month's bulletin announced five "Holiness Meetings," to be spaced along judiciously between the preaching services.

When the closing sermon of this loudly trumpeted and widely advertised course was concluded, the congregation presumably sang with much apparent feeling, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"; the organist presumably played, as a sort of recessional, selected strains from "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes" and "Hail to the Chief," closing with "Home, Sweet Home"—whither the dazed audience groped their dim way, dim because the Brush electric lights on the street made only a faint twilight to eyes which had been dazzled by gazing steadily at the great luminary who had poured his enlarging and intensifying splendor on them for a month. Possibly some literary auditor went home and read again Emily Dickinson's sarcastic little poem "The Preacher," in which she contemplates a certain contingency thus:

> What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
> If He met so enabled a man!

Just how to classify this extraordinary Song of Degrees we are puzzled to know. Neither David nor Solomon can help us, for they never heard the like in their day, nor would they know what to make of it if they were here. The author of Ecclesiastes, if asked for his opinion, would only shake his lugubrious head more mournfully than ever and murmur bitterly, if not irrelevantly, "Vanity of vanities, above all vanities is the vanity of the preacher." Whether the parson's Song of Degrees is most like an oratorio, which is defined as

being "associated with, or founded on, some Scripture narrative, or great divine event, elaborately set to music, in recitative, arias, grand choruses, etc., to be sung with an orchestral accompaniment, but without acting, scenery, or costume"; or whether it is more like a fugue, which is described by those who know as "a polyphonic composition, developed from a given theme according to strict contrapuntal rules—the theme being first given out by one voice or part, and then, while that pursues its way, the theme repeated by another at the interval of a fifth or a fourth, and so on until all the parts have answered one by one, continuing their several melodies and interweaving them in one complex progressive whole, in which the theme is often lost and reappears"; this we are not musical enough to decide.

In favor of the oratorio view is the fact that this Song of Degrees is associated with, if not founded on, Scripture narrative and great divine events; and in favor of the fugue view is the fact that the song interweaves various parts in one progressive whole, while as to the difficulty of regarding it as a polyphonic composition when all the parts are carried by one and the same voice, there is no trouble about that, because a man whose talents are so numerous and so varied as this preacher's multiplicity of titles and degrees indicates must certainly have more tones to his voice than Orator Puff ever dreamed of having, so that he can easily carry many parts and vocalize a polyphonic composition without assistance. The only real obstacle in the way of classifying this Song of Degrees with fugues is the fact that in a fugue "the theme is often lost and reappears," whereas in this song the preacher's real theme is never lost, but rolls steadily on and up with increasing vigor and volume—the theme of his own personal greatness, rendered repetitiously by one who knows it from the testimony of consciousness, which is coming in these days to be considered an unimpeachable witness, a court of last resort.

Let no incredulous reader dare to think this an apocryphal or musty story. It is made only of living facts; it happened on *terra firma,* in this land of obviously boundless liberty and various tastes. It shows what some congregations have to put up with, what pretentious vanity sometimes gets into the pulpit, and what scandal religion sometimes has to bear.

Robert Owen, the socialist, established at Greenwood his Harmony Hall for the regeneration of humanity, and inscribed upon its front, "C. of M.," meaning, Commencement of Millennium. If our preacher had been as good as he was great and as great as he thought himself

to be, the millennium could be reported as having been inaugurated on a grand scale, at least in one town and church—a church and town we itch to name, but must not. A childlike and ingenuous nature seems to have been on exhibition there. Was it the innocent simplicity of conscious greatness, or was it a recrudescence of the traits and propensities of primitive man? Explorers among barbaric tribes report that a savage sets inordinate store by glittering gewgaws, gilt spangles and trinkets, however cheap, and takes ridiculous delight in wearing them all at once, making a gaudy show of himself therewith. He prizes them beyond all sober and sterling values, and sometimes walks abroad with nothing whatever on his person except his gew-gaws and a few mosquitoes.

Some years ago a secular daily, on seeing a very long string of degrees, some of them elementary and trivial, ostentatiously appended by a certain pompous gentleman to his own name, remarked severely that the only degree which seemed to be wanting was A. S. S.

THE ARENA

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING

A RECENT writer says: "It is easy for a child religiously trained to become a religious youth; it is almost as easy for the religious youth to pass on into religious maturity. This progress depends largely on the nature and the efficiency of the educational and religious training and environment. The religious education of the child should begin with a proper development of the religious nature of its parents. Good birth is a great advantage, whereas poor birth is a tremendous handicap, which education may, but is not likely to, overcome. The classic illustration of the result of good birth and careful religious training, as compared with the lack of both, is the record of the Max Jukes and the Edwards families.

"The descendants of Max Jukes inherited bad blood and received no religious training; the descendants of Jonathan Edwards inherited good blood and had careful religious training. A tracing of the Jukes descendants revealed the following record: 310 were professional paupers, 400 were debauchees and moral wrecks, 7 were murderers, 60 were thieves, and 130 were guilty of various other crimes.

"Of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards 60 were eminent physicians, 100 were clergymen, theologians, or professors, 80 attained high political preferment, 100 were lawyers, 120 were Yale alumni, and one was a president of Yale.

"Such men as the descendants of Edwards constitute the 'salt of the earth.' The Jukeses are a constantly growing moral menace which should no more be left unchecked than is the smallpox. They furnish the class which now costs our country one hundred million dollars per year, to say nothing of the serious menace they constitute in the social life of our nation. The day will come when this menace will be checked as systematically and effectively as is the smallpox."

Another recent writer, enlarging upon this, says: "A child is naturally and potentially religious, just as it is potentially intellectual, social, emotional, etc. In fact, the religious element is involved in all of these. It may surprise the average parent to learn that the age of three or four is one of the critical periods in the moral and religious education of the child. At this period appear tendencies which, if properly understood, will begin quite clearly to forecast character. It would be well for a mother at this time to make written note of the experiences which, if collected, will prove suggestive to any parent who is disposed to direct and shape carefully the development of the child's nature at the time when it can be done most easily and most effectively.

"It is interesting to make a study of the capacities and activities of the child, of which parents should take advantage in order to develop its religious nature. I shall briefly suggest a few of these: (1) Love for parents forms a good basis upon which to develop love for God; (2) a feeling of dependence upon parents may be used to teach dependence upon God; (3) the child's natural curiosity, which appears in its questions about rain, thunder, stars, and a thousand other things, affords an admirable basis for developing interest in and reverence for the Creator of all things; (4) fairy tales, fables, myths, not read, but related as stories, may be used most effectively to teach the simpler virtues, and for many other purposes; (5) the child's active and vivid imagination is a fruitful source of opportunities; (6) the disposition to imitate affords opportunity for the influence of example; (7) the child mind is especially amenable to the force of suggestion; (8) careful attention given to the child's associations richly repays all effort in this direction. Many a child has had its mouth washed out with soap for using expressions learned from improper associates, when it would have been far more just to punish the parent whose neglect made improper associations possible; (9) the parent should take advantage of the young child's readiness to show reverence, and of its interest in that which is mysterious; (10) ready obedience to authority needs to be taught early. The neglect of this is responsible for some of the tendencies which are to be deplored in the youth of this generation; (11) the instincts and impulses of a child should be carefully studied. If properly directed, they form an excellent basis for later character. If given undirected freedom, some children may be indescribably cruel. An eyewitness recently told the writer that in a certain little mining village the children were in the habit of throwing a stick or stone in front of a speeding automobile for the fun of seeing the dog which chased the stick run over by the machine. This seems too inhuman to believe, but it is true, and goes to show how brutal in-

stincts and impulses may be. What a fierce fire-brand such a child may become in our social life in later years. (12) Veracity should be taught as early as possible; (13) elemental moral principles, such as the Golden Rule, should be impressed through precept and experience; (14) habits are easily formed, and should be fixed early—regularity does not only lead to efficiency, but it is favorable to morality and makes for character.

"The whole nature of the child, from the first critical period, at about the age of three, to the second critical period, at the beginning of adolescence, lends itself to the development of good habits and that body of right ideas which must be at hand as grist for the mill of thought and reason when it begins to grind at adolescence.

"Without these, normal development of character is scarcely possible during the next period. The period of adolescence tends to set the material which has been provided by the earlier development. Such habits as church attendance, Bible study, and prayer should have been developed by this time, and should now become permanently fixed. These habits are not likely to become a fixed part of our life if they are not formed early. They should become fixed and should furnish the principles which should determine our conduct through life.

"The writer remembers well many individuals of his grandparents' generation, in the ordinary walks of life, for whom the Bible was literally the rule of conduct, and who had at their tongues' ends a Bible quotation by which to determine the merit of any act which came into question. To the generation of to-day this may seem very old-fashioned, but could we not with great profit be more old-fashioned in this respect?

"Given a body of right ideas and good habits at the opening of the period of adolescence, what is the next important step in the development of the character of the child? The answer to this may be introduced by another question. Why does many a boy who seemed to be a 'good' boy at home show a tendency to go to pieces as soon as he gets away from the restraining influences of his home environment? A most important step in the development of the child at this time is the transformation of habits and ideas which have been imposed upon the child from without into personal convictions, which become moral and religious principles that form and fix the child's character.

"The seat of authority must now be transferred from without to within the child. Choice must take the place of authority in order to the development of will. Ideas which were previously accepted as matters of fact because of their source must now become personal convictions. Habits which had been formed from without, and therefore had no real moral quality, must now be appproved and fixed. Innocence must grow into virtue. And formal conduct must become moral through a development of a sensitive conscience and a sense of personal responsibility. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the boy in school or college to-day is the lack of a sufficiently sensitive conscience and of a proper sense of individual responsibility for conduct, especially for his conduct as a part of a group or mass of students." EDITOR OF REVIEW.

New York.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND BARNABY RUDGE

THE eminently just article on Poe which appeared in the METHODIST REVIEW for July-August, 1913, must have been read with deep appreciation by all true lovers of our greatest literary genius, and especially by those lovers of Poe who are also lovers of that which Poe has been so rarely granted—*fair play*. The writer has done a needful thing in his discriminating estimate of Poe's personal character as the almost inevitable result of factors which lay beyond his control. All too long have Poe's "errors" blinded his countrymen to his matchless gifts. If it was permissible for Carlyle to defend the moral lapses of Burns on the ground that the condition in which the ship reached port was to be considered and judged in the light of the length of the journey it had made and the violence of the storms it had encountered, it is permissible to offer for Poe a similar defense. Indeed, it is even more permissible, if one remembers the nature of Burns's lapses as compared with those of Poe.

The article in question, however, makes one statement which needs to be rectified. It is one of those curious little ironies which add so much to the uncertainty, and therefore to the ceaseless attraction of the adventure of life that at about the very time that Professor Beyer's article was being put into type another article was being printed which was to destroy the common belief which that statement expressed. Professor Beyer writes (page 540): "In his 'detective stories' Poe's analytical genius shines brightest. They begot Conan Doyle, Robert Chambers, and Jacques Futrelle. . . . In the same way The Gold Bug has fathered all subsequent cipher stories. When the criticism was made at the time that the unraveling of the cipher was really no test of original analytical ability, since he had made his own puzzle, he promptly answered his critics by taking the first installment of Barnaby Rudge, then appearing in serial form, and forecasting the whole plot from that small beginning." The belief that Poe actually did this has had a wide currency, and was based upon an article he wrote in Graham's Magazine for February, 1842. In this article Poe makes the statement that in the Saturday Evening Post for May 1, 1841, he had forecast the whole plot of Barnaby Rudge from the story told by Solomon Daisy, which is contained in the first chapter of the book. The Graham's Magazine article contains quotations from the earlier Post article, which make it appear that Poe had shown that the elder Rudge would prove to be the murderer. It was to be shown that he had killed the gardener as well as his master, and then put his own clothing on the gardener in order eventually to turn suspicion from himself. Just as Rudge has finished his foul deed, he is startled by the sudden appearance of his wife, and to prevent her from rushing off to give the alarm, he seizes her by the wrist with his bloody hand. The same day Mrs. Rudge gives birth to a son, upon whose wrist is a faint ineradicable red mark, and the boy, who is an idiot, later develops a nameless horror of blood. What we are to see, says Poe, is a fine example of "poetic justice" in the final bringing to bay of the mur-

derer by the very son who was prenatally marked by the maternal horror of the father's deed. This is plausible enough, and as a guess clever in the extreme.

The versatile editor of The British Weekly, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, has at different times, in common with other writers, denied, reasonably enough, that the seizing of the wrist, the crucial point in Poe's theory, could be foretold by anybody merely on the ground of Solomon Daisy's story, and in his recent book, The Problem of Edwin Drood, he has again dealt with the subject at some length. Those who know Barnaby Rudge will readily agree with the critic. Dickens does not mention the red stain on Barnaby's wrist until the fifth chapter, and Sir W. R. contended that Poe must have had at least the first five chapters before him when he attempted to forecast the plot. The peculiar feature of the situation of late years was that the Saturday Evening Post article could not be found. The most diligent collectors were baffled in their search for it. Recently, however, the article has come to light, and was published in the literary supplement of the New York Times for June 1, 1913. Its discovery has vindicated what some of us are coming to regard as the infallible judgment of the editor of The British Weekly, and has made it plain that Poe did not forecast the plot of Barnaby Rudge when the tale had but "just begun." Chagrined at his failure, he wrote the Graham's Magazine article apparently to cover his confusion and to show that the plot was not what it ought to be because it was not what he said it was going to be!

Sir W. R. takes up the question in The British Weekly for June 26, 1913, writing an interesting article under his pseudonym "Claudius Clear." His findings may readily be verified by anyone who will read the two Poe articles in conjunction with the book itself. He brings out the following points: (1) When Poe wrote the Saturday Evening Post article he had before him, *on his own admission*, eleven chapters of Barnaby Rudge. This refutes the statement of the Graham's Magazine article that the prediction was made, "the tale having then only begun," and considerably lessens Poe's credit for what little success he did achieve in his perilous effort. (2) Poe was certain that Barnaby was to be the instrument of his father's conviction. As a matter of fact he was not. It is Geoffrey Haredale, brother of the murdered Reuben, who eventually discovers and captures the murderer. (3) Poe said that it would turn out that Joe Willet, son of the keeper of the Maypole Inn, would be Barnaby's right-hand man in the detection of the crime. Barnaby was an idiot, and Joe was to supplement him, so to speak, by developing a preternatural sharpness, which should be accelerated by hatred of Rudge senior, who had once struck him. But Joe turned out to be nothing of the sort, and from chapter 31, in which is described his enrollment among "the gallant defenders of his native land" and his departure from London, until chapter 67, where, at the close of the Gordon riot, he is found by Geoffrey Haredale in the cellar, he drops out of the story entirely. (4) Poe predicted that Geoffrey Haredale would be seen to be the accomplice of Rudge in the murder. The fact

that Geoffrey inherited his brother's estate made this a reasonable surmise, and Poe supported it by various other observations. But the guess was woefully wide of the mark. "Geoffrey Haredale is the avenger of his murdered brother and his brother's faithful gardener, nor did he ever encounter the criminal in person till the moment of the arrest at the Warren." (5) The way to the ultimate detection of the crime was opened up by Mrs. Rudge's guilty feeling that she could no longer receive the annuity allowed her from the Haredale estate, and by John Willet's story of the ghost repeated to Geoffrey. Poe could not foresee this, for the reason that he was not Charles Dickens, nor yet was he omniscient.

The collapse of his prediction in all essential points, however, seems to have annoyed the prophet. He even suggests in the Graham's Magazine article that Dickens may at first have thought of elaborating the plot after the manner predicted. This is decidedly lame, especially for one who (although several years later) wrote in The Philosophy of Composition that "nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen." There is nothing for it but to agree with the conclusion of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll: "Poe had presented to the public in the Post a forecast of the novel from chapter 13 onward, which was mistaken in all essentials. He recognized this, and attempted to excuse himself by blaming Dickens for incompetent workmanship."

To lay a literary ghost is a thankless business enough. It is not with a "shriek, upstarting," but with a certain melancholy sadness that we say to this particular ghost, "Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!" Nevertheless, we are consoled by the reflection that in all probability the ghost will obey the mandate as little as did the portentous Raven, and future writers will continue to dilate on Poe's "original analytical ability," as demonstrated by his taking the first installment of Barnaby Rudge and "forecasting the whole plot from that small beginning."

EDWIN LEWIS.

Rensselaer, N. Y.

HOW SOME CHURCHES ARE FILLED

THE following, which has appeared elsewhere, is offered for The Arena:

Every earnest pastor is anxious to know how successful ministers fill their churches. This question was put to several pastors of large churches. The Rev. Dr. M. A. Andrews, of Seattle, conspicuous as the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, gives the following reasons for his "full house." He says in part: "First. This church has been filled for nearly eleven years. Most of the time it is crowded, and scores and hundreds have been turned away. The evening audiences number anywhere from 2,500 to 3,500. We can seat only about 3,000. The rest have to stand or be crowded out. The audience has in it from fifty-five to seventy per cent of men. Second. The results accomplished are

entirely due to the operations of the Holy Spirit. We pray much, expect much, and get much. Third. The pure, simple gospel is preached. Sinai and Calvary are held up to the people. The vicarious atonement is emphasized; the sacrifice of Christ is presented daily; his Deity and his mediatorial work are kept before the people. The whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel, is preached. Fourth. We make the gospel apply to every condition, circumstance, and point of a man's life. We deal with his social, domestic, commercial, political, and civic life, with the gospel, and only the gospel. Fifth. Every service is an evangelistic service. We never preach the gospel or finish a sermon without making an appeal for immediate decisions and confessions of Christ. At every service we urge men to accept Christ and join the church. Sixth. We do not have a sermonette after a long musical program of questionable ecclesiastical music. Every member of the choir must be a Christian, and spiritual music must be used, but that program is kept in its minor place. The sermons are not dictated by the clock, nor are they closed at the suggestion of some man who would like to hurry through the service. Time enough is taken to present the case of sin, produce conviction in the hearer's mind, and ask for the work of the Holy Spirit to produce conversions. Seventh. Every man, woman, and child in this church is supposed to have something to do, and is required to do the thing assigned. If the churches of the country could be lifted from their blight of materialism and could get from under the control of Godless trustees, indifferent and lukewarm church officers, and could be made to understand that it is their business as individual Christians to evangelize the world, the pews would be full and the pulpits would be on fire with the love of God and an undying passion for souls."

Rev. J. H. Melish, rector Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, says very wisely, in answer to the same question: "Some time ago a student of religious life in London asked himself the question which you have put to me and then set out to find the answer. He went from church to church, churches of various creeds and different types, some evangelical, some ritualistic, some rationalistic, others engaged in no social activities. And this was his finding: that every type had its failures and its successes. It was no one type as such more than another type which succeeded in interesting men. Men do not go in for evangelical preaching more than for ritualistic ceremonies, for social service more than rationalistic teaching. In every case it was the man in the pulpit who drew men. Where men were found there was found a real personality in the preacher. In every case among all these varied types the human factor in the ministry either drew or failed to draw men." In this connection it should be stated that Dr. Melish very modestly says nothing of himself, of his own personality, but those of us who know him realize that he is in many ways an unusual man. He is a natural-born actor, very dramatic, a veritable general, and surrounded by a magnificent body of men who uphold his work and carry out his commands.

Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, says that he preaches the way of salvation and has never had to beg for

a hearing. The old-time religion, he says, is good enough for him. He deprecates the use of "the hurdy-gurdy and the stereopticon" in church work, though he admits they may have their place. In concluding his letter he said: "The longer I live the more profoundly I am convinced that nothing 'draws' like the great magnet; as the Master said, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., gives the following nine reasons for filling his church. They are helpful because they are definite and practical: "First. I have had but one preaching service, at eleven o'clock, and have tried to emphasize its importance because it was the only one of the week. Second. The preaching, at least of late years, has been expository, with no attempt at learned or doctrinal sermons. The thought of the pulpit has been to teach. Third. The element of worship has been emphasized. The congregation has been given a large part in the service. Fourth. The gospel as taught has been applied to men's every-day needs. Fifth. All the service has had an optimistic tone. The atmosphere of hope and good cheer has been prevalent. Sixth. During a large part of the year I have used the morning service to teach my Sunday school, giving it the right of way. In the evening I have read stories, which have attracted men to church who would not go to any preaching service. Seventh. My people, through their organizations, like the Brotherhood, the young people's societies, the women's societies, etc., have loyally helped to keep the church filled at all our services. Eighth. I have had the splendid coöperation of my people, without whom I could have done little. Ninth. A gospel of everyday need, a simple service of real worship, with attention to young life, and a love for the multitude with Christ as the constant hope of the world, have been some of the factors in my ministry which have made it a joy and kept it full of hope and life."

A Constant Reader.

A STIRRING BOOK

It is The Anglo-Saxon Dilemma, Dry or Die, by Rev. Clarence True Wilson, D.D., general secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published by The Temperance Society, Topeka, Kan. The sound of the hackings of a big battle-ax is on these pages. It is a battle-mooded book. It is Pauline, and is in for fighting "the good fight" to a finish. The book is an arsenal of facts on fire. It ought to set the prairies on fire and the mountains of our Methodism too. This book tells us afresh that "God's thunderbolts are hot." If any of our folks—preachers or people—are asleep concerning the deadly doings of the saloon, this book will wake them up. In running through these pages with a hot heart and alert for truth in the message, I find these features: In the first chapter it starts out with the scientific setting of its facts. In the second chapter it makes unmistakably plain that the saloon is not a business, but a crime—a crime against society, against

business, against man, against God. The third chapter shows the utter silliness of words in support of the saloon. The next chapter is the strong address by the author given at the National Prohibition Congress in Chicago in 1911. The remaining three chapters give the latest news of progress, show us a world vision of victory, and point out the duty of the pulpit concerning this supreme menace of our nation and the chief crime of our country. Let our people get Dry or Die, read it and pass it on to their neighbors. It is a book with a message. It is worth while. These nine chapters, first spoken at Conference anniversaries, conventions, street meetings, debates with liquor advocates, and in the campaigns of several Western States, are printed in answer to a loud call for them in book form. The book bound in cloth is one dollar, and is bound in paper for fifty cents, postpaid. Here are some sample paragraphs:

All human activities are divided chiefly in three classes: business, charity, and crime. Business is commodity or service for profit. Charity is the same commodity or service without profit. Crime is the profit without the commodity or service. The average man spends his money anyway, but if he spends it in the butcher shop, he has a beefsteak on the table to show for it; if he spends it at the grocery store, he has good provisions in the pantry; if he deposits it in the bank, he has a bank account laid up for a rainy day; if he spends it in the millinery store, his wife is a well-dressed woman, with a hat you can't see over. But one may spend his money every day for thirty years in the saloon and he will have nothing but a red nose to show for his cash.

If business must give adequate value for money received, then the saloon is not a business, but must take its place with the gambling den and the place of shame as a crime against society.

Some one may claim that the saloon helps to pay his taxes, but this is a great error. Can you squeeze water out of a sponge? If you think you can, go down to the drug store and buy one, then let me squeeze it. How much do I get? The only way you can get water out of a sponge is to bring the water in a basin, put the sponge down in it, and let it absorb it, then you can squeeze some of it back. If you want to get money out of a saloon, the only way is to put the saloon down in the community and for every twenty-two thousand dollars it takes from the pockets of the people you can squeeze one thousand of it back in the form of city revenue. The saloon must pick the pockets of the poor—to pour a golden stream of revenue.

Is there any man who does not think that a local option law for Illinois would be a damage to this whole fraternity of evil and a praise to them that do well? Where there is State prohibition, local option is a step back. When there is a chance to get prohibition, to accept local option is a backward compromise. But any State that has a license system takes a step in the right direction that reaches for local option. We have a big enemy; let us take no narrow, little view of the weapons that will defeat him. Moderation is better than drunkenness; total abstinence is better than either; restriction is better than license; local option is better than any known restriction under license. Prohibition is better than local option; national than State; and national prohibition, I agree with Dr. Hughes, is better with a national party in power pledged to its enforcement than left in the hands of its enemies.

In my temperance principles I run the whole gamut: go with everybody

who is going in my direction and keep on going where some of them can't hold out. The early agitators expressed my doctrine on these matters:

"Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Moral suasion for the man who drinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
And prison suasion for the statute breaker."

Ontario, Cal. CHARLES COKE WOODS.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PREACHER AS A COMFORTER

THE minister's duties are many-sided and his privileges equally so. He cannot be a specialist either in his preaching or in his activities, but there are certain fundamental truths which constitute the essence of his preaching and some duties and privileges that belong to his profession and which he may not ignore. The character of his audience may determine the subject and method of address; the circumstances which arise among his people call for the varied applications of his activities. There is one characteristic of the preacher's life the importance of which we think has not been sufficiently emphasized in works on homiletics and pastoral theology, namely, his privilege and duty as a comforter. The word comfort is one of the sweetest words in our language. If one takes an exhaustive concordance and examines it under the word comforter or comfort, he will see how important a place it occupies both in the Old and the New Testament. Psa. 23. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Isa. 40, 1: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Isa. 61. 1-3: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

Our blessed Lord, in his sweet Beatitudes, uttered the words which have brought so much joy to burdened spirits: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted" (Matt. 5. 4). In his second Epistle to the Corinthians Paul expresses in beautiful form the privileges and obligations of the Christian minister: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all

comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1. 3, 4). The Corinthian church had caused the apostle great anxiety. He had long lived among them, had given them his choicest instructions and made great sacrifices on their behalf, and yet they had forgotten his instructions, returned to their sinful courses, and scorned his rebukes; his heart was well-nigh broken, and his two Epistles abound in reproof, instruction, encouragement. The first part of the second Epistle expresses more than any other of his writings the heart of the apostle. It might well be called the utterance of a broken heart which had received consolation from God with which he was anxious to comfort others. He exhorts the Thessalonian church "to comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men" (1 Thess. 5. 14). This is the spirit of the gospel which should characterize everyone who enters the gospel ministry. He must bear the message of God to all classes and conditions of people.

The fact that humanity needs comfort presupposes that mankind is living under conditions which call for it. The Scriptures which have been cited both express and assume it; there are words the existence of which attest the great fact of human suffering. Pain, sorrow, trouble, affliction, anguish, are words which could not exist without the existence of the great fact which they express. They are the universal heritage of humanity. They belong to all races, climes, and conditions of mankind. Job says: "Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground; yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5. 6, 7). The psalmist cries, "Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man." Pain and sorrow can never be commonplace; they are always real, intensely real, to the one who is passing through them.

Dr. William Osler, the noted physician, gave a lecture in Edinburgh on "Man's Redemption of Man." It is designated as a "Lay Sermon." He took as his text, "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. 32. 2). "And the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days" (Isa. 65. 19, 20). He begins that by saying: "To man there has been published a triple gospel—of his soul, of his goods, of his body. . . . Surviving the accretions of twenty centuries, the life and immortality brought to light by the gospel of Christ remain the earnest desire of the best portion of the race. The gospel of his goods—of man's relation to his fellow men—is written in blood on every page of history. Quietly and slowly the righteousness that exalteth a nation, the principles of eternal justice, have won acquiescence, at any rate in theory, though as nations and individuals we are still far from carrying them into practice." The gospel, however, upon which Dr. Osler lays special emphasis in his lecture is "the gospel of his body."

His discourse especially has to do with physical suffering. "In the struggle for existence in which all life is engaged, disease and pain loom large as fundamental facts. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and so red in tooth and claw with ravin is nature, that it is said, 'No animal in a wild state dies a natural death.' The history of man is the story of a great martyrdom—plague, pestilence, and famine, battle and murder, crimes unspeakable, tortures inconceivable, and the inhumanity of man to man has even outdone what appear to be the atrocities in nature." He quotes also from Euripides: "Not to be born is the best, and next to die as soon as possible." He also quotes from Deut. 28. 66, 67: "And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life: In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

He has well described from the standpoint of the physician the physical sufferings of mankind. To some it is life-long. The writer of this had a lady a member of his church who had lain upon her bed, unable to rise, for more than thirty years. No one, however, save the physician comes into such constant contact with physical suffering as the preacher. Dr. Osler in his "Lay Sermon" has dealt with great force on the progress which has been made in the alleviation and prevention of physical suffering. He traces the rise of anæsthetics and the various developments not only for the cure of disease and the alleviation of pain, but for the prevention of human sufferings, and he may well call this a gospel, for it is man's effort and success in redeeming his fellow man from the physical inheritance which belongs to all. We may not forget, however, that it is where the gospel of the soul has come through the redemption of Jesus Christ that these appliances for man's redemption of man have been most fully discovered and applied. The efforts of men of science to relieve physical pain and to prevent human suffering have been very successful, as Dr. Osler has conclusively shown. In everything that pertains to human welfare the physician and the preacher should ever stand side by side.

Sorrow, however, takes other forms than physical pain. There is sorrow that grows out of worldly circumstances. A family is unable to make its way in the world; the father and mother cannot provide for their children—to the sensitive souls of parents how deep is the anguish! Multitudes are suffering in this world, more than we know. There are thousands who have never told their pains or worldly circumstances to any but God and some have never known that there is a God upon whom they can call. The press is largely a record of the misfortunes and troubles of mankind. There are sorrows which grow out of bereavement—the father or mother, the son or daughter, the husband or wife, the friend, is taken away. A little child is borne away from the embrace of its parents, and the world outside says, "It is only a little child," but to the bereaved home it is their child, their hope,

their joy. When it strikes the home how different its aspect! The father's and mother's hearts are often well-nigh broken, and through their life they carry the burden of their grief. How blessed in such times it is to have the gentle word of a kindly, sympathetic heart. Often sorrow grows out of sin. Sin has always wrought its dreadful consequences and has caused infinite anguish to humanity. Sin and suffering in their broader aspects are synonymous; men suffer not only for their own sins, but they suffer for the sins of others. The comforting thought, however, is found in the great apostle Paul, Rom. 8. 17, 18: "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together."

God comforts us, not that we may wrap up the comfort which we receive in a napkin inaccessible to others, but that the comfort which he gives to us may by us be conferred upon others. To whom, then, shall the sorrowing come for consolation but to the preacher of the gospel? Jesus Christ is the only real Comforter, but some one needs to bear the message to them. Almost instinctively those who are in trouble turn to the church. For many years perhaps they have not entered the house of God and have had no connection with Christian ministers or Christian people, but when sorrow comes they turn to the church and to those whom God has appointed to proclaim his gospel.

The gospel is the only message known to the world that can bring comfort in the deepest anxieties and troubles of life. Human philosophy has a great mission, but it is helpless to comfort troubled hearts. Reason unaided by revelation has never been able to bring a message of comfort to the world. To many death seems to end all. But not so the Christian; he has a hope full of immortality, and this hope it is the privilege and duty of the minister to bear to others. His method of administering comfort should not be mechanical; the true minister does not do it as a merely professional service; it is not simply to him a duty to be done in a cold, heartless way; it is a privilege and a joy that he can, even in a small way, say the words which cheer the desolate heart. The utterance of many formal phrases are powerless; the sick-bed and a desolate home are beyond the reach of empty words; they fall upon ears that do not hear. Silence is often the deepest expression of sympathy. As even the little children seem instinctively to know those that love them, so the troubled hearts instinctively know those who are in sympathy with them. When Job's friends came to comfort him after the great calamities that fell upon him, it is said that his comforters "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great." The silence of the heart at such a time is more eloquent than the choicest of well-adapted phrases. The writer of this had a family in his parish to whom he was related in closest friendship. It was his custom on every Saturday night without special invitation to go to the home of his friends to tea. No explanations were expected and none were given. Suddenly a great disaster came to this

home: the husband and father, a strong and vigorous man, was killed in a railway accident. The inexpressible sadness of that home will at once be appreciated. Their pastor, who was himself greatly bereaved in the loss of his close personal friend, knew not how to express his sympathy or to comfort their hearts; he knew how helpless he was to cheer them with words. It occurred to him to resume without explanation his relation of friendship by going to the desolate home on the first Saturday evening following the funeral. This he did. He was received into the house as usual, went into the parlor, where he sat quietly until the bell for tea summoned the family. They came down dressed in deep mourning; the bereaved wife simply said: "Good evening. Walk out to tea." And so we sat down just as we had done before the bereavement. Not a word was said on the subject, but we all felt the vacancy, and the sympathy and understanding were complete. The isolation growing out of their great calamity was broken and we were mutually comforted. It is on such occasions that the preacher often realizes his helplessness, but if he have the spirit of sympathy the Holy Spirit will give him the vision and open the way.

The quiet influence of a sympathetic soul is not the only consolation which the minister has to offer to sorrowing people: he has all the resources of the Holy Scriptures to apply as each individual case may require. The Bible is the book of consolation. It abounds in doctrine and in ethics. It is especially the revelation of God through Jesus Christ to the souls of men. There is no place where such rich consolations are found as in the Holy Word. The psalms constitute a great storehouse of consolation for the suffering world. Written thousands of years ago, they are in this aspect as fresh and adapted to our times as if they were written yesterday. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," "A Judge of the widow and a Father of the fatherless, is God in his holy habitation." In fact, the psalms are a great mosaic of consolatory phrases which when set in their relations to humanity are wonderfully tender and beautiful.

The New Testament opens wonderful consolation for troubled hearts on which we may not enlarge, for they are known and read of all. What wonderful solace in the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of Saint John's Gospel! How full of comfort is the apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem! What strength for faith and hope in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians! What a tender scene when the news of the death of Lazarus came to the distressed sisters at Bethany! What sweetness in the tears of Jesus, what comfort in his gentle assurance, "Thy brother shall rise again"! What an exhaustless fountain of consolation in the words which have been repeated in the Christian church from generation to generation, "I am the resurrection and the life"! To bear these sweet messages of consolation to the world's troubled and weary ones is at once the great duty and the privilege of the minister of the gospel. Alas for him who fails to realize this precious privilege and to fulfill this sacred duty.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

WHERE ARE WE?

No one can read the recent discussions on modern biblical criticism, whether in book, magazine, or newspaper form, whether liberal or conservative, without being convinced that the position of the liberal or self-styled scientific biblical critic is in a changing state. What the historical school, even ten or a dozen years since, was pleased to characterize as "the settled results of criticism" have been assailed of late from several standpoints. This is especially true of Germany, the fatherland of the destructive critic—the land where philosophies and theories come and go with clock-work regularity.

Thirty years ago the Graf-Kuenen-Wellhausen hypothesis was held in greater esteem by the advanced critics of Germany than the Old Testament itself. And naturally enough, for this hypothesis, we were assured, was constructed upon the solid rock of scientific criticism, while the Old Testament in its present form was an aggregation of myth, legend, poetry, and history, for the most part, written centuries after the events therein recorded. True, there were all shades of critics and opinions, but they were all agreed in rejecting the so-called traditional view.

Not content with relegating the first ten chapters of Genesis to the realm of fancy and myth, many of the critics consigned the patriarchs to the unhistorical, and even those of this school who half-heartedly granted the real existence of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their immediate descendants, were persuaded, if they existed at all, that they stood on a very low plane of civilization. In short, their religion could not have been the pure and lofty one depicted in Genesis, but rather one mixed with gross fetishism and animism. But lest we may be accused of misrepresenting this school let us hear the testimony of two or three of their own witnesses: Professor H. Preserved Smith says: "We have no really historical knowledge of a patriarchal period preceding Israel's conquest of Canaan. The individuals Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are eponyms, personifications of clans, tribes, or ethnological groups, and they are nothing more." Take again the following from Cheyne, a much better known critic. He delivers himself thus: "The questioning spirit revives when one is asked to believe that Moses is partly at least a historical figure. Alas! how gladly could one believe it? But where are the historical elements? Happily we are not asked to believe either in Moses or in the Decalogue." Wellhausen, the high priest of this school, is quite as positive. He says, "We have no historical knowledge of the patriarchs," and as to Abraham, "he is a free creation of unconscious art," whatever that may mean. He teaches that the God of Israel was not known distinctly before the occupation of Canaan. According to him, it was not Moses, but the prophets of the eighth century B. C. that were the real founders of the religion of Israel; consequently, the

Levitical legislation is not Mosaic, but rather the product of later centuries.

Upon what bases did the Wellhausen school found its conclusions —conclusions which they were pleased to style scientific or historical criticism?

One of their main arguments was that the Hebrews, at the time when the Exodus and the wilderness journey are said to have taken place, were at too low a state of development and utterly incapable of the civilization presupposed in the Pentateuch. This argument based upon the evolutionary theory is purely subjective, and when, in the light of recent discoveries, it is placed in the balances is found wanting. Where is the proof that the Hebrews at the time of Moses and Joshua, to say nothing of the patriarchs ages before, occupied such a low level religiously? How much more credible in the light of archæology is the tradition that "Abraham separated himself even from his relatives just on account of his religion, so that with Abraham a new religious force entered into history, and that this is no other than faith in the unseen God." This may be contrary to Wellhausen's scheme of development, but what of that? For, as Professor Feine says: "It is now recognized through the influence of present-day ethnological and evangelical scientific research that the evolutionistic idea of progress from lower to higher degrees of religious culture was a mistaken *a priori*." Besides, there is no warrant for the assumption that civilization stood on a very low level at any time in the second millennium before our era. Not only in Egypt and Babylonia, but in portions of Asia Minor, Crete, and other islands of the sea, and even in Palestine itself, civilization was by far more advanced than biblical critics used to believe. It is no wonder, therefore, that one of our great Oriental scholars says that "the socalled Near East represented one unbroken center of culture" when Abraham settled in Canaan. Take again this testimony of F. Max Müller: "The civilization of Palestine in the patriarchal age was fully equal to that of Egypt." Again, the Code of Hammurabi was written about the time of Abraham, and must have been known in the land where the patriarch lived in his early days. What reason can there be for thinking that he did not take with him wherever he went the best contained in this code?

Another main prop of this hypothesis was the assumption that the art of writing was not known or practiced at the time when Moses is supposed to have existed. Even as sober a critic as Dillmann says: "The legal portion of the Pentateuch cannot be from Moses, neither written by him, nor delivered orally and written down by another, and aside from the fact that so extended a literary production at the very rise of the people of Israel is not believable, and points much more to a time when the arts of writing and reading were widely diffused." "Granted," says Reuss, "that Moses might have been able to write, for whom did he write? Books are written for men who can read, and read well. But where is the proof that there was a reading public then?" Wellhausen was committed to the same theory, for in denying that Deuteronomy (according to 31. 26) was written and placed by the side of the ark, and in discussing

the ark and its contents, he says: "It results from this that there was no real or certain knowledge as to what stood on the tables, and further, if there were such stones in the ark—and probably there were—*there was nothing written upon them*" (Italics are ours). How did he know that there was nothing written upon them? There is but one answer: He did not know. Neither did Dillmann know, nor yet Reuss, that writing was practically unknown in that age. It is safe to say if these men were writing on the Pentateuch in A. D. 1913, not one of them would have made such a statement. Archæological discoveries of the past twenty-five years have given its death-blow to this hypothesis. Some system of writing was common not only in Egypt and Babylonia, but even in Syria and Palestine. This being true—and no one will question it—another prop is knocked out from under Wellhausenism.

Take again the linguistic argument. What weight used to be put on this in the discussion and analysis of the books of the Old Testament? This argument has been practically abandoned—and justly so—by all schools of criticism. This is also true, at least to a great extent, of the arguments based upon the use of the divine names Yahweh and Elohim. No doubt there are sections where one or the other of these names preponderates, but the idea that the name Elohim, or Yahweh, furnishes a safe clue for the identification of a document is being gradually given up. And yet there was a time when, as Dr. Orr observes, it was *the* pillar of the whole hypothesis, the chief argument upon which the documentary theory was based. Dr. Troelstra (Leyden), in a recent volume, "The Name of God in the Pentateuch," has pointed out most clearly the weakness of this main prop. He shows beyond controversy that the critical school had based its theory upon the Masoretic text, with but little regard to other versions which should have been consulted, such as the Septuagint, Peshitto, the Itala, etc. In a brief review of Dr. Troelstra's little book, a writer in a recent number of the Biblical World flippantly says: "The center of critical interest in Old Testament study has now passed from the Pentateuch. The leading scholars of to-day do not have the rigid ideas about the distribution Yahweh and Elohim that formerly prevailed in critical quarters." If this be true, then the system is shattered at its very foundation.

There is a great change of front in Germany and Holland. Professor Feine, of Halle, has published three very interesting articles entitled "Positive Theological Research in Germany" in recent numbers of the Expository Times. In the first of these he writes: "In German theology at the present day a remarkable swing of the pendulum is taking place, inasmuch as on the part of positive theology in particular important works have been completed, greater undertakings are being planned, and new and promising lines of thought have been opened up. . . . The battle against the historical reconstruction of religious history of the Israelites has been successfully waged." We can heartily recommend these articles to the reviewer of Professor Fowler's book in this REVIEW who says on the last page of the March-April number: "The chaos has made way for order, and at the present time scholars are pretty well agreed on practically all

the important questions relating to the literary history of Israel." If the term scholars applies only to those who repress the dates of every book of the Old Testament, who teach that connected prose writing did not begin till the time of David and Solomon, that most of the psalms were written centuries after the exile, then he is correct. Is it, however, impossible for a man to be a *scholar* and not accept these radical views? If that be so, then a very large number of the best-known professors in the theological seminaries of America are not scholars. Away with such conceit! If one is as well versed in Hebrew and Greek, in Assyriology and Egyptology, in archæology and biblical research as the best, why should he be not considered a scholar because of his inability to subscribe to the doctrines of the "historical school"?

Professors Oettle, König, Kittel, Sellin, Robertson, Orr, and many others have demonstrated the inaccuracy of the thesis that the prophets of the eighth century were the first to establish ethical monotheism, and have done this by direct quotations from the writings of these very prophets. No one can read Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah—unless he has a theory to maintain—without being convinced that these prophets were not the founders of a new religion, but rather men called of God to reform the backsliders of their age and country. Even Stade, Volz, and Wellhausen himself have been constrained to see the force of this argument.

So great has been the change in Germany during the past decade that book after book has been published in opposition to the Wellhausen theory, which, account for it as you may, had reduced the religious element in the Hebrew Scriptures to a low level and all but denied the supernatural and the prophetic. The positive theologians put a far higher value upon the Bible as a revelation from God. They see in "the Old Testament religion the dispensation of God's redeeming will." Just at this very time a new commentary on the entire Old Testament, under the supervision of Professor Sellin, is passing through the press. The assigned reasons for this new series are evident: the liberal school touch sparingly upon the new facts brought out by recent discoveries in Bible lands. Then, again, the pastors and churches demand that there should be less hostility to revealed religion, a greater emphasis upon the soteriological teachings of the Old Testament. If we examine many of the so-called "critical" commentaries, we sadly miss the religious element; for, as pointed out by Professor Feine, most of the liberal commentators "do not, with all their scientific significance, make a sufficiently vivid and direct impression on their readers of the uniqueness of the Old Testament religion and its literature, of its superiority to all other ancient religions." Professor Knudson, in his little booklet The Old Testament Problem, emphasizes this point and well says, "In detailed exegesis the stress should be placed on the religious value of the passage or book under consideration."

What is true of the Old Testament is also true of the New Testament, for the positive theologians of the German universities have commenced the publication of a complete set of commentaries on the books of the New Testament too. This series is edited by Professor Zahn, of Erlangen.

Those on Matthew, John, Romans, and Galatians are by Zahn himself; the others will be by some of the more prominent positive theologians of Germany. Then there is still a more popular series of compendiums and commentaries under the editorship of Professor Bess, entitled, Evangelische Theologische Bibliothek. This collection includes "Introduction to the Old and New Testament, Dogmatics, Ethics, Symbolics and History of the Theology of the Nineteenth Century"—all written by conservative theologians. There are, too, many other books on various subjects by such well-known men as Kähler (lately deceased), Seeberg, Grützmacher, Feine, Walther, and others.

The direct cause for most of these New Testament critical works was the destructive Old Testament Criticism which had reduced so much of the Hebrew Scriptures to myth and legend. It was but a natural result that the miracles of the New Testament, and especially the virgin birth and the resurrection of our Saviour, should be consigned to the same realms. This cropped out in the discussions concerning Jesus and Paul, in which the liberal theologians claimed that Paul was the real founder of Christianity as we have it. Then came the "Jesus Myth" controversy, led by Professor Drews of Karlsruhe (not a theologian). Such books as the Gilgamesh-Epos by Jensen, made an easy starting point for Drews's theory. He maintains that the Gospels, like the books of Moses, were unhistorical and that the "God-man" Jesus was a sheer myth and nothing more, though written up in the form of history. He had no difficulty in finding many parallels in other ancient literatures. Just as the unreasonable deductions of some old Old Testament critics, notably those of Professor Cheyne, have disgusted the more sober liberal critics, so, too, the wild deductions of Drews have brought the liberal New Testament critics to a halt, for they are in a far greater dilemma than their conservative brothers. There is no doubt, as Drews emphasizes it, that the picture of Christ in the Gospels is that of the Son of God, a divine Redeemer, and not merely a good man. He disputes the thesis of the liberals, and so do we, "that an historical portrait of Jesus which does not overstep the limits of the human may be obtained from the Gospels by means of historical criticism." Positive theologians cannot accept this conclusion, for they see in Christ, the Son of God, a Redeemer from sin, and not merely a human of the most perfect type. For, "a man, though he be an ideal man, cannot redeem us." Drews has caused a much greater confusion and concern in the liberal camp than among the conservatives. Those who deny the Deity of our Saviour have taken more notice of Drews's book than have the Trinitarians, for the simple reason that the Unitarian finds it a hopeless task to scientifically square his creed with the plain teachings of the Gospels. Drews is perfectly frank. To him "the Christian belief in a divinely human Redeemer is nothing more than a myth," while to Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, Gladstone, and many of the greatest minds of the ages it was a solemn reality.

As predicted in these pages some years ago, a wholesale denial of the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament has been followed by like criticism of the New Testament. Destructive criticism has once more

reached its limits and has dashed itself against the rocks. The natural result is a saner mode of dealing with the Bible and a firmer faith in its divine origin and its power to lead men nearer to God.

Where are we to-day? We are not tossed by every wind of doctrine, but more firmly stationed upon the Rock of Ages. The conservative position is much stronger now than it was ten years ago. History again repeats itself. As the Pietists of the seventeenth century, and Wesley and his little band a century later, turned the swelling tide of rationalism and atheism in their day by preaching a simple, positive gospel, repentance and regeneration through the atoning blood of a divine Redeemer, so, too, in our day let there be a greater stress upon devout Bible study, conversion, implicit faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Then we, as the faithful in all ages, shall see the vagaries of the critics vanish like the morning mists before the healing rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Are not the great revivals of 1913 a prophecy of better days?

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And, thou, O Lord art more than they.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

GERMAN UNIVERSITY NOTES

VERY shortly Germany is to have two, or probably three, new universities: one at Frankfort-on-the-Main, one at Hamburg, and a probable third at Dresden. These are the first foundations of the kind in almost a century. Bonn was founded in 1818, Berlin in 1810. In 1873 Strassburg was "reorganized." Yet one must not overlook the very significant fact that within the last forty years the Germans have established and wonderfully developed a goodly number of technical schools of the highest rank.

It is a matter of no little significance that in the plans for all three new universities no provision is made for a theological faculty. In explanation of this omission it has been deemed enough to say that the present number of theological faculties is sufficient. On the other hand, influential and insistent voices are making themselves heard in protest. Among the theologians who through the press have declared their opinion are Hunzinger, formerly professor in Erlangen, now chief pastor of Saint Michael's Church in Hamburg; Bornemann, formerly professor in Basel, now pastor in Frankfort; Professor Seeberg in Berlin; and Professor Rade in Marburg, editor of Die Christliche Welt. The last has expressed himself not only in his own paper, but also in an article in the Süddeutsche Monatshefte. This article has found a gratifying echo in such magazines of general culture as Das Hochland and Der Kunstwart. A

weighty lay utterance came from Lamprecht, the eminent professor of history in Leipzig. After indicating the more general and fundamental considerations demanding the inclusion of the theological faculty in the German university, he frankly declares his opinion that the founding of a new university affords an excellent opportunity for a greatly needed modernization of the theological faculty, especially in the way of affording future pastors a scientific and practical equipment for a larger Christian social service. For Frankfort he proposes a theological faculty in three sections, one Catholic, another Protestant, the third Israelitish, and recommends that a part of the social work in the city be intrusted to these three sections. In a book, Ueber Universitäten und Universitätsstudium, Theobald Ziegler, emeritus professor of philosophy in Strassburg, refers to the question of a theological faculty in Frankfort as follows: "The thing that is shrewd and wise, the thing that is the more comfortable and safe, is not always the thing that is right, at least it is hardly so for Frankfort in the present case. Should we be willing, we ask in the first place, to forego in the history of the universities of the nineteenth century such theologians as—to name only the four greatest—Schleiermacher, F. C. Baur, Rothe, and Holtzmann? And should we be willing in our philosophical and historical lectures and seminar exercises to dispense with the specially interesting Protestant theologians? But now as to the real issue: Who is to undertake, in the great conflict between faith and knowledge, in which all our universities and all their faculties are deeply concerned, the task of mediation and leadership? . . . So while a university without a Protestant theological faculty avoids all sorts of severe conflicts and annoying episodes, it really makes itself poor, poor in men of significance and poor in the intellectual struggles that further and temper life; and it lives off advantages which other universities must create and provide for it; it has the gain of greater peace, but not the honor of having itself achieved it by a war that strengthens the minds of men and by a glorious victory. That Frankfort will wish to continue permanently in this comparatively comfortable, but also comparatively but little honorable, position beside and among the other universities, I do not believe."

The whole situation demands the earnest consideration of all who are concerned for the future of religion in German national life. For the attitude toward theology of those who are planning the new universities is symptomatic. Such an attitude seems all the more unwarranted in view of the unquestioned preëminence which Germany continues to maintain in theological science.

The rapid increase in the number of women at German universities continues to attract attention. In the winter semester 1912-13 the number of matriculated women in the universities was 3,213, and of "hearers" 1,749, as against 2,958 and 1,182, respectively, in the immediately preceding summer semester. The matriculated women were distributed among all the twenty-one universities of the empire, in numbers ranging from 904 in Berlin, 289 in Bonn, 262 in Munich, 237 in Göttingen, down to nine in Rostock. Inscribed as students of theology were 11, of law 79, of medicine 715, of philosophy, philology, etc., 2,408.

Of recent changes in the personnel of the theological faculties a few will be of interest to our readers. To fill Kähler's chair of systematic theology and New Testament exegesis at Halle, Lütgert is transferred from a New Testament chair in the same faculty. Lütgert (born in 1867), a pupil of Cremer and especially of Schlatter, went to Halle as Beyschlag's successor in 1901. At Halle he was in close association and sympathy with Kähler. He is an unusually attractive teacher and an exceptionally clear and terse writer. While hitherto his writings have lain chiefly in the field of New Testament exegesis, he has published some very interesting studies on dogmatic and ethical subjects, especially two collections of addresses entitled, respectively, Gottes Sohn und Gottes Geist, 1905, and Natur und Geist Gottes, 1910. Much is expected of him.

Lütgert's successor in the New Testament chair is Ernst von Dobschütz (born 1870), lately of Breslau, earlier at Strassburg. His eminent abilities and scholarship are widely recognized even in America and Great Britain. Among his writings which have appeared in English special mention may be made of Christian Life in the Primitive Church, The Eschatology of the Gospels, and the fine article in Hastings's Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics on "The Bible in the Church." Theologically, Von Dobschütz is moderately liberal. While recognizing the liberal Harnack as his chief teacher, he also gratefully acknowledges large obligations to the conservative Kähler. American biblical scholars will shortly have an opportunity to know more of him, as he comes in the autumn of this year to Harvard as an exchange professor.

About a year ago Hunzinger (born 1871) resigned his professorship of systematic theology at Erlangen to accept a call to become chief pastor at the great Saint Michael's Church in Hamburg. In his few years at Erlangen he had acquired a great influence upon the younger pastors in the Bavarian church and was unquestionably the most popular, though not the most learned, of the teachers in the Erlangen theological faculty. His writings are chiefly apologetic. Herrmann has called him "one of the modern masters of apologetics." Though unquestionably a "positive" theologian, he is broadly tolerant—a quality that brought him into disfavor with the strictly conservative ecclesiastical leaders in Bavaria, and thus made him the more willing to go to Hamburg. Those who would be glad to become acquainted with this real leader of thought may be referred to two of his latest publications, Die religiöse Krisis der Gegenwart (The Religious Crisis of the Present), 1910, and Das Wunder (Miracle), 1912. These are very fresh and stirring works.

Hunzinger's successor in Erlangen is Richard H. Grützmacher (born 1876), a scholar of brilliant and facile talent, a skillful controversialist, a representative of the modern-positive group. Of late he has shown a disposition to separate himself somewhat from his former teacher, Seeberg, who seems to him to have grown rather too liberal.

Two changes in Old Testament chairs are of interest because of the unusual abilities of the new incumbents. Bertholet (born 1868) has been called from Basel to Tübingen, and Sellin (born 1867) from Rostock to Kiel. Bertholet's latest book is the second volume of the Biblical Theology

of the Old Testament begun by the late Bernhard Stade. Bertholet's volume is recognized as by far the best treatment of the later developments of Old Testament religion and theology. Sellin is a vigorous and productive scholar. A certain fame outside his own country has come to him because of his very successful excavations in Palestine. His latest book is on Hebrew Prophetism, and is one of his best.

In this connection one must not forget to mention the retirement of Julius Wellhausen from his chair of Semitic languages in Göttingen. In 1882 Wellhausen resigned his theological professorship in Greifswald and since then has held chairs in the philosophical faculty, first at Halle, then at Marburg, finally at Göttingen, as successor of Lagarde. He has so long borne a great reputation that one naturally wonders that he is not yet quite threescore and ten.

Only two German theological faculties, Berlin and Leipzig, have professorships of the general science of religion. The incumbents are foreigners: Lehmann, a Swede, and Söderblom, a Dane. The latter accepted the call to Leipzig only provisionally, for a brief term of years, and now Lehmann has accepted a call to Lund, in Sweden. The German nation seems not to have one first-rate authority in the field of comparative religion.

An event of interest to every friend of missions is the "habilitation" of Dr. Julius Richter as *privatdocent* at Berlin for the science of missions. Since the death of Gustav Warneck he is probably Germany's most competent authority in this field.

Albert Schweitzer is well known to biblical scholars of English tongue on account of his brilliant, though perhaps not always sober, histories of modern critical research in the life of Jesus and of Paul. He is just now an object of a peculiar interest because he has resigned the privileges of a *privatdocent* at Strassburg and has taken up the work of a medical missionary in tropical Africa. Besides his accomplishments as a New Testament scholar, Schweitzer is an expert organist and an authority on Bach and the history of German church music. The fact that he is very modern or liberal in his theology makes the case all the more interesting. The strife of the parties in relation to the theological faculties has been freshly embittered by a pamphlet of Jülicher, of Marburg, entitled: "Die Entmündigung einer preussischen theologischen Fakultät. Jülicher, who in general is not an active party man, here complains bitterly of the Prussian ministry's repeated disregarding of the recommendations of the Marburg faculty in the filling of vacant professorships. This, he claims, has been done in the interest of theological conservatism, and at all events he regards it as the degradation of the faculty to a state of nonage. Unfortunately this contention is joined with disparaging remarks concerning his conservative colleague Bornhäuser, who was forced upon the faculty in 1907, and even concerning conservative theologians generally. Naturally the pamphlet has occasioned much discussion in the press. It also received considerable attention even in the Prussian Diet.

NEW WORKS ON OLD TESTAMENT INTRODUCTION

THE last few years have brought us several important works on Old Testament Introduction. In 1910 Sellin published a brief but luminous Einleitung, which, while thoroughly modern and frankly critical, differs at many points from the prevalent views of the school of Wellhausen. Cornill, of Halle, a typical representative of that school and the author of the most popular Introduction to the Old Testament, regarded Sellin's book as a sort of challenge and published a small volume in review of Sellin's positions (Zur Einleitung in das Alte Testament, 1912, 124 pp. 3m.). At twenty-six points—not that these are the only points of difference—he makes strictures on Sellin's book—a sure sign of the energy and originality of the latter! Before many weeks had passed Sellin made reply in a book of like title (105 pp. 2.80 m.). Cornill gave Sellin some offense by the manner in which he expressed his wonder that a "positive" theologian could so frankly espouse certain modern critical views "and not be stoned." Sellin contends that a frank recognition of all that historical criticism renders probable is no wise inconsistent with the standpoint of a positive theology. According to Cornill's impression Sellin's Introduction presents a twofold appearance: on the one hand an extensive acceptance of the results of criticism, on the other the aim to set all the productions of Israelitish literary activity at the earliest possible date. In reply Sellin makes some concessions at two points only, while at all others he reaffirms his former position. But Sellin's main contention is that he is controlled by no apologetic tendency, but rather is guided by real principles of historical method. He contends that his method is the more correct. The Wellhausians still remain, in spite of the new phases of Old Testament study brought about by the rise of the history-of-religion school, too predominantly literary critics. The new researches into the history of the religion of Israel in its relation to the religions of other peoples inevitably tend to render the earlier dates for certain Hebrew writings the more probable. The "positive" Sellin is more in sympathy with the new school than with that of Wellhausen. And it is interesting to note that Gressmann, next to Gunkel the most important Old Testament scholar of the history-of-religion school, is of opinion that in the large majority of the points of difference between Cornill and Sellin the latter is in the right. Since the publication of these two controversial writings each author has been permitted to issue a new edition of his Einleitung, each considerably revised. Cornill's book is now in the seventh edition, Sellin's in the second edition; which may be taken as an indication of the large interest in the subject and the significance of the books.

Beside these brief Introductions we have now a very ample one from Steuernagel, professor extraordinary at Halle (Tübingen, 1912, 17 m. unbound). It is a book of eight hundred large pages and is a relatively exhaustive treatise. It has several features of special excellence. One of these is the skillful analysis of each book, another the excellent surveys and summaries of the course of the literary history as distinguished from

the special inquiries that belong to biblical introduction proper. In general Steuernagel is a critic of sane and sober judgment, though not of marked originality. His position is in the main that of the Wellhausian school.

VON SODEN'S GREAT WORK ON THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

For some years Professor Hans Von Soden (Berlin) has been engaged, with a large corps of helpers, in the preparation of a great critical edition of the New Testament text. The work is now completed (Die Schriften des Neuen Testaments in ihrer ältesten erreichbaren Textgestalt hergestellt auf Grund ihrer Textgeschicht, 2 parts, in 4 volumes, 3,155 pp. 86m., bound. Part II, containing text and apparatus, may be bought separately for 36 m., bound). This edition rests upon a complete collation of all known texts—a simply stupendous labor. In planning for the work the first thing was the notation of all the places where manuscripts of the New Testament were lodged. Then all these places were visited and the manuscripts there were carefully examined. Besides, search was made in these various places for other manuscripts and inquiries were instituted everywhere for manuscripts that might have escaped notice. The whole material thus assembled was then thoroughly sifted and collated. The first three volumes give a critical history of the manuscripts, the fourth the text and variants. In the text volume the upper third or fourth part of each page presents the text in the resultant form, then follow the variants to the several verses and words, with their witnesses. The various readings are given in such a form as to show the grounds which have determined the resultant form given in the text above.

The editor's researches have led him to the following general conclusions: "1. The differences in the text of the New Testament writings are due, in so far as they are not the fault of individual copyists, not to caprice or carelessness in the transmission, but to conscious work on the text. 2. The alterations in the wording of these writings, for the most part made as early as the first century of their existence and afterward adopted only in varying measure, are, with the very slightest exceptions, occasioned by no dogmatic interests, but are based only upon considerations of literary style. 3. The clearing up of the historical occasions for alterations in the text makes it possible, where the readings are in conflict with one another, to determine, from the demonstrable causes leading to the origin of the variants, which of them is of later origin, and this independently of the accident, whether it is found in one of the earliest of the manuscripts preserved to us or in later ones. 4. That in the text thus restored we have before us that form of text in which the authors originally sent forth these writings appears, by following back the historical stages, as in the highest possible degree probable."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Things That Matter Most. By JOHN HENRY JOWETT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 281. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

"DEVOTIONAL PAPERS" these thirty-eight brief meditations are called by their author. Each one brings to view some supreme interest of the soul, the interests which tower highest above man's life like mountains which are always in sight and which dominate the plains. Of these high things Dr. Jowett says: "It is surely well in these days of incessant movement, movement which so frequently means strain rather than strength, that we have interludes when the soul can correct her conscious and unconscious wanderings by the contemplation of the serene and majestic things of God." These meditations are intended to minister helpfully to such hours of pause and reflection. They have the simplicity, earnestness, and directness which fill the big Fifth Avenue Church every Sunday morning and afternoon with eager and grateful hearers, who come as the crowds used to throng Maltbie Babcock's church—because they get real spiritual help and strength to live by. We took up this book for the purpose of presenting it to our readers in a book notice. We soon found ourselves feeding on it for the sake of our own soul's cheer and uplift and joy. For devotional reading it is a rich and blessed book. For all preachers it is full of marrow and usable nutritious stuff; to them we take the responsibility of saying, "Get this book, absorb and assimilate it—let your soul delight itself in fatness." Gladly would we transfer half its really dynamic contents to our pages. The volume begins with that beautiful sermon on "The Illimitable Love of God," which, published by itself in booklet form, has already had wide circulation. Once there was a minister's wife who used to kiss her husband on the forehead just before he went to the pulpit, as much as to say, "God bless his brain and make it bright and clear and strong to preach the everlasting Word." This book may be the equivalent of such a benediction. To select is difficult, but the following on "Seeking the Best" will do as a sample: "'*The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls.*' This sentence gives us one great characteristic of the kingly life, for the inhabitants of the kingdom of heaven are the kingly men and women. They move in great stateliness through the Word of God. They are distinguished by humility and dignity, by a certain retirement which is allied with the most mysterious glory. Great images are used to suggest the greatness of their character. They move in impressive lordship and liberty. They are kings and priests unto God. And here, I say, is one of their distinctions; they are seeking goodly pearls. And so the kingly life is a life in quest of big things. Everyone is painfully familiar with the temptation to fritter away life in interests that are small and mean. There are many scriptural types of the wasteful and belittled life. There are those who spend their

strength in seeking money. The concentrated purpose of their days is a quest for gold. They are zealous for artificial gems and they miss the goodly pearls. Judas Iscariot had the priceless privilege of communion with his Lord. He had the incomparable glory of living with the Master day by day—the opportunity of entering into the 'inheritance of the saints in light,' and he used his privilege in the quest for money, and all that he got out of his supreme advantage was thirty pieces of silver. He missed the pearls. And here is another scriptural type described as 'lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' They sought the transitory rather than the eternal. They were more intent upon the carnal than the divine. They were out seeking rockets and ignoring dawns. All that they got from life was a transient flash. They missed the goodly pearl. Here is another from the scriptural gallery of disastrous failures: 'Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present evil world.' Think of that man's opportunity! He had the privilege of the fellowship of the apostle Paul, but he 'loved the garish day,' and he preferred glamour to serenity and a loud sensation to an ideal friendship. The world offered a Bohemian hour, and he took it, and the end thereof was found in the white, cold ashes of moral defeat. Thus life is frittered away on a thousand trifles, and at the end of the restless quest we have no pearls. Now the big things of life belong to the realm of spirit and character. It is in the region of the soul that we find the pearls. The really goodly things, the big things, are inside, and not outside, the man. The big thing is not luxury, but contentment; not a big house, but a big satisfaction; not accumulated art treasures, but a fine, artistic appreciation; not a big library, but a serene studiousness; not a big estate, but a large vision. The big things are not 'the things that are seen, but the things that are not seen.' 'Seek peace and ensue it.' 'Seek the things that are above.' 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' Such are the goodly pearls. But the quest of the kingly man is not only for the big things—it is for the bigger things among the big, and for the biggest among them all. The merchantman was not only in search of goodly pearls; he discriminated among the values of pearls, and he knew when he had found 'one pearl of great price.' There are gradations of value even among good things. There are pearls and better pearls, and the true king in life is known by his pursuit of the best. Knowledge is a good thing, the mastery of the secrets of the visible world; wisdom is a better thing, the possession of fine judgment and delicate intuition, of moral and spiritual discernment. Acquaintance is a good thing; friendship is a better thing; love is the best thing. The respect of others is a good thing; self-respect is a better thing; a fine, untroubled conscience is the best thing. Love for our lovers is a good thing; love for our neighbors is a better thing; love for our enemies is the best thing. There are pearls and there are pearls of great price. And so this, I say, is a mark of the children of the Kingdom. They are always in quest of something beyond. 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I press on.' There is ever a height beyond, a better pearl still to win. 'Glories upon glories hath our God prepared, by the souls

that love him one day to be shared.' Such is the aim of the kingly quest. It is in search of the goodliest among the goodly pearls. Now let us look at the quality of the quest. A kingly man is *'like unto a merchantman.'* So the pearls are not found by the loafer, by the mere strolling fiddler along life's way. We are to have the characteristics of business men, even when we are engaged in the affairs of the Highest. If only we assume that requirement as an essential condition of the kingdom of heaven, a thousand religious failures will be at once explained. The majority of us are about as little like merchantmen in our religious life as could be very well conceived. And yet this is the Master's demand. We are to be businesslike in our search for pearls. And if we are to be businesslike, what will be some of our characteristics? First of all, we shall have breadth of outlook. A good merchant has an eye for new markets, for fresh opportunities in new fields. He watches drifts and tendencies, movements of population, and he is the alert friend of every new discovery. His eyes roam over wide areas in quest of new openings to push his trade. And so it is in the kingdom of heaven. The man of the kingly life must seek his pearls in many markets and over wide fields. He must seek them in worship and in prayer and in praise. He must look for them in the crowded places of human fellowship. He must search the wide expanse of literature. He must busy himself with the treasures of history. He must be curious in the bright domain of wit and humor. He must be wakeful even on the battlefield, when he is in combat with hostile forces, as well as in the quieter places of human service and communion. He must assume that anywhere and everywhere he may find a goodly pearl. So he must have an eye for markets at every hour of the day and amid all the change and varieties of human experience. This he must do if he would be a 'merchantman seeking goodly pearls.' And, secondly, he must have the ability to fix attention on details. The vision of a merchantman is not only telescopic, it is microscopic. 'He lets nothing escape him.' He knows the weight and force of apparent nothings; he knows the value of seeming trifles. He often finds his treasure in things that other men despise or throw away. He is very inquisitive when he finds apparent waste, if by chance he may turn it into gold. So must it be in the quest for the goodly pearls of the Kingdom. We must give keen attention to the neglected trifles of life. Lowly duties must be carefully scanned. Small disappointments must be examined as though they were dark caskets containing possible treasure. Even commonplace courtesies must not be scouted, but must be regarded as a possible hiding place of priceless gems. The Master himself described the man of fine quest as being 'faithful in that which is least.' He does little things in a great way, and he makes great discoveries in doing them. Thirdly, the kingly life must be distinguished by method and order. A fine business man must have method in his work. He has not only principles, he has rules; he has not only a general system, he has a detailed order. Men who have no method are soon compelled to close their doors. And so it is in the life of the kingdom of heaven. We do not stroll carelessly up to the pearls and find them in some haphazard

and vagrant loitering. No man lounges into any treasure that is worth having. And that is why so many of us are very poor in the things of the Kingdom. We have no order and method, and the work of one hour is undone by the hour that succeeds it. Look at our prayers. How unmethodical and disorderly! Are they likely to find any pearls? Look at our worship. How little intelligent quest is in it! Is it likely to discover any pearls? Look at our service. How careless it often is and how pointless and unprepared! There are abundant signs that even our Lord himself regulated his life and refused to allow it to frivol away in indefinite purpose and desire. Lastly, the man in search of goodly pearls must be distinguished by decision. A competent merchantman knows when to act, and at the decisive moment he acts with commanding promptness. He watches circumstances when they are ripening, and at the proper moment he plucks the fruit. There are times in a business man's life when promptness requires great courage. There is a demand for risk and speculation and untried enterprise, and timidity would let the promising circumstance go by and lose its bounty. So is it in the kingdom of heaven. Here, too, there are 'tides in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune.' It is a great thing to know when the hour is ripe for decision. It is one of the fine arts of living to know when to act upon an impulse, and when to accept the hints of emotion as the signs of a favoring gale. Here again our Lord is our example. He was very patient, but he was always very decisive. No one could move him before the appointed time. No one could stop him when he said, 'The hour has come.' Such is to be the quality of our quest. We are to be like merchantmen, broad in outlook, vigilant for detail, intelligent in method, and decisive in action. With such a spirit we shall undoubtedly discover the goodly pearls, and we shall discover the best of all, 'the pearl of great price.' But for that pearl we may have to sell many others. What are we prepared to give for it? What are we ready to surrender? According to our consecrated enterprise will be our holy gains. If we refuse to part with Mammon we can never possess the Lord. If we contentedly hug the good we can never gain the better. If we take our ease in the realm of the better we can never enter the best. What are we ready to lose for Christ?

> Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small.
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Smith and the Church. By HARRY H. BEATTYS, D.D. Introduction by Meredith Nicholson. 16mo, pp. 118. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents, net

MEREDITH NICHOLSON raised in the Atlantic Monthly the question, "Should Smith go to church?" and discussed it from the viewpoint of the average nonattendant business man. It attempted to explain why some respectable men do not go to church. It implied some not unkindly reflections on the church. Naturally enough, more than a few ministers took the subject into their pulpits and discussed it by way of reply. For calm common sense, for fairness, and for spirit of comradeship with

the absentee from church, none of the replies can have surpassed this one. David Harum, being asked what church he attended, cutely evaded by saying: "Well, the church I stay away from when I don't go is the Presbyterian." David Harum lives in every community and everybody knows Smith. He is not opposed to the church; he believes in it in a way; he would not want to locate his family in a place where there was no church; he would not cry with Macbeth, the murderer, "Untie the winds and let them fight against the churches"; and yet he is a non-attendant. Smith's side of the question having been publicly stated by Meredith Nicholson, the many-years' pastor of Chester Hill Church, Mount Vernon, N. Y., decided to "have it out" with Smith from the pulpit in frank and friendly fashion. He lives near neighbor to Smith, knows his habits, and they are good friends. He listens to Smith's defense of his way of life, and then he "puts it to him straight." If Smith reads anything besides the newspapers (we fear he does not, and we are quite sure he is less a reader than the church-goer is) he should read this book. If you read it to him he will find himself fairly dealt with. He gets "a square deal." He could not have friendlier treatment than he has here. Some of the chapter-headings are, "Who is Smith?" "Why Smith Does Not Go to Church," "Why Shouldn't Smith Play Golf Instead of Going to Church?" "Smith in God's Out-of-Doors," "Smith, Jr.," "Is Smith Wrong or the Church?" "What Shall the Church Do About Smith?" Meredith Nicholson, of Indianapolis, whose article in the Atlantic Monthly made something of a stir, writes an introduction to Dr. Beattys's book. Part of that introduction we here reproduce without quotation marks: I am delighted to find that the church as a topic is still so provocative and I am glad to have been instrumental in drawing into the arena so many and so valiant defenders of religion. I welcome the appearance of this volume of sermons because they discuss "Smith's" predicament so frankly and honestly. "Smith" I projected as the average man, and I confess that in the main I spoke for "Smith" and as "Smith." The reproach that I am a person incapable of spiritual perception is not without its sting; and yet I submit that we "Smiths" are entitled to the consideration of those blessed with spiritual gifts. A spiritual aristocracy is not likely to further the cause of Christ in these days of awakened social consciousness. Spiritual arrogance in the few will not help the many who stumble in the dark seeking light. Having been most of my life a church member, and an interested observer of religious phenomena through practically all my adult years, I protest that it is unjust for anyone to assume that I arraigned the churches in a spirit of cynicism. Dr. Beattys pays me the compliment of meeting all my criticisms fairly in the open. A church of saints smugly enjoying their own saintliness is not, to my thinking, a Christian church. Christ's concern was with sinners. I know of nothing more depressing than the contemplation of churches that serve only the needs of "good" people. A "fashionable church" is an anomaly and a blasphemy. And many churches of the once-a-week urban type, against which I launch my spear, strike me as having the poorest imaginable excuse for

existing. Christianity, if it would catch step with modern life and do its great part in uplifting and sustaining mankind, must extend its friendly helping hand to the poor, the weak, and the erring. And this the average city church is not doing. "Smith" knows this. Nor does it suffice to say to "Smith" that on Sunday prayers are said, hymns sung and sermons preached, and that if he does not present himself in church on Lord's day it is his own fault if his soul is not saved. This is an easy way of dismissing "Smith's" case against the church, but it is inconceivable that it would be the way of the Carpenter of Nazareth if he were to appear now in our strenuous America. Many shots have been fired at me for my support of the idea of institutional churches. And yet there again, I can see the practical-minded "Smith" doffing his hat to the seven-day-a-week church, with its doors open daily to all in need of spiritual comfort and physical restoration. Clergymen tell me with long faces of the difficulties and embarrassments in the way of a unification of Protestantism. But their trouble is with theology, not with the ideal of service. And so long as we are more concerned with theology than with broad, efficient Christianity the way will be long and beset with shadows. I have been asked by many why I omitted any reference to Roman Catholicism in my paper. I shall answer that I have only the warmest admiration for American Catholicism; that it is doing a great and difficult work, and doing it zealously and with dogged persistence and earnestness, and that its "Smiths" seem to be a negligible quantity in its membership. When we Protestants have put our own house in order then we may begin to throw stones at Catholics, Jews, and infidels. Many of my friends among the "Smiths" speak with cordial respect of Catholicism; they admire its efficiency, its patient, steady stroke, its tirelessness. And these are qualities that Protestantism must win for itself. Publishers tell me that there is just now a great demand for serious books, particularly those that discuss religious, social, and economic questions. This I take as a good sign of the times. I think it significant that these vigorous, stimulating sermons are to be published as a sincere contribution to the literature of efficient Christianity. This little volume is the reply of a man's man, a man who knows men, and whom men like and believe in: a minister of whom Smith, whether he found him on the golf course or in the pulpit, would have to say, "He plays fair." In the closing chapter Dr. Beattys raises the question, "What shall the church do about Smith?" We give without quotation marks part of his answer: The church must *win* Smith, or fail in one great part of its divine mission. It will not do for us to bewail the fact that Smith has deserted the church, nor to lay the blame entirely upon him. The church must *win* Smith. How? Here lies one of the greatest problems of the modern church. Now, there is not much use, it seems to me, in *arguing* with Smith. Smith has ceased to care for the church, and you cannot argue with him about it any more than you can argue with your friend who has ceased to care for you. It is utterly useless to go to your estranged friend and to say to him: "You used to like me and enjoy my fellowship, why don't you now?" The

question is not one for debate. You cannot *argue* the matter with him. That will not make him like you again. The only thing that you can do is to make yourself likable to him, and to win back his affection. So it is useless for the church to try and *argue* Smith back into the pew again. The church must be made likable to him, and be made to appear worth while to him, if it is to bring him back. But how is this to be done? Not, I think, by merely *interesting* Smith. The church has a far more serious task on hand than merely interesting Smith: It must *win* Smith. I do not believe that the church will ever win Smith by merely arousing his passing interest. Recognizing the necessity of adopting unusual methods to meet unusual conditions, I want to register my profound conviction that the church will never win Smith by means of side-shows or moving pictures. Smith does not need to be lured to the church with that kind of bait. If the object of the church is simply to interest Smith, then it will certainly fail, for on the score of pure interest and entertainment, it can never hope to compete with other agencies of amusement that are open to him. Religion is a serious matter. It lays claim to the deepest and most vital part of a man's life. It is everything or nothing. And any attempt to "make it only a competitor among other forms of pastime or diversion" is sure to end in failure, and ought to. The higher the church places the claims of religion, the more likely is it that Smith will be moved and won. May it not be that the church is making a serious and fatal mistake here? The oldest of all the arts is gem-engraving, which began when our ancestors, who had no tools, discovered that they could cut an image on a stone with the aid of another stone. There was but one thing necessary: the stone that cuts must be harder than the stone that is cut. That is all. When we complain that the church is making but little impression upon the world to-day, may it not be that the church has mistaken its tool? May the failure not be, not because the world is too hard, but because the church is too soft? The church must never let down her standards in order to win the world. She must ever remain intolerant of all forms of evil, as religion is intolerant. The very intolerance of religion, as Phillips Brooks once said, almost proves its divineness. It proclaims absolute standards and refuses to lower them. It will not say to any man or any set of men, "Your case is exceptional, and I will waive part of my demands in your interest." No! religion lifts aloft her absolute standards of purity and holiness, and says to men everywhere and under all conditions: "I will not come down to you; you must come up to me." And whenever the church surrenders any of its divine standards or holy ideals in order to win Smith, it will not only sell its own birthright, but it will lose Smith in the bargain. If the church is ever effectually to win Smith, it must offer him something that he will feel is worth while; something that he cannot afford to do without. And this is the supreme claim of the church of Christ. Then, too, Smith must be made to feel that the church is deeply in earnest in its divine mission; that it is deeply in earnest in its work for the bettering of mankind; for the amelioration of the hardships and burdens of men; that it is deeply

in earnest in its purpose to help answer its prayer, "Thy will be done on the earth as it is in heaven"; that it is making an honest effort to inculcate and practice the spirit of Jesus in all the affairs of modern life; that it has deeply at heart all the great, vital interests that appeal to Smith. But the church must go a step farther than this, it seems to me, if it is to win Smith. It must make Smith feel that it has a real, genuine interest in him and in his eternal well-being. I know that this sounds commonplace and trite, but I firmly believe it is one of the strongest factors in the solution of the problem. "I am not convinced by what you say; I am not sure that I cannot answer every one of your arguments," said a man to a preacher who was urging upon him the claims of religion, "but there is one thing which I confess that I cannot understand. It puzzles me and makes me feel a power in what you say. It is why you should care enough for me to take all this trouble, and to labor with me as if you cared for my soul." That is the thing that gets fast hold on Smith when almost everything else fails. Note that I said that the *church* must take an interest in Smith. That means not only the minister, but you who sit in the pews and whose names are on the church roster. And here is one of the cardinal weaknesses of the church to-day. It is so apt to be a one-man affair, as far as any honest effort to win Smith is concerned. And whenever the church becomes a one-man affair, it is doomed to utter failure. The man in the pew, as well as the minister in the pulpit, must feel a sense of personal responsibility for Smith, if Smith is to be won and held. It is not enough for the minister to be interested in Smith. That, of course, is necessary, but still I sometimes feel it does not have as much weight as we sometimes think. Smith takes the interest of the minister for granted. It is the *business* of the minister to take an interest in Smith, and when he approaches him on the question of the church and religion, Smith feels that he is doing it largely because he feels it to be his duty and part of his work. "O, yes, that's all right," said a man to me at one time, when I went to talk to him on the question of religion, "it's your business to do this." But when some layman of the church, some man in whom Smith has confidence, and in whom he believes, approaches him on the question of religion, Smith will give careful and earnest heed. How many times have any of you business men, members of the church, spoken to Smith on the vital subject of religion and his own spiritual interests? O, I don't mean in any weak, hesitant, conventional way, as if you felt it to be a disagreeable duty, and were anxious to get through with it as quickly as possible. Any approach of that sort disgusts Smith and he resents it as an impertinence. I remember well the disgust I felt when, in a professional and conventional way, a man came up to me once and blurted out, "Brother, how's your soul?" No manly, red-blooded man but resents, as a supreme impertinence, such an approach. But I mean that just as you talk with Smith on business, and talk with him on politics, and talk with him on social questions, and talk with him on matters that are of mutual interest, so you will talk with him on religion and on his own spiritual well-being. Then you may be sure that

Smith will give you an attentive hearing. For, say what you will, Smith is interested in religion, *deeply* interested. He is indifferent to ecclesiasticism, but not to religion. Man is incurably religious, and the need of worship is ineradicably wrought into the very fiber of his being. He does not know men who does not know that there is a deep religious undercurrent in the heart of mankind. "Amusement or recreation will never of themselves prove sufficient to fill the heart. Every now and then there is a pause in the rush of life, a musical rest in the song, and the low murmur of the far-away ocean challenges us with its eternal questioning." I want to speak a word for Smith, and I think I know him when I say that I do not for one moment believe that he is indifferent to religion. He is indifferent to a mere formal, conventional expression of religion, but a live, vital, red-blooded putting of religion that touches his life and appeals to the deepest part of him, is never a matter of indifference to Smith. He may be indifferent to the appeal of churchianity, but he is never indifferent to the appeal of Christianity. We are familiar, doubtless, with the comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," and have laughed over it. But why Smith left the church is no laughing matter, for that is not comedy but tragedy; tragedy for Smith and tragedy for the church. What then is to be done? To quote the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, of England: "The answer is to be found in a restored message and in a church conscious of her duty and of her opportunity. If the Christian church is only the custodian of a great tradition, and is not the expression of a living Person, who is sympathetic with the world of to-day, she will drop to the position of a debating society or be left to invent a philosophy for a secular theory of morals. 'Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?' Let her settle that question first of all. The promise and hope of that Person has filled her life during the past centuries. If she has now parted with him, let her reverently fold his linen clothes, and roll the stone back upon his garden grave. If she recovers her faith in that Person, instead of stammering her doubts she will issue her commands. The church will recover that power of the keys once intrusted to her by her Master, and will then be able to turn the rusty locks of many a secular problem." With a rebaptism of faith in her great Head, the church will ascend into her heritage and claim her rightful place. Then multitudes who are now without her gates will press within her borders with new enthusiasm and new hope.

Paul and His Interpreters. A Critical History. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER, Privatdozent in New Testament Studies in the University of Strassburg. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. London: Adam and Charles Black. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, cloth, $2.75, net.

OUR readers will be interested to know that Dr. Schweitzer sailed as a missionary for the Congo on March 24, 1913, to continue the work of two friends who died there. He is a man of most versatile attainments outside the department of theology in which he is a specialist. He is an accomplished performer on the organ and an expert authority on organ building; he is an authority on Bach, on whom he has written valuable

treatises; he has qualified himself as a doctor of medicine and has made able contributions on medical subjects; he has done all this and is under forty years of age. His decision to go to the mission field recalls Keith Falconer, who left the chair of Arabic in Cambridge University for work among the Moslems; and we are certain that Schweitzer's example will have a profound influence among German university students on behalf of the foreign field. We cannot, however, speak in the same terms of appreciation of his theological writings. They are brilliant, but not balanced. He shows a self-confidence which is audacious, if not insolent. He does not hesitate to criticize, to reconstruct, to reinterpret with a relentlessness of logic that curiously ignores the sublime facts of life. Hear his summing up of centuries of scholarly research: "The study of Paulinism has nothing very brilliant to show for itself in the way of scientific achievement. Learning has been lavishly expended upon it, but thought and reflection have been to seek." His first book, The Quest of the Historical Jesus, created quite a sensation. The result of one hundred and thirty years of critical study is a negation: "The Jesus of Nazareth who came forward publicly as the Messiah, who preached the ethic of the kingdom of God, who founded the kingdom of heaven on earth, and died to give his work its final consecration, never had any existence." Schweitzer emphatically denies this ludicrous conclusion, but his own view is no less absurd. Jesus was only an enthusiast, obsessed by eschatological expectations which were fed by current Messianic delusions. "Not the historical Jesus, but the Spirit which goes forth from him and in the spirits of men strives for new influence and rule, is that which overcomes the world." The basis of Christianity, as Moffatt so well points out in The Theology of the Gospels (Scribners), is, however, not the Messianic, but the filial consciousness of Jesus. As Son of God he is the unique revelation of the Father and the Saviour of the human race. All attempts, therefore, to evaporate Jesus in a cloud of mythology have failed up to the present time. Schweitzer's book on Paul and His Interpreters is an exclusive and one-sided discussion. A better title, and one more consistent with its contents, would be Paul and His Misinterpreters. The author has confined himself to Continental scholarship, especially German, as in his first book. He thus omits all reference to the important contributions of English and American scholars like Robertson Smith, Sanday, Ramsay, Frazer, Dill, Du Bose, Findlay, Knowling, and others. We are introduced to a long catalogue of mostly unfamiliar authors from Hugo Grotius to Georg Wobbermin, whose views are set forth with logical clearness and force. Indeed, he has as keen a relish for logic as he has a distaste for psychology. Herein is an explanation of his skeptical conclusions. He repeatedly asserts that Paulinism grew on the soil of Judaism and that Paul can be rightly understood only on a basis of Jewish primitive Christianity, and more particularly that wing of it which accepted primitive eschatological premises. "Christianity is for Paul no new religion, but simply Judaism with the center of gravity shifted in consequence of the new era. His own system of thought is certainly for him no new religion. It is his belief, as fully known and

worked out in its implications, and it professes to be nothing else than the true Jewish religion in accord both with the time and with the Scriptures." If this preposterous conclusion is accepted, the book of Acts will have to be rewritten, and Schweitzer undoubtedly will not hesitate to undertake it and do so in defiance of the findings of trained historic investigators. Paul cannot be understood without recognizing the revolutionary experience which he received on the Damascus road. His eschatological emphasis was only a passing phase of his teaching, important as it is; of far greater consequence, however, is his superb spiritual message, to which attention has recently been drawn by Deissmann in his Saint Paul, but which Schweitzer ignores. If we cut out the ethical and evangelical features of the Pauline gospel, we shall have as emasculated a presentation of the apostle to the Gentiles as we have a vapid phantom of the Jesus of the Christian centuries. "It was not by his experiences among the Gentiles that he was led to universalism. . . . He maintains the view that there is a pressing necessity to carry the gospel abroad. It is under the impulsion of this thought that he becomes the apostle of the Greeks." This sounds impressive from the missionary to the Congo; but what gave Paul his persuasive compulsion was his experience of Christ as personal Saviour, and not any academic deductions from Jewish apocalyptic premises. Schweitzer fails to prove his case that Paul was uninfluenced by Hellenism. It is true that his mind was not saturated in Greek thought, but this son of the Jewish diaspora surely could not have used the religious terminology of Hellas without becoming familiar with her system of ideas. Paul's indifference to Jewish Hellenism cannot be tested by his epistles, which were written in response to special needs and were not treatises on systematic theology. The fact that there is nothing about rebirth in his writings need occasion no surprise, because he expresses the same idea, in a different form, when he writes about dying and rising again with Christ. The best chapter of the book is that which deals with "Paulinism and Comparative Religion." He shows conclusively that Paul was independent of the mystery religions. In none of them is there the unique Christian conception of the Redeemer—God who for the sake of men came into the world, died and rose again. Paul can be understood only by his faith in just such a personal Redeemer, who is none other than Jesus Christ our Lord. We shall, therefore, accept his explanation of Christianity in preference to all brilliant generalizations of radical innovators.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Christ and the Dramas of Doubt. By Ralph Tyler Flewelling. 12mo, pp. 277. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

These nineteen chapters are studies on the Problem of Evil, with such headings as "The Causes of Doubt," "The Epochs of Doubt," "The Revolt Against an Inhuman God," "The Struggle With the Mystery of

Pain," "When the Storm of Death Roars Sweeping By," "The Unlit Lamp and the Ungirt Loin," "Faust—The Struggle With the Problem of Redemption," "A Problem of Unpardonable Sin," "Defending Tradition Against Light," "A Religion of Barter," "The Plains of Peace," "Hamlet and the Problem of an Outraged Moral Order," "The Heart of Tragedy—Practical Doubt," "Redemption by Confession," "Redemption by Striving," "Did Goethe Solve the Problem?" "Brand and the Struggle Arising from the Failure of Spiritual Ideals," "All or Nothing," "Where Love Is, God Is," "The Problem in Modern Thought," "Jesus of Nazareth and the Personal Solution." These headings indicate the course of thought and the ground covered. The admirable literary style, the up-to-dateness of the discussion, the at-homeness with the best literature of the subject, the wide extent of which is indicated by the copious bibliography appended to this volume—all combine to make this a book well worth reading by ministry and thoughtful laity. It will help to put the reader in the class with him of whom it is said, "He faced his doubts and laid them"; though acute faithlessness is less often disposed of by argument and reasoning than by accessions of a normal, healthier tone, an incoming of hopefulness and courage, and a spiritual uplift. Depressing doubt and melancholy are for the most part a malady, at the root pathological. And often by excess of analysis over synthesis, of destruction not accompanied by construction, the modern mind is left in condition of helpless perplexity and confusion, where all its thoughts are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of" doubt. Dr. Flewelling's book does not lag or drag; its progress is straight forward, with rapid movement from definite point to point, with close coherence and continuity without tenuity, with lucidity, conciseness, unencumbered with things irrelevant. No commendation from us can be half so effective and convincing as a taste of the book itself in what it says of "Jesus of Nazareth and the Personal Solution," which we here present: "The popular thought concerning sin and salvation has been in one way too individualistic and in another not sufficiently so. We have thought of a man's sin as something for which society was mainly at fault, and of salvation as something that could be achieved by him alone. We have thought of the sufferings of the individual as if he were an isolated atom of the universe. This is natural, because suffering is in the end that of an individual.

> Our crosses are hewn from different trees,
> But we all must have our Calvaries;
> We may climb the height from a different side,
> But we each go up to be crucified;
> As we scale the steep another may share
> The dreadful load that our shoulders bear;
> But the costliest sorrow is all our own,
> For on the summit we bleed alone.

But he whose suffering is not lifted into the larger relationships has not learned life's lesson. His suffering has been in vain. So there is no solution of the problem of evil which considers the individual apart from his relations in society. We are beginning to see in an increasingly

social age a truth that has been long in dawning, that the individual cannot be saved without being himself also measurably a savior of those about him. Any indifference toward his world of relations bars the individual from that salvation which he selfishly seeks, for, in our common life, there are many who go down by very reason of the temptation caused by social wrongs that are sanctioned and profited in by the more fortunate. There is coming over the minds of men a new source of despair. It is the despair that springs from a consciousness of profiting by another's sufferings and sins. Men begin to feel keenly their responsibility for a damnation of society toward which they have not yet learned their practical duty. The cry of helpless children, of unhappy women, of men made brutish by the exactions of poverty and toil, make all talk of peace of soul seem like the foolish babblings of idiotic joy at a funeral. For men who are doing nothing to relieve society of its burden of sin, wrong, and injustice to talk about blessedness strikes the modern world as hollow mockery. The truth is, we cannot enjoy blessedness as a passive experience. We are blessed only as our lives are bringing blessedness to others. This truth was illustrated in the life of our Master. He refused to think of his life apart from its relations. It had a source; it came from God; it had certain specific duties toward the souls amid which it moved, and there were certain definite purposes to be realized in the future. He dared enjoy no blessedness that was held in reserve for self. There was ever the necessity of bringing his world to the knowledge and experience of God and of lifting his life into its larger relations. Pains and buffetings, the loneliness of scorn, the heartbreak of being despised and rejected by those whom he loved unto death, toils, privations, suborned witnesses, physical pain, the degradation of the cross became supreme sources of joy as he lifted his life into its larger relations. Nor is this truth an academic one. How unfortunate is that life which is so lost in the maze that it has nothing left to live for! What sorrows have been borne with brave spirit, 'for the sake of the children'! How does the degradation of failure, loss, or ridicule rise into dignity as it is bravely borne for others, for a Cause yet to be born, for a Will that is perfect, or an End that is sure! Wherever the philosophical solution of the problem of evil may lead us, it is certain that the practical solution is here. Jesus found the solution of the problem in the identification of God with the life of the world. If the claim of Jesus to Messiahship means anything, it means that we are to think of God as identifying himself with the life of the universe. Thus the groaning and travailing of the whole creation in pain has a divine interest and significance. Jesus's teaching about the fall of a sparrow being of moment to the Eternal was no mere poetic fancy. It was indicative of Jesus's whole thought of the relation of God to the world. Men who have learned only the fellowship of joy have scarcely scratched the surface-meaning of companionship. The fellowship in pain and peril is the fellowship that binds souls into one. That fellowship with his creation God desires. That is exactly what Jesus intends to tell us about God. God is a companion of our suffering, and lest our

human understanding should fail to grasp so extravagant a truth, Jesus identifies himself with God. He tells the amazed disciples that he and the Father are one. Then he holds himself not aloof, but is wearied with the weariness of their journeyings, is hungered in the famine of their misfortune, weeps with them at graves, suffers in the sickness of their little children, concerns himself in their catch of fish, and, finally, makes the astounding claim, 'I who am thus a part of your common life, I am God.' What wonder these men stood in open-faced surprise attempting to drink in his meaning! It was like that silent hour of glory in the morning when you stand in the embrace of a great mountain. You see the limpid mountain lakes like gems set in a crown. You see the woods as if new-washed and fresh-tinted by an Eternal Hand set forth as if they were your individual treasure. Far off you hear the silver bugles of the mountain cataracts calling to your soul. High up soars a hoary summit that seems all but unattainable. Your soul cries out: 'All this for me! How can I see it and live?' Thus must the vastness of this truth have come home to the disciples, as they gathered up from it all they could comprehend, even as you pitch your little tent and build your camp fire, making provision for the common wants in the conscious embrace of the old mountain. It is little wonder that Jesus's message was received with scorn and ridicule. It is not surprising that he was slain for blasphemy. It is no wonder that there still linger men who deny his Deity. It is such a stupendous thought. I have no doubt that there are many more who would deny, but that custom, creed, familiarity with the statement of truth have hid from them the overwhelming nature of Jesus's claim for himself and for God. When we say that Jesus is a High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and then that Jesus was God, we mean that God suffers in our sufferings, is agonized in our agonies, enfolds our little lives with a love more sympathetic and tender than that of our own mothers. In the words of a modern philosopher, 'In the absolute oneness of God with the sufferer, in the concept of the suffering and therefore triumphant God, lies the logical solution of the problem of evil.' I am well aware that this leaves some natural problems unsolved. What becomes measurably clear to us regarding lives that perish by sickness and age is not so clear when we think of great natural disasters. Here our horror arises mostly from the fact of the wholesale character of the disaster. An individual case stirs our pity and sympathy for but a moment. We say, 'What are a few days of life more or less, in the eternal years?' We think of disasters worse than death, and of the individual life as only suffering from ills incident upon a system which an All-Wisdom knows to be the ultimate best for character and life. A great calamity intensifies our questioning many fold. To us the fisherman, drifted out with his dory in the fog, gives his life as the expected toll of the sea. A thousand Titanic victims go down together, and we question the divine goodness. Such questionings, inevitable as they may seem, find no adequate answer in time, though their case is in reality no deeper than the suffering of a single individual. Jesus does not present any theoretical

solution at all. He offers us only the practical one. He asks first for a suspension of judgment. Of life's solutions he says, 'Ye cannot bear them now.' On the other hand, he asserts that they are not, as many have thought, all evidences of divine wrath upon sin. 'Those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?' He asks us to trust God and to rest sure in the Eternal Goodness behind the universe. Not only does Jesus represent God as interested in the natural phenomena affecting life. He represents him as identified with human achievement. What deeper meaning of the incarnation can be discovered? Jesus identifies God as living and working in him. The works that he is able to do are less of himself than of the Father. It is the Father that works through him. If they cannot believe him by reason of his personality, let them look back of him to his works, as the evidence of God. They surely ought not to continue blinded by partisanship in the presence of the works of God. Every good and perfect work comes from God, is infilled with God, is directed of God, is a part of the perfection of his universe through human achievement. Jesus's message was that God desires to work through men with the same freedom that now he works through nature. To man are given will and individuality, that he may become a partner with God in the final result. Here lies the efficient reason for the possibility of evil. It is only through moral choice and the conquest of evil that we can become partakers with God in a moral universe. We become thereby not mere creatures but creators as well. 'The real world must be the joint result of God and man . . . unless we are to deny the reality of that in us which leads us to God at all.' It is indeed the divine purpose that we realize the apostolic injunction to become coworkers with that God who worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure. 'In the order of time you embody in outer acts what is for him the truth of his eternity.' The uniqueness of Jesus's life sprang from his unique consciousness of relationship to God and to the world. He solved his personal problem as we have never solved it, and he looked clearly into the very heart of life because his own life was lifted to the infinite and eternal standpoint. When the clouds that have obscured the realm of modern thought have rolled away, and the chatterings of a superficial learning are heard no more, the intellectual world will awaken to the deep cosmic and social implications of the incarnation, the depths of religious truth will be uncovered, and Jesus will come into his own. Just as Jesus solved the problem of evil by lifting his life into its cosmic relations, so he intended we should find our practical solution. An uncompleted world, attended by a spirit of unrest because of the unfilled yearnings of a 'creature moving about in worlds unrealized,' speaks in unmistakable tones for those who have ears to hear that the solution is not theoretical, but actual, not universal, but personal. The personal solution must come first. Just as the problem is now unsolved because it is a living one, and in the individual life calls for constant struggle, so for the race it can never be solved until mankind universally has emerged from the morally evil

into the morally good. Then we can answer our question abstractly. Till then our only solution can be a personal one. The Captain of our salvation leads the way and it is his purpose 'to bring many sons to glory.' With our lives centered about selfish joys and selfish successes, interested only from the standpoint of selfish ambitions—the fames, pomps, and pleasures of the world—there can be no solution whatever. Our personal misfortune or seeming misfortune, viewed from that standpoint, will cause us to cry out bitterly against God and the universal order. We shall be tempted to join that sickening wail of infants over lost bonbons that has characterized the æsthetic, immoral, and weakening pessimism of our day. When the evils of our present life are turned one by one into a new sympathy for men, into a larger striving after the perfect day, the mists that have darkened vision fall from us. When our lives fall into step with a Divine Will that worketh hitherto and still works in us; when our lives are looked upon from the eternal standpoint, all shadows fall behind us, because our faces are turned toward the Light and the Ultimate Revelation. We can face the worst that life can bring with the triumphant joy with which Jesus went to his cross. Even our sanctification will not be sought for selfish ends nor to achieve a passive goodness. It will be for a larger serviceableness. '*For their sakes* I sanctify myself' is the word of Jesus. Jesus ever tried to lift the disciples up into this higher order of living in which all mysteries should be solved at last. His practical word of faith to them was this: 'In the world ye *shall* have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' To face disaster with triumphant soul for the sake of the world around you, to sink your lesser ills in the universal need, to live heroically and to die with one's face to the light—this is the only solution granted to mortals, and it is enough until, speaking in the words of a teacher whom many loved, 'we pass beyond the night and know as we are known.'"

A One-Sided Autobiography. By Oscar Kuhns, Professor in Wesleyan University. 12mo, pp. 236. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Something unusual happened in our reading of this book: we began with the first page and did not stop till the last page. The current carried us along interested, profited, charmed, and cheered. It is all sane, wholesome, living, candid, unstilted, unaffected; the story of one man's experience and adventures in Book-land from boyhood to middle life. We finished reading Professor Kuhns's book with a feeling of gratitude to him for taking us so freely and frankly into his confidence, and letting us share his own deep delight in the great world of noble literature, full of riches and raptures, refinement and elevation. The simplicity of the book enhances its dignity. It will stimulate in young people a love of good reading. It might help to make in some home a future professor of literature, which is the most delightful sphere for lifework outside of the ministry. This book will lead some preachers by paths of pleasantness into green, well-watered, and succulent

pastures, from which they may return to their pulpits with more nutritious, juicy, and appetizing sermons. This is the dedication: "To the memory of my grandfather, John Brown, from whom I inherited that love of books and reading which has added so much to the happiness of my life," and, we will add, to the large usefulness and fine influence of Professor Kuhns, whose ideal for the college man is stated in his own lines:

> While here on earth our lives we spend,
> Be this the goal toward which we tend:
> A body sound; a mind that sees
> Deep into life's strange mysteries;
> A soul that seeks the highest things;
> A heart where love forever springs;
> A quiet conscience; God for friend;
> And at the last a peaceful end.

Oscar Kuhns inherited fondness for books through his mother from her father, who, when a young man, wrote down this vow: "I, John Brown, will buy good books, God helping me." It was in Hanson Place Sunday school, Brooklyn, that this boy really began reading. The first book he read was The Windows of the Soul, won as a prize by committing Bible verses to memory. A little later the growing lad got to this: "Strangely enough for a boy, dreamy and sentimental, as I undoubtedly was at that time, I acquired a taste for scientific literature, and I read with considerable interest, if not with profit, the popular books of such men as Figuier, Proctor, John Tyndall, and others. A friend loaned me the back numbers of the Popular Science Monthly, and I read these from the beginning up to that time. My father took regularly the Scientific American, which I would look over with more or less interest; an interest which, however, was far inferior to that with which I pored over the pages of the Guide to and Beauty of Holiness, to which my mother, who had a genius for religion, subscribed. The perusal of this, the official organ of Sanctification, at the early age of ten or twelve years, undoubtedly gave my mind its first impulse toward the study of transcendentalism, which has made Plato and Emerson among the most constantly read authors in the later years of my life." The development of this eager boy was helped by being hindered; he was blessed with the advantage of disadvantages; fortunately he was unfortunately situated; but for which—who knows?—there might now be no Professor Oscar Kuhns. He had to leave school and go to work. There was no chance for reading except at odd moments, on the way to business and back, or on holidays or at night, but the mental hunger of the growing and working boy had been wakened and it would not sleep; often it would not let him sleep. He toiled away. He devoured books. This is how those brave, blessed, promising unpromising years look to him now: "As I look over these early years of my reading life, desultory and without any guiding hand to lead me, two things stand out above the rest. One is the intense joy and pleasure that came to me when buried in the pages of some favorite book. I can literally apply to myself the words of Wordsworth,

> Bliss was it in that time to be alive,
> To be young was very heaven.

A sort of mystic fervor would come over me, the hours would pass away unperceived, and, as most of my reading had to be done at night, there have been times when the light of the breaking dawn would find me still bending over my book. Time never hung heavy on my hands; a book could carry me at once away from the weary and cheerless present to the magic land of poetry and romance. Instead of scolding myself for reading so much light trash, as many of the books I read at that time might be called, I almost envy myself the deep delight, the glory of those days, when a book could dull pain and sorrow, make me forget my own narrow surroundings, care, and toil; when a poem could carry me into the land of romance and call up visions of

> Beauty making beautiful old rime
> In praise of ladies dead and lively knights;

when history became a living stage on which moved before me the heroes of the past; when the hours would fly away on the wings of fancy, and my soul would be cradled into forgetfulness of all the weary kingdom of time, by that soft and soothing voice which is 'lyrical and sweet and universal as the rising of the wind,' and which, like the thought of God himself, could 'people the lonely places and efface the scars of my mistakes and disappointments.' I can never forget the impressions made on my mind in those early days when reading, snatched from hours of toil, carried far on into the midnight and early morning hours, had all the charm of secret love; and to this day there are certain pictures in my mind which are fairer than all the deeper and broader benefits brought by later years of study and research, pictures 'All halo-girt with fancies of my own.' There is that wonderful ode of Keats to a Grecian Urn, with its description of the shepherd, piping forever his unending song; there is bonnie Kilmeny as she went up the glen and fell asleep and was carried by angels to the heavenly country; there is the scene in Pilgrim's Progress where Christian and Faithful enter the pearly gates of the heavenly city; there is the picture of Sir Galahad seeking and finding the Holy Grail; and Elaine, lying on her bed in the black boat, steered by the dumb old servitor, so sweet and fresh and lovely that

> She did not seem as dead,
> But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled;

and finally, there is that scene, taken from some unknown book, a Sunday school book, whose very title I have forgotten, teaching some religious symbolism, which told of a group of young men going to a far-off country, which could be reached over the mountains, or by fighting their way through the camp of the enemy in the plains below. I remember how all but one of the young men went over the mountains; how one by one they fell and were lost; how one youth put on his armor and fought his way till he reached the heavenly city; how one night, before the final conflict, he lay in his tent and had a dream of a heavenly mes-

senger sent to encourage him in the morrow's combat. The book, I suppose, was simple, and probably I should find it crude if I read it to-day; but to my youthful fancy then it brought all the charm of poetry and romance in the service of religious teaching, and the impression was so strong and lasting that years afterward, when I visited the National Gallery in London and saw the beautiful painting of Raphael's Knight, it seemed as if the picture in my memory had suddenly taken form to itself before me." By telling us about his favorite authors, Professor Kuhns casts over us something of the spell they hold over him. Here is one of his confessions: "The somber beauty of Lucretius has come to exert a peculiar fascination on me, and in reading him I feel something of the lofty calm and serenity of the poet himself, finding his pleasure, not in things themselves, but in knowing their nature, and, like the ship-wrecked mariner, gazing out over the waste of water he has escaped—a figure which, especially in Lord Bacon's translation, contains what Lord Tennyson calls the noblest passage of prose in the English language: 'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see the ships tost upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below. But no pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth; and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below, so always that this prospect be with pity and not with swelling and pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.'" One of his dearest loves is Schiller, whose poem, "The Ideal and Life," he calls "the most wonderful of all poems of modern times, a poem in which philosophy and poetry are one, a poem which has taken possession forever of the human heart, and which illustrates more than any other the words of Emerson: 'So when the soul of the poet has come to ripeness of thought, she detaches and sends away from it poems or songs, a fearless, sleepless, deathless progeny, which is not exposed to the accidents of the weary kingdom of time; a fearless, vivacious offspring, clad with wings, which carry them fast and far and infix them irrecoverably into the hearts of men. These wings are the beauty of the poet's soul.' In this poem we see the double realm of the material and the spiritual worlds. In the former is the body, subject to discord, sin, suffering, and final death. In the latter is the homeland of the soul and the dwelling-place of God himself, full of all beauty and perfection, whose desire to express his own infinite love shows itself in the universe at large, and man, though banished for a time in the kingdom of this world, has a soul immortal, which may share the perfection of God himself. Above the flux and flow of the material universe is the infinite unity of the Divine. Time and space are mere states of the mind; the only real things are God and the soul. In the beautiful words of Hegel, who did so much to form the inner life of Schiller: 'All that awakens doubt and perplexity, all sorrow and care, all limited interests of finitude, we leave behind us on the banks and the shoals of time. And as on the summit of a mountain, removed from all the hard distinctions

of detail, we calmly overlook the landscape, so by religion we are lifted above all obstructions of finitude. It is in this native land of the spirit that the waters of oblivion flow, from which it is given to Psyche to drink and forget her sorrows; for here the darkness of life becomes a transparent dream-image through which the light of eternity shines in upon us.' And this is the great service that Schiller has bestowed on mankind—to turn their eyes from the real to the ideal, from the material to the spiritual, from time to eternity. We are all of us surrounded by sadness, sorrow, and affliction; on all sides we see men and women afflicted in body, sick in mind, and troubled in spirit. When these things oppress me more than they ought, I turn to Schiller and read the lines of his wonderful poem, and listen as he speaks to me: 'O cast away the fret and worry of this earthly life, rise on the wings of beauty to the realm of the ideal. And when you have issued forth from the trammels of time and sense into the freedom of the kingdom of thought, lo! the fear and doubt will pass away';

> For within those fair, celestial regions,
> Guarded by the bright, angelic legions,
> Felt no more is sorrow's bitter blast.
> There the soul from joy no pain shall sever,
> There all tears shall pass away forever,
> There the spirit finds its home at last.
> Lovely as the rainbow iridescent,
> On the dark cloud's dewy breast,
> Gleam through veil of sorrow evanescent
> Azure skies of endless rest."

But, as all know who know Oscar Kuhns, his supreme literary passion is for Dante. His explanation of this closes thus: "Above all, I love him for what he has been to me; from my sixteenth year on to the present time my interest and passion for him have never faltered; it is the strangest thing about my inner life, and I have never been able to explain the unconquerable fascination that has chained me to his pages. I have read him through practically every year; I have taught him to hundreds of students, and have tried to interpret him in various forms of books and articles. He has, in a certain sense, directed my studies by arousing my interest in the history of mediæval life and institutions, church history, scholasticism. He has colored my whole view of life; through his eyes I have looked out upon the world of sin and crime, seeing its awful consequences, the hopelessness of certain deeds, symbolized in the Inferno; I have seen how we may, by purging ourselves of pride, envy, avarice, passion, alone insure ourselves of a happy life here and salvation to come. With him I climb the higher plane of the spirit, see God's way with men, and learn how we may approach him. It has been said that no one can study reverently a great work without being affected by it more or less. What may be the state of my own moral and spiritual life at present I do not know, but there is no doubt in my own mind that it is largely the result of my love for Dante. I, too, can say, with Dean Church, that the seriousness of the

Divine Comedy 'has put to shame my trifling; its magnanimity, my faint-heartedness; its living energy, my indolence; its stern and sad grandeur rebuked low thoughts, its thrilling tenderness overcome sullenness and assuaged distress, its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity, its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truth.' I, too, have found in time of trouble, 'if not light, at least the deep sense of reality, permanent, though unseen, which is more than light can always give, in the view which it has suggested of the judgment and the love of God.' But, above all, I owe to Dante a glimpse into his own lofty view of the ultimate goal of the intellectual life; the true object and the reward of all seeking after truth. The Divine Comedy is not only a marvel of architectonic genius as to its outer form, in which every part, however small, is perfectly fitted into the whole, but it is suffused through and through with one ever-present, all-pervading ideal. Knowledge is the one thing for which the mind and soul of men are created; and he best fulfills his mission in this world who spends his life in the high pursuit of truth. And this pursuit will lead him ever onward and upward, from the lower to the higher, from the corruptible things of this earth to the eternal beauty of the heavenly mansion, through which he is led to the highest knowledge of all, that of the power, light, and love of God. And this knowledge is not to be for ourselves alone; it is inextricably mingled with love—love of nature, which is God's creation; love of all men who are God's children; love of God himself. And from this union of knowledge and love springs the third element of the sublime trinity of Dante's ideal—joy unspeakable, far beyond all joys of sense or mere intellect; joy in the life that now is, joy that will be eternal in the life to come." Of his book our author says with characteristic modesty and candor: "I am fully aware that what I am undertaking here is a delicate thing. I have led a quiet life; have known few distinguished people, and have no anecdotes to tell or opinions to express concerning them. I have had few opportunities to mingle with the great men in the various walks of life, and the opportunities I have had, I am afraid, have not been utilized as much as, perhaps, they ought to have been. For many years I have lived in a college community in a quiet old New England town, busy with my classes and my books. What has such a mind to say of interest to the world? Yet, on the other hand, I have had a lifelong fondness for and communion with that one great society on earth, 'the noble living and the noble dead.' I have read over and over again many of the great writers of all lands and all nations. Certain thoughts, inward experiences, feelings of pleasure and uplift have come to me from time to time; and, somehow or other, I have felt an impulse to write them down. I sincerely hope that none of these things, though at times of a personal and intimate nature, will produce the effect of literary vanity, self-complacency, or affectation. Following the injunction of Thoreau, I have been continually watching the moods of my own mind, as the astronomer watches the aspect of the heavens, and I hope that it may not be altogether useless to register the results of a not very long life

faithfully spent in this wise. I have sought, then, only to give a plain, straightforward account of the book life of a man in ordinary circumstances, yet one who has always felt a passionate love for literature."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of Dr. J. R. Miller. By JOHN T. FARIS, Associate Editor of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 12mo, pp. vi+246. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

Robert Murray McCheyne. By ALEXANDER SMELLIE, D.D. 12mo, pp. xv+232. London: National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, Memorial Hall, E. C. Price, cloth, 2s. 6d., net.

THE Christian minister of to-day is expected to attend to so many things that it is refreshing to read the lives of two men who exercised a persuasive evangelical ministry by subordinating everything to a passion for souls. Dr. Miller's motto throughout his varied career was, "Jesus and I are friends." He was a minister of comfort, kindness, and cheer until he was called to his reward at the age of seventy-two years. Each of the chapters of his biography deals with one particular phase of his activity. His early life was spent in strenuous circumstances occasioned by the Civil War, and he was closely identified with the Christian Commission at the front. He thus obtained an experience which was a rare preparation for the ministry, for it led him to make much of the sublime practicalities of Christianity. His first pastorate was in the United Presbyterian Church at New Wilmington, Pa., but after two years he left that denomination and joined the Presbyterian Church. He was eminently successful in the pastorate, as the following statistics partially show: At Bethany Church, Philadelphia, during nine years, 1,620 were received into the membership; during sixteen years in Holland Memorial Church, 1,817 were received; and in the fourteen years at Saint Paul's Church, 1,904 were received. One explanation of his remarkable success is given in the chapter, "The Pastor at Work." His practice was to call from house to house, finding out when and where he was needed, and always inspiring to earnest living. He practiced the ministry of intercession, summoning each name before the throne of grace in the name and spirit of the great High Priest of our confession. Another valuable chapter is "Ministering Through the Mails." He often sent a score of letters a day, and they contained messages which were friendly, thoughtful, and considerate. His biographer states that, "For years it was his habit on Sunday evenings, after the day's work was done, to make note of all the people of whom he had heard during the day to whom letters might do good. Of course the names of the sick went down on that list, as well as those who had recovered from sickness, those who had returned from a journey, and those who were about to leave home; those who were going to college, or parents who had heard good news from a son or daughter at college—in fact, everyone into whose life had come some event of special importance. Just as soon as possible, a letter was sent to each one of them, with an appropriate word of sympathy, congratula-

tion, cheer, or good wishes." He was held in such high esteem that people from distant cities would come specially to consult with him on spiritual problems. While carrying on his pastoral work he was also editor of the Sunday school publications of the Presbyterian Church, and during a period of thirty-two years he increased the efficiency of this department to a considerable extent. He excelled as an author of devotional books, which continue to have a very wide circulation. It is with amazement and gratitude that we have read this record of a life that was characterized by voluminousness and variety of expression, through pulpit and press, for the upbuilding of the church. From his versatile ministry in America we turn to consider the brief and intense ministry of McCheyne in Scotland, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated on May 21, 1913. Although his work covered a period of only seven and a half years, its fragrance has remained to this day. The biography of his life was written by Andrew Bonar, and it is one of the classics of the church. Many will be interested to know that a shilling edition has recently been published by Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh. But there is room for the present volume by Dr. Smellie. The titles of the chapters are very suggestive; there is a mystic flavor about them. "Winter Passeth After the Long Delay" is an exposition of the spiritual bane of Scotch moderatism in the eighteenth century; "The Training of a Good Husbandman" deals with McCheyne's preparation for the ministry; "A Sower Went Forth to Sow" and "In Labors More Abundant" relate his fervent ministry in Larbert and Dundee; "Those Holy Fields" is an account of his trip to Palestine; "Then Drops from Heaven Fell" and "A Plentiful Rain" relate the notable work of revival grace which stirred all Scotland. In the chapter entitled "Aftermath" we read these words: "That he packed such saintliness and such service into so brief a span constituted Robert McCheyne's peculiar appeal to his own generation, and will always invest his example with an allurement and an impulse which are given to very few." Dr. Bonar wrote of him: "There has been one among us who, ere he had reached the age at which a priest in Israel would have been entering on his career, dwelt at the mercy seat as if it were his home—preached the certainties of eternal life with an undoubting mind—and spent his nights and days in ceaseless breathings after holiness and the salvation of sinners." McCheyne gave himself to his supreme commission as a preacher of the gospel in a spirit of sacrificial surrender, without sparing himself, although he was in delicate health. His fervent prayers, his priestly intercessions, his pastoral devotion in the systematic visitation of his people, his personal interviews with young communicants, his impressive preaching of the central verities concerning Christ—these things explain the spiritual triumphs of his ministry. William C. Burns, who took McCheyne's place at Dundee during his trip to the Holy Land, was a veritable firebrand. Later he went as a missionary to China and labored for seven years without a single convert. He finally died in a dingy room in the native quarters of Nien Chwang. When his trunk was sent home it was found to contain a few sheets of Chinese printed

matter, a Chinese and an English Bible, an old writing case, one or two small books, a Chinese lantern, a single Chinese dress, and the blue flag of the "Gospel Boat." "Surely," whispered a little one amid the awe-struck silence of those who were present—"surely, he must have been *very* poor." Aye, poor, yet making many rich, having nothing and yet possessing all things. We can well understand how Scotland was moved by the evangelism, under the unction of the Holy Spirit, of Burns the passionate and McCheyne the gentle. It is very true that problems of theology and sociology must be faced by the Christian minister of to-day; we also recognize that there are diversities of gifts and operations; but we cannot ignore the fact that if the church of Christ is to be spiritually effective, its work must be baptized "in intercession and in tears," and its leaders must master the secret of the Spirit and experience the powers of the world to come. There were many features in common in the lives of Dr. Miller and McCheyne, and these similarities have to do with the essential ingredients of ministerial efficiency. If these two volumes do no more than emphasize them, they will have fully served their purpose.

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., enlarged from original MSS., with Notes from Unpublished Diaries, Annotations, Maps, and Illustrations. Edited by NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, assisted by Experts. Standard edition, vol. iv. New York: Eaton & Mains. London: Wesleyan Conference Office (n.d., but 1913.) Pp. viii, 542. Price $3 per volume when taken by the set of six volumes.

THIS splendid edition of the famous Journal goes on its rapid way, enriched by the indefatigable labors of Curnock, helped by the men who have poured the result of their researches into the proceedings of the London Wesley Historical Society. This reviewer has read every line of this volume, text and notes, and he can therefore bear testimony not only, of course, to the amazing vitality and incomparable historical value of the Journal, but to the conscientious care with which its reverend editor has done his work. His notes and the prefaces which he has written to the several parts are alone worth the price of the volume. The Journal was not published by Wesley in a block, but part by part, every half a dozen years or so. Nor was it written up daily, but entries were often added later, and days, and sometimes even weeks, were united. As a life record it is incomplete, even of those days which have an entry. He will speak of preaching at a certain place and tell an incident of what happened, but we know from other sources that on that same day he preached at other places with interesting incidents, not one of which is mentioned. With Wesley we must be thankful for what we have, with a sigh of regret for the spaces of his life left unilluminated. With Luther we have Table Talk, but no Journal, but the Table Talk is second hand, and some of it of little or no value. But the Journal is a first-hand document of priceless value, even if fragmentary. During the years covered by this volume Wesley was undergoing the tragedy of his married life, but not a line of those tortures here, nor in fact did they seem to disturb to any very appreciable extent the wonderful serenity

of his spirit and his unconquerable cheerfulness. "I found myself out of order," he wrote on October 20, 1753, "but believed it would go off. On Sunday, the 21st, I was considerably worse, but could not think of sparing myself on that day. *Mon.* 22—I rose extremely sick, yet I determined, if it were possible, to keep my word, and accordingly set out soon after four [in morning] for Canterbury." If we understand Curnock's note, these illnesses were the result of that marriage tragedy, but only an expert could discover it. Was his almost death in November of that year due really to the same cause—the mental pain of that crucifixion in spite of outward calm beating down the resisting power of the body to disease? If he had never married, or had married Grace Murray, would he have lived ten years, twenty years, longer? And that reminds us: When are we to have published the short-hand Journals of Charles Wesley, which throw an immense light on a few of the spaces left dark by his greater brother? We do hope Curnock will do this for us, either in an appendix to this work or, if too long, separately. It is fair, however, to Mrs. Wesley to say that Curnock, who probably knows all the facts as well as any living man, thinks that the faults were not all on one side; that "however unwise and exasperating Mrs. Wesley may have been, she also suffered, and the faults of a marriage in haste that ought never to have been were not exclusively on one side" (page 269, note). In regard to the new matter in this volume, Wesley's short-hand diaries, which were available for the first and second volumes, fail here entirely. Were they kept? and if so, will some good Providence turn them up? or were they destroyed by the same hands perhaps which burned his notes on Shakespeare? For all that, this volume contains much new matter either never published before—Journals which Wesley suppressed, like pages 148-149, 250-253, 344, 348—or restored passages from his first edition, pages 416-417. We have indexed several interesting things which we might mention in this review, but the reader ought to be left to find these riches for himself. We shall content ourselves with calling attention to one aspect of the Journal which struck us for the first time, and which we do not remember to have seen noticed before: The Journal as an assize for his contemporaries, a method of getting even, a day-by-day way of judgment. "I was extremely weary, and our friends were so glad to see me that none once thought of asking me to eat or drink" (page 130). "I rode to Liverpool, where I found about half of those I left in the society. James S[cholefie]ld had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told lies innumerable. But none who make lies their refuge will prosper. A little while and his building will molder away" (page 203). So there you are, poor James Scholefield, your name redisintegrated by the diligent searchings of Curnock or his assistants, transfixed forever as on the outstretched pen of Wesley for your contemptible slanders! In note 2 on page 229 Curnock tells us that Fenwick was troubled because he had not been mentioned in the Journal. Wesley, who was not without humor, met him more than half way. "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none was unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining

hayrick." On page 230 Wesley tells of a dream "that came true" and of a vision of the living in connection with a drowning accident, where Hanson, who was a fine swimmer, tempted his comrade into the water and allowed him to drown. "One might naturally inquire," says Wesley, who, we must remember, printed these daily doings in pamphlets or little books four or five—sometimes three—years after the record, "what became of John Hanson? As soon as he saw his partner sink he swam from him to the other side, put on his clothes, and went straight home." What do you, Hanson the coward and false friend, think of that?

Wheel-Chair Philosophy. By JOHN LEONARD COLE. Introduction by WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY. 12mo, pp. 154. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

THE author of this volume describes it as "A NOTEBOOK, KEPT BY A PUPIL DURING A TWO YEARS' COURSE IN THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION, Being Some Reflections on Life, Scripture, and Events, Not Formulated in the Schools of Erudition, but Painfully Evolved in the School of Affliction and Disappointment, Under the Loving Guidance of the HEAD-MASTER, Who Has been through a Course More Severe, and Taken Highest Degrees in the Same; Now Set Down in Order, as Enunciated from the Chair, with the Hope that Some Who Are Grappling with the Same Difficult Problems May Find Cheer to Lighten the Task, and Encouragement to Look Up to the Perfect Teacher and on to the Prize." The five chapter-headings are, "The Call to the Chair," "Lessons Learned in a City Hospital," "Lessons Learned in a Sanitarium," "Cui Bono?" "From the Chair into the Pulpit." This book of tragic origin is one of the few real books; born, not made; extorted, not planned. First it was lived, and then it wrote itself; a plain artless narrative of austere experience, belonging in that respect in the same general class with General Grant's Memoirs and Booker T. Washington's Up From Slavery: real records, vivid and true and terse and tense from start to finish. In his "Easy Chair" in the back of Harper's Monthly Magazine George William Curtis sat for many years discoursing mellifluous wisdom on many themes with inimitable charm, irresistible persuasiveness, and unsurpassed dignity; all his fine faculties in free, graceful, splendid play, making the "Chair" as "easy" for him as he made it attractive to thousands. To that most gifted editor in his "Easy Chair" multitudes listened as to Aldrich's Hassan Ben Abdul at the Ivory Gate of Bagdad; "and when he spoke, the wisest, next to him, was he who listened." There's a reason why multitudes should listen to our brave friend discoursing here in this little book from his Uneasy Chair; so far, indeed, from being easy as to be synonymous with pain, privation, and dependence, its occupant, the broken, wasted, haggard remnant of a young man, helplessly chafing against his powerlessness, but dauntless forever in his unconquerable soul and never letting go his dearest hopes and most cherished plans. This Wheel-Chair discourse has one value not possible to "Easy-Chair" philosophy. Its poignant pathos has such a penetrating note of reality as will pierce the hearts of all who read. Its

web is woven of reality upon the loom of actual life; every thread of it is authentic, spun not of fancies or hearsay, but out of a brave sufferer's own sensitive vitals, after the silkworm's fashion. However slightingly any may be accustomed to think of philosophy in general, none can despise or discredit this Wheel-Chair Philosophy. Some may share the contempt Romeo felt for philosophy when the Friar commended it as "adversity's sweet milk," and may nod approvingly at Shakespeare's scoff, "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently." But here is philosophy at which none may scoff, since it has endured prolonged torture compared to which the toothache is a brief titillation, the momentary tickling of a feather; philosophy not framed at leisure in "the still air of delightful studies," but hammered into shape at white heat between the furnace and the anvil. Through age-long sleepless nights and days of dire agony these chapters knit themselves into coherence amid circumstances from which the world would no more look for philosophy to issue than it would expect Kipling's toad under the harrow to evolve a philosophy when iron tooth-points were crushing his bones and tearing out his entrails. When we sit back and contemplate this little book after reading it, it seems like a tray full of bright double eagles, gold tried in the fire and purified of dross, coined in the mint of sharp experience, and stamped with the superscription, "In God we trust"; and worth more for the actual business of practical life than all the theodicies ever elaborated in the peaceful seclusion of a theologian's comfortable study. Out of his wheel chair our philosopher stepped at last, "a walking miracle." To find himself after so many long months able to take a slow, creeping walk on two crutches down the carpeted hall of the sanitarium was to him, he tells us, "the cause of as great joy and as much congratulation as the winning of a Marathon race would be to an athlete." The writer of this book notice stood by that wheel chair now and then, and later witnessed some of those first painful attempts to walk. The brave young minister's amazing recovery and restoration to his "loved employ" full of the pluck and buoyancy of tested faith and of valiant young manhood seem almost like a miraculous fulfillment of the prophecy in Isa. 35. 6: "The lame man shall leap as an hart." "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish, come" and listen to this tragic and triumphant story. It will do good to those who desire good and are of the upright in heart. From these pages you may feel the thrill of an intrepid faith and catch the contagion of unbounded cheer. Our wheel-chair philosopher will show you a stone that can transmute things to gold; on it is engraven, "All things work together for good to them that love God." He hands you in this sincere and artless little book a flask of real *Eau de Vie*, the true Water of Life.

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CUNEIFORM PARALLELS
TO THE
OLD TESTAMENT

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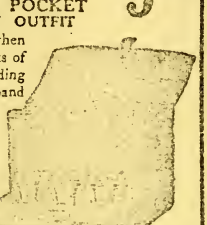

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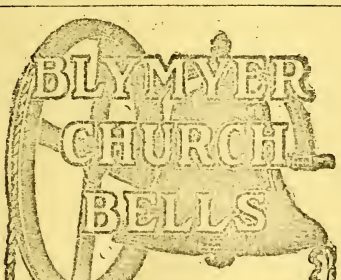

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